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THE

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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### MISER FARREL'S BEQUEST.

#### III.

THE literary exercises in the Thatcher Theatre had been of unusual interest; the honorary degrees had been bestowed upon celebrities, great and small, with the usual accompaniment of whispered criticism; and the attending crowd had retired for such meditation as the Centennial festival might excite. The Library was closed for the night, when the janitor received the order to open it for visitors, and to illuminate that corner of the building in which the Mather Safe guarded its precious deposits. The rocket-sticks lay upon the trampled grass; the lamps, arranged in colored letters to form the names of Peckster and other dead benefactors of the College, had twinkled their two hours of encouragement to future testators, and gradually flickered out. All the reporters save one had left the scene, and were writing up the festival in the offices of their respective journals. Only the young gentleman who was to "do" the Centennial for the Daily Adviser had been commanded to remain upon the ground until the small hours of the morning. Something might yet happen that should go into that fullest account of the proceedings which must appear in to-morrow's issue. Not that this respectable director of opinion was invariably more wakeful than its contemporaries, but, being widely recognized as annalist of the College, this was an occa-

sion for special vigilance. Soon after the electric light had flashed forth in the interior of the Library, the lingering reporter saw the Rev. Charles Greyson enter the building, with a lady upon his arm. They were followed by two porters bearing a wooden box, of the pattern which is used for the transportation of pictures. It evidently contained a heavier burden than could be made up of canvas and gilding, for the bearers staggered as they passed up the steps.

"It is quite impossible that the Professor should be with us to-night," said Mrs. Hargrave. "We sail from New York to-morrow afternoon, and it was necessary that he should precede me, to make the final preparations for our voyage. I shall deposit the manuscripts in his name."

"His absence is not to be regretted," replied the rector. "Varella's work can now be exposed to view before consignment to its coming century of darkness. Mr. Peckster will make a great effort in coming here. It is right that he should see the portrait before paying the heavy cost of its storage, and this would be prevented by the presence of its subject."

"Certainly," assented the lady, with decision. "Nothing could be more distasteful to my husband than the mode of expressing their love for him which his friends have chosen. In a less degree it is repellent to me also. Dr. Hargrave's great work has been the discovery of means whereby man's soul may

get the better of its clog the body. Any map of the features — be it drawn never so deftly — must resemble Guido's masterpiece with the triumphant archangel left out."

"Wait till you see what the artist has done!" exclaimed Mr. Greyson, in a tone of confidence. "His work gives subtle recognition to the fact you mention. The soul of the man is seen behind the features; or I might almost say that the body has been transformed to spirit by the imaginative genius of the painter, and then precipitated upon the canvas. The College will one day prize it far above the Copley portrait of old Gideon, for it represents the very flower of his benefaction."

"The last flower," sighed Clara, — "the last before the great Professorship was cut down and left to wither."

"You shall make it blossom again in the tropics, where the very weeds are brilliant and spicy. Perchance it shall there bloom to some gorgeous wonder that might pass for preternatural in our temperate zone!"

Mr. Greyson's rhetoric was kindly meant. Empty he knew it was; yet what better balm can ministers find in cases of feminine trouble? Clara Hargrave felt all a woman's shrinking from a sphere of action other than that into which she had been born. She dreaded the exchange of old lamps for new ones, even though Aladdin's talisman was to be gained by the bargain.

The lady and her companion passed on to that part of the building where a cluster of electric lights threw their radiance upon Miser Farrel's cabinet. It was the choicest corner in this granary of brain-sustenance. Broad-seated chairs here stretched out arms soft and elastic with the deftest mixture of spring and padding that upholstery could devise. Here Culture — personified with a capital letter — might select its book, and loll away the hours in measureless content. The cases on the right of the Safe were de-

voted to publications of a highly reformatory character, which radiated the glow of their Utopias upon the frigid institutions of the past. On the left, the theological shelves stretched away into an obscurity resembling that of the "den" where Bunyan consulted dream literature to such excellent purpose. One sometimes fancied that this cavernous alcove was festooned with the metaphysical cobwebs spun by our Puritan divines, and that the buzzings of Scripture texts caught in their subtle meshes was faintly audible.

The bearers of the picture were told to set down their burden, and begin the work of once more exposing it to the light. This must necessarily consume some moments, as the packing had been arranged to offer the best defiance to time. The inner case of zinc, which immediately surrounded the canvas, had been imbedded in dry sand, like that which after eighteen hundred years gave up the mural decorations of Pompeii as fresh as when the artist left them. No word was spoken. Clara Hargrave needed all the comfort that her luxurious chair was capable of affording. She had a constant sense of recoil from the exile before her, while her eyes were fascinated by the tomb-like structure which was presently to add new treasures to its many trusts.

The Safe had been enlarged, with some degree of mercy for its dead contriver. It had, indeed, been suggested that a modern decorator should be let loose to play his Gothic pranks upon the exterior; but better counsels had finally prevailed, and the simple oaken panels had merely been extended twenty feet on either side of the original inclosure. The new wood had been darkened to the time-stained hue of the older work, and even mock worm-holes had been inserted by dexterous twistings of the gimlet. It was sad to look upon this sepulchre of recorded human experience for which, could it have been audibly ut-

tered, our time would be the richer. Clara had met women who had here buried knowledge wrung from the bitter subjection of their lives, — knowledge vital to the welfare of the race, but of which the code of social usage forbade their living lips to hint. Might it not be that some of these precious deposits were withheld from use for too long a period, so that when at last produced they would appear as ancestral babblement, with which a better-behaving age had no concern? Doubtless the sardonic sagacity of Farrel had contemplated such miscarriages; yet growths and fructifications from valuable seeds were certainly more probable when these were scattered upon the better soil which the years would prepare for their reception.

These musings were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, who, leaning upon the arm of Dr. Bense, advanced tremulously from the darker portion of the Library.

"You must sit down at once, my dear sir," said the doctor, as he bent over a chair to deposit his patient with the least possible jar. "Remember you are not here with my approval. If I am to take you back again to Brandon Avenue, you must obey orders. There, don't try to talk; it will tire you. See, they are just ready to show the portrait."

The last handful of sand had been removed, and the zinc case was being lifted from its wooden envelope. The cover was next slid from the front, and the image of Ernest Hargrave was exposed to view.

"Tell me that I have not praised this work too highly!" cried the rector eagerly. "Am I wrong, Dr. Bense, in saying that it puts Affonso Varella in the front rank of living artists?"

The doctor returned no immediate answer to the question. His gaze was fixed upon the canvas. He made a sign to have it placed at a slightly different angle; then he rose and advanced towards it, shading his eyes with his

hand. Seeming to recollect himself, he moved a little to the left, in order not to obstruct the view of the sitters. There was silence for several minutes; then Dr. Bense started, gathered himself together, and appeared to fumble through his memory for some laudatory phrase of art-criticism. It was of no use; the conventional eulogy had as false a ring as the conventional epitaph. There was no label to attach to such a surprise as this.

"Yes, you *are* wrong in saying that this painting places Varella in the front rank of living artists," was the reply that at length was slowly uttered. "It places him well in advance of that front rank. It is a great piece of portraiture; done in a manner somewhat sketchy, to be sure, but the work of a master-hand. A face to be studied like a book; yet what book can teach all that is to be learned from such coloring! I say that only a genius can so bring before us the essential man. Why, there are touches here that entice the spirit through the flesh."

Considering that the doctor's little book on the Body proved that there was no spirit capable of this liberation, the reader may inquire whether this last remark has not been misreported. Not at all. May not a professor pen a sonnet to the rising sun, and then hurry to his class-room to demonstrate the stationary position of that luminary? In dressing our ideas in language, we must put up with the poor fit of ready-made clothing, or—to change the metaphor—we shall find it difficult to serve up the wisest proposition without a few sprigs of folly by way of garnish.

Clara Hargrave felt all the fascination of the portrait. To show a great man, who was so great as never to imagine himself to be one, — that she conceived to be the gist of the problem presented to the young Brazilian. And he had solved it; this was the leading idea that his work conveyed. What a supernatural light he had thrown about the

head! The eyes and forehead glowed with the masculine intelligence which had lifted her out of a frivolous past, and strengthened those wonderful faculties that had lain dormant and unsuspected. There was a majestic simplicity in the pose of the figure; there was the characteristic energy in the action of the hand. Alas, that a century must elapse before this picture could take its place among those of the honored sons of the College! Here had her husband's work been done; here, until recent years, had his name been held in reverence. She knew the value of his later studies; she believed his future fame was secure. Was not this enough?

No, it was not enough. How shall a woman's passionate heart wait through the lagging years to see its hero crowned! Clara longed to project her being far onward in the path of time, — onward, even to that next centennial station, when the Mather Safe would yield up its deposit to a grateful world. Under the guidance of Hargrave she had made short, wavering flights into the future, but never had she traveled beyond the decade of years which were next approaching. There was a sudden cry of the spirit, inaudible to those about, yet audible above the loudest uproar to ears that were trained to receive its vibrations. "Would that I could be swept forward to that moment of satisfaction which lies beyond the stretch of any mortal life! Would that I could be transported to the elevation only to be reached by those unborn, after the race has climbed a hundred weary steps! Might I stand there but for an instant, to look back upon this distant present-time as a mere limbo of dead fashions and falsities! But no; the wild desire is baffled by the nature of things. I must crush down this craving for the impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to the human soul when, emancipated by knowledge, it wills to exercise its highest prerogative."

A familiar voice uttered the words. Clara raised her eyes, and saw the figure of her husband. She knew that it was not in his mortal body, but in its astral counterpart, that Ernest Hargrave was with her. Yet he was present just as really as the Thibetan Sage was present to Colonel Henry S. Olcott, in New York, on that memorable occasion when the stranger condescended to puncture the hallucination bubble of psychical societies by leaving his turban by way of visiting-card. Is it objected that the President of the Theosophical Society is not versed in any natural science? What, then, are we to do with the testimony of the eminent professor of anatomy and biology, whose ornithological works are so confidently commended to students? Shall we tell them to bow to the authority of Dr. Elliott Coues upon the flight and migration of birds, and reject the narrative of his own flight and migration in gasiform duplicate of his physical body from the house of Judge Thomas in Cincinnati to that of an accomplished lady in Washington?

"There is no distance between us," continued the shadowy Professor; "whatever you wish is as clear and lucid to me as if I were yourself. Not in vain have I sought orderly intercourse with beings of another sphere, — never for an instant permitting them to command me; always commanding them to do my pleasure. The sublime Brotherhood over which I go to preside will succeed in experiments far more difficult than that which you rashly pronounce impossible. Know that there are forms, rites, invocatory processes, by which the soul may be separated from the frail tenement it inhabits, and for a moment be absorbed in grand and exalted entity, to which there is no *then* and *there*, but all is *now* and *here*. Your desire is indeed born from the weaker part of your nature; yet if its gratification will strengthen your hands for our future work, I dare not withhold my assistance.

Give me steady coöperation. As you feel the pressure of my hand upon your forehead, will that your will shall merge in mine. Will that the yielding and intuitive characteristics of the feminine mind shall have absolute supremacy. Fear nothing. There must come a rocking motion, that shall stir the pulse and make the heart beat high. What you are to see and hear must be crowded into a few moments of earthly time. The limit of resistance wavers; the ideal expansion will presently be reached. Be self-possessed; I confide you to those who will be faithful. There . . . there . . . let the head fall back upon the cushion — so — now you are off!"

A hot intensity of inward life, a sense of being covered only by the thinnest film of matter, a consciousness of dashing onward at headlong speed, and the sensitive knew that her wish had evoked a power able to gratify it. A tide of life richer than mortals know pulsed through the veins. Old memories, perchance of former lives, which the soil of earth had covered, but not extinguished, were sailing by her side. Only a gossamer thread held the spirit to its late habitation; there was a shudder in the thought!

Presently there came a dreamy Lethæan influence, as if one were swinging through masses of gray vapor. Whiter and whiter grew these dingy mists, till at length they lay along the path like huge snowbanks. Presently they broke, revealing chasms, from whose sides blew stormy blasts that beat and blustered about the fragile traveler. Movement ever quickening, without sense of whence or whither! When the propulsive power faltered, a hail of pelting atoms — ultimate atoms, eternal, uncreated, indivisible — renewed its energy. Off beyond time limits; the personage with the scythe and hour-glass panted in the rear as vainly as in Dr. Johnson's prologue. There was a confusion of little units rushing to cohere into units of

more complexity; and these in their turn clashed together, perchance to form one of Mr. Mill's possible worlds, where five shall be the product of two and two, where bodies shall move in the direction of the greatest resistance, and where little boys shall be kept after school to demonstrate that the angles of a triangle must always exceed two right angles.

The flying voyager knew that what she saw was not reality, but the best available expression of reality. The truth must be given in symbol and shadow, because it can enter the human spirit only by the use of imagery with which it is acquainted.

And now the line of travel ran beside a headlong-dashing stream. Might this not be the Current of Events, which was posting madly to the ever-widening ocean of the past? It was evident that many startling experiences were dancing by in the rapids, each one of which would in its season be caught and put in capitals for the latest intelligence column of the newspapers. Alas, the photography of memory was not instantaneous enough to snatch the least of them as they darted on.

Presently, as the interminable succession of barren spaces were sweeping by, a withering inquiry presented itself. Would it be possible to stop this fearful journey upon that petty bank and shoal of time upon which Clara Hargrave had wished to stand? There appeared to her to be incalculable chances against so successful an issue to the flight. Yet what might not be accomplished by those intelligent forces to which Ernest had confided her!

Far in the distance flashed out a beacon light. Brighter and brighter it blazed, until it dazzled like a sun. Then clouds drifted before it, and the beams were tempered to the mellow noon of an autumn day. There was no consciousness of shock, and yet the forward rush had ceased. Again the sensitive seemed to be clothed with her full physical per-

sonality; again she was a finite being among other finite beings. The walls of the Thatcher Theatre shut her in, but the seats were filled with strangers, with whom she could enter into no relations of action and reaction. A little segment of her nineteenth century was all that she was permitted to affect for good or for evil, and that lay dim and faded in the historic past.

Strange that there was no color in the scene. A sombre grayish texture seemed to be cut into the outlines of men and women who were listening to the orator as he pronounced the commemorative address. On the left of the speaker stood two easels bearing portraits, each covered by a curtain emblazoned with the seal of the College.

"All, all are strangers," sighed Clara, looking about her; "alas, there is not one familiar face that might brighten at my greeting!"

No, she was wrong; for there on the extreme right of the platform — that is, on the speaker's right — sat President Cooley, clad in the academic robe in which she had seen him announce the honorary degrees from this very place, upon that very day, a hundred years ago. How pleasant and natural it was to find him here, to know that one person from her century had been permitted to bear her company! It was like the Professor's thoughtfulness to have so arranged it. But there was something strange about it, too; for Dr. Cooley appeared to have grown to gigantic proportions, and there was constraint in the motionless attitude in which he absorbed the eloquence that was poured upon the air. Only a concentration of attention, such as is sometimes seen in the hypnotic subject, could keep a man so still. Not a motion, when the speaker turned to compliment him upon the broad and liberal spirit in which he had administered the affairs of the College. Surely a slight inclination of the head would be only decent after the delivery of this passage.

But the President had been hurried off suddenly, and perhaps found no time to pack up his manners. Still, it was provoking to see him sitting there as if he had been carved out of stone. The explanation could no longer be avoided: how stupid she was to have missed it! Of course it was no living President Cooley upon whom her eyes rested. Hargrave, when differing most with his superior officer, always acknowledged the wonderful impulse he had given to the College, and declared that posterity would see that he had a statue. Well, Ernest was as right in this as he was in everything else. There, to be sure, sat the President in "glory's marble trance," as that last-century poet, Dr. Holmes, had called this chilly reincarnation.

The sensitive started, as one of the rhetorical periods that were falling from the platform culminated with the familiar name of "Peckster," — a vocable that seemed to stick in the trumpet of fame as badly as Byron's Amos Cottle. Yes, the orator was speaking of that ancient family, so long extinct, of their once famous Professorship, and of the eminent men who successively had filled its Chair.

"It is the last and greatest of these," continued the speaker, "whom to-day we hold in especial remembrance. No man did more than Ernest Hargrave to establish that science of the Higher Psychology which the learned of his time appear to have regarded as another name for cerebral physiology. In contrast to the teaching of the mechanical biologists who were then in the ascendant, he showed that mind was imperishable, and that the specific activities which seemed to accompany it were really wrought by its influence upon a basis of inferior vitality and lower organization. The ancient doctrine that nature made no leaps received from him its final quietus. He pointed to the leap in the development of protoplasm, to the leap in the manifestation of intellectual faculty, and then



proved a third leap from a visible to an invisible plane of existence. The proof he offered, which we now recognize as strictly scientific, was rejected by those then controlling academic endowments; the Peckster Professor shared the fate of Kepler in astronomy, of Harvey in physiology, and — to go back only thirty years — of George B. Cotley in aerial navigation. It is needless to speak of the work subsequently done by the Director of the Brazilian Brotherhood of Psychologists, for its value is recognized by all educated men. While our Northern scientists seemed bent upon proving the utter dependency of what passed for the spiritual part of man upon his physical organization, their banished associate demonstrated that the power of the spiritual over the physical was supreme and absolute. A mastery of his Advanced Exercises for Will-Practice is today required by the College as a condition for the doctorate of laws. It is scarcely credible that former recipients of this degree knew nothing of laws higher than those which were lobbied through legislatures, or devised by the standing committee of a club. I need not remind you how the sobering influence radiated from that Southern Brotherhood tempered the fury of the Social Revolution, the close of which, it is said, our oldest graduate can dimly remember. History tells us how the vibrating psychoplasm supplied by Professor Hargrave ever tended to communicate its rhythms to the heated heads which, for a time, controlled the State, and threatened the very existence of this College. But I dare not longer detain you from the event which is to render this day memorable. The Mather Safe has at last given up a portrait by Affonso Varella, whose death, at the age of twenty-six, was the saddest loss that art has ever sustained in this Western hemisphere. The great Professor, who a century ago looked upon a world half puzzled and half scornful, now meets a

later generation which sends its choicest representatives to do him honor. In your name, in the name of your successors, — yes, even in the name of those who once rejected him, — I welcome Ernest Hargrave back to this venerable Hall."

As the last word was spoken, the curtain fell from one of the pictures, and Copley's Gideon Peckster, surrounded by a frame of exquisite workmanship, was disclosed to view. A sunbeam, which for the first time brought color into the scene, fell upon the features of this ancient benefactor, whose lips seemed to smile approval as the noblest result of his foundation was at last recognized. As the veil was removed from the second picture, a murmur of delight ran through the theatre. Was the canvas translucent? Surely its opaque texture was penetrated by a lustre not of this world. The spiritual ingredients which the artist had mixed with his paints were potent, after their century of seclusion. The excitement swelled to a tumult of homage; an enlightened generation knew and honored Ernest Hargrave even as his wife had known and honored him in the time gone by. What were exile, what were martyrdom, now! Cheerfully, gratefully, she would fling away the comfortable surroundings of her life, since she had been permitted to see the light of that noble spirit reflected in increased splendor from another age.

Now that the great desire of Clara Hargrave had been gratified, another feminine instinct promptly asserted itself, and she directed her gaze upon the ladies' dresses with insatiable curiosity. She had time to perceive that a modification of the Greek costume, whose key-note was liberty, was generally worn; it offered no restraint to the organic functions which give free play to the nobler powers of the mind. How could she go back to the absurd constructions with which her contemporaries were accustomed to fetter themselves? She would seize the op-

portunity of making an exhaustive study of fabric, cut, and pattern. But as she bent her mind upon this very practical investigation, the Theatre began to waver and twinkle like the wick of a candle that has reached its socket. Indeed, nothing was fixed but the statue, which, doubtless from the solid nature of its material, seemed disinclined to partake of the general instability. Yet notwithstanding this satisfactory distinctness, it appeared to diminish in size, and to grow more lifelike. Was that a flicker of intelligence in the eyes? Why, the sculptor must have had the genius of Varella; he had actually cut speculation into those flinty orbs. Clara could only look wonderingly on, while the hands gradually assumed the color of living flesh, and then, moving upwards, whisked off the graceful academic drapery, and disclosed Dr. Cooley clad in all the ugliness of the contemporary swallow-tail.

"My dear Mrs. Hargrave," said the President kindly, "you have been a little faint; let me take you into the air. Or stay; if the Treasurer will open that window, it may do as well. Here, drink this water; you will feel better presently."

"I am quite myself, thank you," replied the lady, after a brief pause. "I was somewhat confused. Yes, I — I have been away — far away."

"Ah, that is very true; you are indeed going far away," assented Dr. Cooley compassionately. "I am sure no one can wonder that you feel a little hysterical at the thought of leaving your friends in the North. But think what opportunities to win distinction Professor Hargrave will be offered! I still call him Professor, because once a professor, always a professor. I believe that's the rule, — unless we except professors of religion, eh, Mr. Greyson?"

"We have many backsliders who forfeit all right to the title," said the rector.

"That is sad enough," responded the President. "Let us hope that if any professors of science have been tempted to stray from the narrow path, they will take warning before it is too late. Do you know that I want your husband to send us the bones of a *Toxodon*, set up as he would know how to place them? Please use your influence, Mrs. Hargrave. You may tell him that if the College received such a gift, I should feel bound to mention it in my quarterly report."

Clara could not help smiling at the *naïveté* of the inducement. Ernest might have his price, but it was no longer to be reckoned in such currency as this. She sobered herself sufficiently to assure the President that the *Toxodon* was likely to be forthcoming, as Dr. Hargrave had no intention of abandoning his science, though for a time it might be subordinated to other work.

"I must ask President Cooley to open the Safe at once," interposed Dr. Bense. "We have been waiting here more than half an hour for his arrival, and every moment tells against Mr. Peckster, who ought to be in bed in his own house. The stimulus of an unusual excitement keeps him up; but if the emotional strain should be carried beyond a certain point, I cannot answer for the consequences."

"Is that box, which these men were screwing up as I came in, the only deposit?" asked the President. "The bulk is larger than we usually accept; but for Mr. Peckster we have voted to stretch our regulations. We are to keep it for a hundred years, if I am rightly informed."

"That is the understanding," said Dr. Bense. "It is then to be opened, and its contents given to the College. But to answer your inquiry, there is one other consignment. I hold in my hand a parcel of manuscript, which Mrs. Hargrave, in the name of her husband, adds to the other writings he has placed in



the Safe. All are to be kept for fifty years, and are then to be given to the last minority candidate for the Gorley Professorship of Psychology, — a man who, in the judgment of Dr. Hargrave, is likely to be freer from the trammels of precedent than the actual winner of the Chair."

"There need be no delay beyond the necessary formalities of registration," said Dr. Cooley. "Mr. Treasurer, will you try your key in that lock? Thank you. Now it is my turn. There; our wizard's cave is open, and ready to lay its enchantment upon whatever is offered. A storehouse rich in potential energy that shall one day become dynamic! Fortunately, we are exempt from taxation, so there is no assessor's estimate of the worth of its contents."

The doors, which swung heavily apart, disclosed only a small portion of the dusky prison, from which no executive magistrate held the right of pardon. A suppressed rustle seemed to come from the interior. Possibly it was the Past brushing by the Present, to confer with the Future; or it may have been the whispers of dead men, who confided their secrets to a posterity as non-existent as themselves.

The heavy portrait-case was now lifted by its bearers, who, preceded by the Treasurer, bore it into the Safe. The President then received the package from the hands of Dr. Bense, and placed it in a certain iron pigeon-hole numbered 249, and marked with the name "Hargrave." Then the doors were closed; the keys of the proper officials threw the bolts of their respective locks; and the bequest of Miser Farrel held its new consignments with a clutch that only Father Time might relax.

During these proceedings, Mr. Greyson had been writing in a huge folio, whose covers were decorated with the Farrel arms quartered with those of the College. It contained a list of the deposits in the Safe; each being provided

with a number, motto, or other device to insure its certain identification.

"All is now ready for the signatures," said the rector at length. "Mrs. Hargrave, will you come first? Please put your name there, on the second line from the bottom. That is quite right. Now, Mr. Peckster, we will turn the page, and make ready for you. You need not rise, sir. I will bring the book, and here is a pen full of ink. Write just after the words, 'And my will is that the above-described deposit remain in the Mather Safe for one hundred years, and that it be then presented to the College in the name of my ancestor, Gideon Peckster.'"

The representative of the last-named personage appeared to find some difficulty in placing his autograph just where it was wanted. It was, however, approximately accomplished, being finished with the assistance of Mr. Greyson, who guided back the uncertain hand in order that the *t* in the last syllable might receive its proper crossing.

"There is one other little ceremony that belongs to the occasion," said Dr. Cooley in his blandest manner, "and as soon as it is performed we will all escort Mr. Peckster to his carriage. The College is, unhappily, forced to ask for payment in advance, for really we can have no guarantee that the consignees will think that they have received treasures worth the accumulated fees for freight and storage. Thank you, Mrs. Hargrave; the usual check payable to the order of our Treasurer: yes, that is quite correct. By the way, did you see the sonnet upon the Mather Safe that was printed in yesterday's Adviser? The poet compares it to an aqueduct that carries living waters through a stretch of underground darkness, till at length they rise to refresh a city far below the horizon. Unfortunately, the analogy is only partial, for we are without the means of collecting rates from the distant takers."

"Please to help me rise," said Mr. Ephraim Peckster. "I am provided with a check for the necessary payment, and — perhaps I can say a few words, before the lights are put out."

Grasping the hand of the rector, the invalid lifted himself from the luxurious padding of his chair, and then straightened to a figure with more of the stiffening of manhood in it than had lately been apparent. He advanced towards the President, and handed him a slip of corn-colored paper.

"I fear we must trouble Mr. Peckster to add one more cipher to the amount written here," said Dr. Cooley, after a little hesitation. "The Regents voted that our keys required an unusual lubrication before they could open the doors of the Safe for so large a deposit."

"Then I am very sorry that I did not bring my check-book," replied Mr. Peckster courteously.

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that account," rejoined the President. "I carry check-blanks upon all the banks, a habit of mine which, I can assure you, has been of much advantage to the College."

"It is growing dark," said Mr. Peckster. "Dr. Bense is a good friend of the higher education, and he may write whatever you wish. Let him fill the blank on the Mellin Trust Company, and I will sign it."

"He may write whatever I wish?" repeated Dr. Cooley interrogatively. "Ah, my dear Mr. Peckster, I fear you do not quite mean that. For if I were to have my wish, I think it would be that you would give Dr. Bense permission to square the initial figure as well as to annex the missing cipher."

Ephraim Peckster, although in an unusually giving mood, recoiled at the enormous liberality of this proposition. The ancestral light faded from the features, while the brows contracted to the peculiar knot known to the sheep of the

Pasture, when they were tardy in presenting themselves for the shearing of quarter-day. The shrinking was only for an instant; and then the attributes of old Gideon broke through the countenance more strongly than before. It was a symptomatic fact which the doctor noted with uneasiness.

"I accept your amendment," said a voice which seemed too vigorous for the feeble invalid from whose lips it issued. "I shall only ask the Treasurer to delay presenting the check for three days: I have no such sum at present on deposit."

"He shall delay for three weeks, my good sir, if you say the word," was the cordial response of President Cooley. "Believe me, you will never regret this pious benefaction. In one way or another, we are able to make good returns for what we get. Had you come earlier in the evening, you would have seen rose-colored lights arranged to form the names of those who have remembered us: they were symbolic of the hue in which our College chroniclers are accustomed to set forth the facts of their mortal pilgrimage."

A look of stern decision, which darkened Mr. Peckster's face, repelled this kindly meant suggestion. Words came slowly and with effort: "My being, attenuated of much of its mortal substance, is even now assuming relations with a state where a man's thoughts of himself are the only life-history which need concern him. As the nerve of sense is paralyzed, a second consciousness, long overlaid, rises to clearness, coherence, intensity. Let no one be bribed to mask for others the fearful shadows that must there haunt me! . . . But let me sign the check that Dr. Bense has written. Give it to me at once, for I know not how soon the play will be over."

"This is the passing humor of a tired man, for which a good night's sleep is the certain remedy," said the President

tenderly. But he made a sign to Dr. Bense to write what was wanted with all speed; for if the play should be indeed near its ending, it was clear that the College Library was no place for the catastrophe of the fifth act.

"Here, my dear sir," continued Dr. Cooley, as he held out the check upon which the physician had written the result of the little sum that had been set him. "Try this quill, — there is no metallic pen that writes so easily, — and accept the privilege of the situation. Ah, it is a strange privilege, after all! To think that years of honest labor shall not so earn the gratitude of the College as the few dots and pothooks you are to put upon this paper! Yes, we have here a notable contrast."

"The contrast is awful," murmured the old man; "it is mockery to say that reason and religion will never find a way to avoid it. I am humbled, nay, crushed, with the thought that I, who have stumbled and seen so dimly, am yet permitted to do something to give others a better guidance."

All weariness went out of the hand as the name was written; never had so bold a signature been seen upon the paper of Ephraim Peckster. It was observed that the family name bore a wonderful likeness to the strong-featured autographs of ancestor Gideon: there was the swirling loop to the *k*, and the dashing wave which followed the concluding *r*. This was not surprising to Dr. Bense, who knew that there are certain inherited substrata which may function for the first time after some special bodily failure; these testify to a kinship from which all the active life has grown away.

"Everything is pleasantly finished," said Dr. Cooley, rubbing his hands with pardonable satisfaction. "Now we will get Mr. Peckster into his coat, and into the fresh air, where the carriage is waiting. He will feel like another man when once outside our musty Library,

and will ride home happy with the remembrance of the good thing he has done for us."

But the black moment could no longer be postponed. A New England family had spent or wasted such force as was in it, and local history would know its members no more. The last representative of his name perceived that the *Satis lusisti!* had been spoken. There was an instant of painfully acute consciousness, a fearful throbbing in the ears, a convulsive movement of the throat, as if some one thrust back the cry which fought for utterance. The solid walls of the building seemed to fall and bear something to the earth. Dr. Bense caught something in his arms, — but it was not Ephraim Peckster. The wrench was over, and the great transformation — which was no transformation — was accomplished.

No transformation. Clara Haigrave saw the group about the thing that had been laid gently upon the floor; she saw Dr. Bense on his knees beside it; she heard him murmur something about the "inhibitory cardiac apparatus," — and there was Ephraim Peckster standing before her, clothed as when in the body. Yes, gentlemen of the Society for Psychological Research, in spite of the ponderous dress difficulty, the fact can be given to you in no better words than those that have just been written. Of course they are inadequate, — absurdly inadequate. Go to the arctic regions, and use the forms of speech belonging to the climate in lecturing upon tropical forests or electrical communication. A garden becomes a dirty snowdrift that breaks into colored spots, like a man with the small-pox; the telegraph is a fishing-line stretched between two huts, along which runs a little animal with a bit of blubber in his mouth. Such grotesque adumbration we must put up with in conveying the facts of one zone to the inhabitants of another. Shall we do better in attempting to translate spirit-

ual perceptions into forms of language unfitted to receive them? We can only reverse the fable, and show the lion in the hide of the ass.

It is improbable that Ephraim Peckster subsisted in neumenal existence precisely as he appeared to the sensitive. Consciousness can never give us a complete representation of the sensory impulse which occasions a perception. It concerns us only to know that, as the man had lost no quality that was really his, the modification of character given by clothes persisted. Take the lawn sleeves from your bishop, and compel him to officiate in a fancy bathing-dress, and you strip him of an important part of his personality. Now the fact to be conveyed is that death deprives a man of no essential part of his being. The form upon which Dr. Bense was trying the resources of his art never had any life of its own; the glazing eye had never seen, the dull ear had never heard. Sensation is of the spiritual body. If the form and moving of the machine had been express and admirable, it was because a visitant from another range of being had animated it. No transformation. There stood the feeble residuum of the Peckster family just as inheritance, circumstance, self-indulgence, had made him; or rather, just as he had made himself by offering no efficient resistance to these witchcrafts of the flesh. The face, which in earth-life bore traces of the nobler living of old Gideon, was now absolutely symbolic of character. It showed the man exactly as he was: not what he had persuaded himself that he was; not what his money had bribed others to represent him. Vainly might rose-water religionists promise their patron Dives a higher life and a happier future. The sensitive shuddered as she perceived that to such as Ephraim Peckster there opens a lower life and a darker future, long, terrible, — whether hopeless or endless, who shall say?

The bustle and buzz of excited mur-

murs which succeeded the shock were scarcely heard by Clara Hargrave, whose nerves of outer sense were numbed as she gazed at the mystery before her. It was not until what had happened was understood by her companions, and their hasty exclamations had been duly uttered, that Mr. Greyson's voice came to her almost like that of one who is speaking an unknown tongue:—

"Should we not send for a coroner, or for the officer who represents him?"

"Absolutely unnecessary," said Dr. Bense, with decision. "The matter is perfectly simple, — the sudden stopping of a long-debilitated heart. The books are full of just such cases."

"There is a question," said Dr. Cooley, with some hesitation, "which, under the circumstances, should be considered without delay. I regret to thrust it forward at this painful moment, but the fact that I am here in a fiduciary capacity leaves me no alternative. What is the value of that check? I call you all to witness that Mr. Peckster signed it with a full knowledge of what he was doing. Added to the funds I have been slowly accumulating, the amount here written is sufficient to establish the long-desired Chair of Heredity, — a focus from which light, spreading in divergent rays, shall increase the efficiency of every department of the College. I speak only such words as the tenderest friend of him who lies there might utter, when I inquire whether the life that has just vanished like a dream has left something behind it which may be of substantial benefit to the world. Again I ask, What is the value of the check?"

The Treasurer, who seemed to be appealed to, waited for a moment, and then, extending his arm, drew an ellipse upon an imaginary blackboard.

"Then we must appeal to the moral sense of the Duke; we have the strongest claim upon him!"

The Treasurer shrugged his shoulders, as if to intimate that the moral sense of

that eminent aristocrat was probably overgrown by the weedy harvests he had been at the pains to cultivate.

"Cannot you get special legislation?" inquired Dr. Bense. "Surely there are ways in which the College can bring pressure to bear upon the average country member!"

"*Ex post facto* law-making happens to be unconstitutional," replied the Treasurer regretfully. "I don't think we can provide a lobby potent enough to surmount that obstacle."

The little council was somewhat soured by this final checkmate. It was marvelous that a scheme of the universe, which the College had always patronized as on the whole well arranged and agreeable, should have such fatal flaws in it!

"I see the solution of our difficulty!" exclaimed the Treasurer suddenly. "I was stupid not to have thought of it. Although the check has now no value as a money-order, it may be worth much as evidence of a claim against the executor of the estate. As a gift to the College it is nothing; but how if we can show that it was an intended payment for value received? The consideration was, of course, our pledge to give a century of storage in the Mather Safe to a most unusual and cumbrous deposit. This view of the matter will bring the case into Court; and, once there, Hensleigh will take care of us. If we go to a jury, there will be a chance for his rhapsodic stop. What an opportunity to make an eloquent plea for letters! Why, there has been nothing like it since the trial of the poet Archias!"

"I cannot take your hopeful view of the situation," said the President sadly. "I have had bitter experience of the resources of legal zigzagging, and of the prejudices of twelve average citizens. If justice were done, this check would be good for the amount Mr. Peckster intended to convey to us; but I should sleep more easily to-night if I saw a

name which meant money written across the back of it."

"I fear it would have no legal significance, under the present circumstances," said the Treasurer doubtfully.

"It would have a moral significance," replied Dr. Cooley, with decision, "and that would be sufficient with the class of benefactors who in time past have aided the College."

"You shall have a name, then," said Clara Hargrave, rising in response to the imploring gesture of a being visible to her alone. "Give me the pen. . . . There! What I have written means that if the Courts fail you, the Professorship shall still be founded. For some time past I have set aside property to endow a Chair of even greater importance than that which is so near the heart of the President. Well, the time is against me. It appears I was born too soon to enrich the College in the way I should like. I accept the conditions of my age, and will do for it what I can."

"Your action is worthy of a well-balanced masculine mind!" exclaimed Dr. Bense; "and what better can I say of it?"

"Say that it is not unworthy the wife of Professor Hargrave, and I shall be fully satisfied," replied the lady, as she resumed her seat.

The pecuniary shadows being thus measurably dissipated, the flutter belonging to the situation was resumed. The janitor was summoned, and dispatched for functionaries who lie in wait for such occasions, and who often seem to be affected by an astonishing polarity which attracts them to the spot where their services are wanted.

The excited reporter telephoned to his journal that the obituary, so long set up, might see the light in the morning's issue, and then proceeded to write out the particulars that were to bring a thrill of sensation to many breakfast-tables.

There was a hurried, informal con-

sultation held with Mr. Greyson by the two College officers. The funeral would certainly take place at St. Philemon's; any day but Thursday would suit the President. Seats must of course be reserved for the Council of Regents: some of them would have gone in any case, but, under the peculiar circumstances, it was imperative that they should go as a body; they should be conspicuously present.

The grounds about the Library were at the acme of their desertion when the tired janitor was permitted to close the building. The grass, crushed by the throng of celebrators, had begun to revive with the moisture of the dew. No flush in the east announced that another day was approaching, yet there was a faint twittering of sparrows, indicating a drowsy faith that the sun must rise as usual, even though a figure of the moneyed weight and substance of the late Ephraim Peckster would be undiscernible in the show.

#### IV.

How strange is the craving to see newspaper accounts of sights or transactions concerning which we happen to be much better informed than the reporter who chronicles them! There must have been many things in the morning issue of the *Daily Adviser* of which Dr. Bense was ignorant, yet he passed them by to read the narrative of last night's scene in the College Library, about which his information was perfect. It seems as if we could not fully realize what we have done or witnessed until we get it in type, and are instructed how to regard it by the editorial pronoun of multitude.

"Yes, my dear, the *Adviser* gives the facts with a fair amount of correctness," said Dr. Bense, when released from the fascination which the morning paper exerts upon the masculine mind. "Here are the comments, cut up into little para-

graphs of some dozen lines each, as the fashion now is. If we can persuade little Dora to keep quiet for a few minutes, I will read them to you."

The doctor addressed Mrs. Bense, who was sitting at the waiter-side of the breakfast-table. He referred to a flaxen-haired child, whose six summers of experience had been filled with alternate visions of vivid joys and sorrows, with fairy intimacies, and with silly conclusions.

"Come, little Dora, leave off rattling the shovel, and sit upon grandpapa's knee, and hear him read all about poor Mr. Peckster."

"Does the story end with a question?" asked little Dora doubtfully. She had been bewitched by a certain tale of a barbaric princess, which a version of her grandfather's had brought within the grasp of the childish imagination. "Does Mr. Peckster's story end with a question, just like Mr. Stockton's?"

"There are few stories that do not, my dear," replied the doctor sadly, "and it is generally easier to see the question than to come at the answer."

"Then I will find out the question, and you shall tell me the answer!" exclaimed the child, shaking her curls, and laughing at her own suggestion of this happy division of labor.

"Well, then, attend to the reading; and remember to keep quiet even if you don't understand it."

So saying, Dr. Bense adjusted his spectacles, and proceeded to give the wisdom of the *Adviser* all the advantage of a good voice and correct emphasis:—

"The death of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, whose obituary will be found in another column, will produce a profound sensation in this community. He was Treasurer of the Lucullus Land Company, Trustee of the Demas Institute for Distressed Travelers, Vice-President of the *Metamora Club*, and held other offices of responsibility and trust. He was



an honorary member of the National Osteological Association, a body that will now add one more to the interesting collection of memoirs in which its associates are celebrated. Mr. Peckster was likewise connected with several dining-clubs, and the sumptuous hospitalities of his mansion on Brandon Avenue will long be remembered. His relations with the College have always been most friendly, and the rumor that they had of late become somewhat strained should be treated as idle gossip. It is gratifying to state that the famous Pasture has been much enlarged by the operations of its late proprietor in Western lands, and that its productiveness was never greater. We had forgotten to mention that Mr. Peckster was at one time talked of for the gubernatorial chair, — a position for which, it is needless to say, he had very important qualifications. Had his friends been permitted to bring forward his name, we regard it as more than probable that we might to-day be called upon to mourn the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth.

"The Adviser is equal to the occasion, as it always is," remarked the admiring reader. "I think Peckster held a good deal of its stock. The sudden recollection of a contingency which permits winding up with that sonorous chief-magistrate business is a fine touch of journalistic art. But, stop! here is something else that concerns us: —

"The abolition of the Peckster Professorship, followed so immediately by the death of the last bearer of the name of its founder, is an impressive circumstance. We understand that the occupant of the late Chair of Osteology sails from New York this afternoon for his future home in Brazil. We need not enlarge upon the opportunities for legitimate investigation that will there be open to him. It is to be hoped that he will give his exclusive attention to those gigantic bones of the paleontozoic age which belong to the field of research in

which he has already acquired such high distinction. We advise him to confine himself to the scientific coördination of the laws and phenomena of osseous deposit. Would that it were unnecessary to emphasize our friendly counsel! But the communication signed "Regent," on the fourth page, coming from a source entitled to the highest consideration, justifies a plainness of language that we would gladly have avoided. It is now unnecessary to deny that the impairment of Professor Hargrave's usefulness to the College was a leading consideration in abolishing the Peckster Professorship. His unhappy reversion to those forms of thought which, in our savage ancestors, characterized the earlier steps of the evolutionary movement separated him from the exponents of modern science who have given the College its present high position. Fortunately, Dr. Hargrave has now an opportunity to abandon the chimæras which have deprived him of the Professorship. His power of combining and coördinating the facts obtained in his legitimate sphere of observation is unquestionably remarkable; he may yet give the world a book worthy of the author of *Centres of Ossification*, and receive the doctorate of laws which the College would hasten to bestow. We advise him, then, to renounce at once and forever those vaporous mysticisms which tend to culminate in the perilous doctrines of Rousseau. Let him remember that our highest medical authorities regard this aspiration to work in the void as the sign of a mental deficiency, which may at any time increase to positive mental disorder. For the initial degeneracy having set in, its morbid development is certain to follow, and the end is not difficult to prefigure."

"That seems to be very judicious advice," said Mrs. Bense, after the pause that followed this dismal vaticination.

"It probably comes from the same pen that writes the Regent communication," observed the doctor. "Of course

it is the only view of the situation which can justify the action of the Council. Luckily, a man of Hargrave's consciousness of inward strength has no occasion to lean upon the College."

"But surely you agree with that fine-sounding editorial?"

"Well, not altogether," answered Dr. Bense. "The truth is, Hargrave has got at facts — and they are facts — which cannot be forced into relation with the facts of physiology and pathology with which I am familiar. He is sustained by a wife who absolutely trusts him, and who knows — or thinks she knows — that his work in the transcendental sphere will not only build up his own character to the noblest poise of manhood, but will bestow an infinite blessing upon the world."

"And who will be right, the Lady or the Adviser?" suddenly broke in little Dora, seizing the only question that seemed to flicker out of the sombre discourse she had imperfectly understood.

"Ah, I cannot answer that question, dear Dolly; so you must jump down, and let grandpapa go to his patients."

"But can nobody answer it?" persisted the child.

"Well, I can't think of anybody just at present," responded the doctor reflectively. "Though, to be sure, we

might apply to a gentleman who lives many miles off, and who has written a very nice book about astronomy, which you shall read when you're a little older."

"Oh, do let's ask him!" cried Dora, catching at the suggestion.

"Very well, then: if you can manage to write down the question concerning the Lady and the Adviser, we will mail it to this good gentleman, who, as I was saying, knows about astronomy, and political economy, and so many other things."

"Do you really think, grandpapa, that he knows more about *the other things* than Professor Hargrave?"

Dr. Bense started; he doubted if Judge Hensleigh himself had ever put a more searching interrogation. Fortunately, there was no Court to commit him for contempt if he declined to answer.

"You must ask no more questions, Miss Dolly Bense. See, here is an envelope: I will address it to the learned gentleman we were speaking of, and perhaps he will refer your inquiry to the wise association of which he is the chief. There, now; I have written very plainly, so that you can read it: *To the President of the Society for Psychical Research.*"

*J. P. Quincy.*

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## STUDIES OF FACTORY LIFE: THE VILLAGE SYSTEM.

It is especially in the history of European peoples that we learn how customs gradually harden into institutions. We perceive that in all ages the power of one class over another has grown in ways for which the political system of the country failed to provide. The European to-day finds himself facing all sorts of institutions and relics of institutions, and learns from their peculiarities

the method of their growth. With this background of knowledge and customary thought, he is prepared to consider the future and its difficult problems in quite a different spirit from that of the average American. The man of American birth and descent does not readily conceive the idea that the forms of our society and government may become radically altered through the slow force



of action, which is unintentionally unharmonious with them. He is used to think of institutions, not as the unpremeditated product of social growth, but as the deliberate result of resolutions, declarations, and enactments, suddenly affirming the faith of the people. He falls into this habit of thought because this was the way of the republic in its inception. It is a proof, moreover, of the high temper of his mind that he does not fearfully search about for tendencies that may be inimical to the social order of the nation. He believes so fully in the power of an idea — particularly if it be the American idea — that he thinks that it needed only to be incarnated once into words, as in the Declaration of Independence, to be endowed with ability to go on forever, and to clothe itself fittingly in garments of law and custom.

Political revolution is a thing we understand, in this country, much better than political evolution. We expect people who have new views to do something about them with foresight and purpose. We look to have a convention called and resolutions proclaimed. Deliberate words and deeds tending to a definite end, — these are things which the American mind comprehends. The Northerner understood secession, a political word and blow, just as the Southerner instantly perceived the revolutionary significance of John Brown's raid. So now the people have quite generally taken in the fact that something hinges upon the sudden birth among them of an autocratic organization like the Knights of Labor, with its manifestoes and its circulars, open and secret. On the other hand, it is not readily understood that men without ideas except those that appertain to ordinary life, men without intentions except to get their living and to please their fancies, may by their aggregate action evolve customs and develop institutions which shall have power to change the current of national life. It is not supposed that they may effect this while

pursuing the common ends of business and of social life, and that they may do it by use of very simple methods, without the aid of resolutions or enactments.

Thus it follows that very little notice has been taken of what has been happening in many New England manufacturing villages during the last eighty years.

I propose to examine, in this connection, the history of only one branch of industry. The manufacture of cotton into various fabrics for personal wear has this peculiarity, that it employs as laborers great numbers of women and children. As a consequence, it affects the family life of its operative class more closely than those industries do in which men principally are employed. Various circumstances have contributed to increase this influence on the family life beyond the measure which the bare statement of the case naturally makes apparent at once. The *laissez-faire* principles commonly accepted by the last two generations have led to the result that this influence has practically become something like control, and that it has been largely unregulated by law and largely unperceived by the people in general.

Eighty years ago, when cotton manufacturing was in its infancy, an American mechanic would often start a little mill with a few dozen employees. Among them were probably his own children and the children of his relatives, the youngest of whom might not be more than seven or eight years old. It was not an ideal state of affairs, but everybody shared pretty equally in its unideal conditions. For twenty or thirty years the mills grew in size and numbers, but the operatives continued to be of the same nationality and the same class as the employers. Social relations and intermarriages were not only possible but actual facts, as an investigation into the private history of some prominent manufacturing families would show. A caste

feeling, however, began to develop as the profits of the employer grew greater than the wages of the employed, and the property thus acquired by some separated into classes those who a short time before had been equal neighbors. It became an objection to marriage, as local traditions relate, that "her" father worked for "his" father, although the youth in question might in early childhood have worked in his father's mill, and might pride himself, in his successful old age, on the fact.

During this early period, it became customary for the mill proprietors to possess themselves of tracts of land about the factories, and to build thereon tenement-houses, boarding-houses, and frequently stores for the operatives. It was necessary that they should do so, as the sudden growth of the industry attracted into the river valleys where the mills were situated large numbers of people, who must immediately be provided with dwelling-places and markets in which to purchase food. The country was young, and there were no capitalists to hold the land and put up the houses but the cotton manufacturers themselves, the very men whose enterprise had called to the borders of the streams the sons and daughters of the inland farms. The standard of comfort was low. The risks of a new business must also be considered, when we scrutinize the villages that were built at that time. They were often far inferior to those established in later days.

The equality of condition moderated slowly but steadily. Traces of it lingered nearly as long as native Americans remained in the mill in any number. I have known of one instance of a very intimate friendship existing, during the middle of the century, between two thoughtful women, one of whom was the mill-owner's wife and the other an operative in the factory. Just such a friendship would be scarcely a conceivable possibility under existing conditions. Only

philanthropic intentions could bring about even its shadow.

Difference in wealth, with its inevitable result of difference in daily habit, had already proved a barrier between employer and employed, when, after the year 1850, a greater distinction arose. The mill population slowly altered its character, and this change naturally emphasized its distinctness from the mill-owners. Foreigners began to come, and the Americans who had hitherto worked in the mill rose into superior avocations, until few of the native women remained, and not many men except those who were overseers or superintendents. The next generation accentuated the change. The New England girls of this period did not go into the factory, as their mothers had gone. They sought higher employments during the interval between school and marriage. The governing class in the industry, including owners, clerks, superintendents, and overseers, was now of a different race and religion from the workers, who so far as many affairs were concerned had become a governed class. I do not mean that such of the men as had the franchise were improperly controlled in their political action. I do not believe that the manufacturers of New England are guilty of trying to unduly influence the votes of their laborers. It must also be noted, in this connection, that comparatively few of these operatives can be influenced in that way, since none of the women and few of the men are voters. When, therefore, I say they are governed by the manufacturers, I mean that the methods of their daily life and work are under control.

When the manufacturers had obtained possession of the mills where these foreign operatives must work, and the houses in which they must live, they were able to exercise a sway which was not the less real because it lay entirely outside of the legal authority. Whether the proprietor of one of these villages acted

from conscientious or from selfish motives did not affect his ability to regulate in great measure the lives of the men, women, and children who worked for him, and who were his tenants. For instance, I remember when it was an acknowledged policy on the part of my father not to sell land to an Irishman, lest he should build a rum-shop on it. Yet in these later days people talk about the management of the town of Pullman, as though its founders had started a new principle of action there in forbidding land to be sold within its precincts. Of course this policy was never fully carried out in New England. Foreigners have acquired much land, and have built themselves many houses, sometimes thereby creating suburbs to the central portion of the factory village, which is still owned by the manufacturers. The essential constitution of the factory domain, also, remains intact in the smaller towns where the cotton industry is prosecuted. In large places, like Pawtucket and Fall River, the tenements do not always belong to the manufacturers. The peculiar financial exactions of town life have proved more or less inimical to the primitive organization. But in Rhode Island whole villages still belong to single firms, and several villages sometimes belong to one firm. Occasionally, also, a new village is created as summarily as was Pullman, and from less moral and more purely money-making motives. In many cases, the manufacturing families do not reside near their establishments. The tendency of the Rhode Island laws about corporations has been to keep each manufacturing property in the possession of the family and the immediate descendants of its original founder. This fact, in connection with the custom of owning tenements for the operatives, might have developed something like the ideal manorial relation between the employers and the people, had the former class resided among their tenants. They have

yielded to such motives as would naturally influence them in the choice of a dwelling-place, and these have, in Rhode Island, generally led them away from the near vicinity of their mills and their tenement-houses. The manners and habits of action contracted during several generations have rendered the social and intellectual desires of the manufacturing families inconsistent with life in factory villages. Society such as they require cannot flourish in a community where only one industry is prominent, and where leisure and educated manners are consequently likely to be found in the possession of but few persons,—the leaders of that one business. No one would choose such a village for his habitation who wanted either social attraction or intellectual stimulus. Nor do the physical conditions of manufacturing tend to make beautiful a rural district, and to tempt persons who can dwell elsewhere to abide in it, through love of country homes.

Trifles occasionally bear witness to the nature of society in any given place or period. The hereditary character of manufacturing in the Rhode Island villages is indicated by the fact that the accounts of that business are in many cases kept in shillings and pence, and the wages of the "help" are estimated in the same way. The fictitious shilling is worth sixteen and two thirds cents, and the equally mythical sixpence is valued at half that sum. It is claimed that it is easier to calculate after this fashion than by means of dollars and cents. Whether that be so or not, the custom is simply one that has been handed down from father to son, in the family corporations which distinguish the cotton industries of the State. In Fall River, on the contrary, where the succession in the management of the mills has not been so strictly according to blood relationship, no such method prevails.

The inhabitants of typical factory vil-

lages come in contact with few people very different from themselves in ideas or education. Their employers know little of them except in the mass, and they know little of their employers save as represented to them by business officials concerned in the management. One factor in this management has undergone still another change, naturally succeeding those already indicated. While the head clerks and superintendents are still Americans, the lower overseers are now foreigners, who have acquired more skill in work, but not necessarily higher development in morals, than their fellows. The proportions of English, Irish, and French Canadians vary in different places.

When an operative who is the head of a family comes to a mill village, he tells the overseer or superintendent how many laborers he can enter into the mill, and he is assigned a tenement, with more or less liberty of choice as to the dwelling-place, according to circumstances. In the country districts of Rhode Island, the family find themselves in a village somewhat like one of which the owner has given me a description. He says that "the rents are about the same as charged by outsiders," and that "the tenements compare favorably with the outside houses." They are "probably a little older, but kept in better repair." In this village, the houses are not supplied with water, the water in use being obtained from wells. The dwellings are situated on a rise of land above the mill, and the place is healthy. The proprietor considers that the sewage is properly taken care of, and the houses are small, occupied by only one or two families, and are not very near each other. The number of operatives employed in the mill is about one hundred and thirty. The number who live in the factory tenements and boarding-house is one hundred and nine, while seventeen rent houses of outsiders, and four live in their own houses.

The following statements are given concerning another establishment in the same region : Operatives, three hundred and twenty, of whom two hundred and forty are tenants of the company, thirty-six hire habitations of other persons, and forty-four are said to live in their own houses. This probably does not mean that there are forty-four householders, in the employ of the company, who own houses, but that forty-four of the operatives live in houses which belong to members of their respective families, each proprietary family very likely contributing several persons to make up the forty-four. The tenements in this village rent for about thirty-three per cent. less than outside tenements, and compare "very favorably" with them. Water is carried into nine of the mill-houses, and "it is the opinion of the manufacturers that sewage is satisfactorily disposed of."

In the Blackstone Valley, factory towns are strung like beads along the river. In Pawtucket, the village system is nearly destroyed. Very few of the operatives in the employ of the Conant mill, for instance, occupy tenements belonging to the firm. Some of the larger and older villages are in a transitional state as regards this matter. The mills have either increased in size, or the work has so changed as to necessitate more laborers, for whose accommodation the mill-owners have not built additional tenements, but who have been housed by the enterprise of different parties. This has been possible, because the cotton industry has now attracted other industries and other capital into its neighborhood. The money made by the manufacture has also passed in part into the hands of people in the vicinity, and they have become proprietors of tenement-houses. The Lonsdale Company seem to be making, lately, an effort to abandon the primitive factory organization in some parts of their vast property. In many cases, however, when they have

extended their business by building new mills, they have at the same time put up tenements enough to provide for the families of the entire force to be employed.

Valley Falls is one of the oldest establishments on the hard-worked river. I have received from Mr. Arnold B. Chace the statistics about the mills and the operatives. A large population unconnected with the factories reside in the place, and much business is carried on. As a consequence, there are now many owners of tenement-houses besides the manufacturing company. Number of persons employed by the cotton company, six hundred and thirteen: number renting tenements or rooms of the company, three hundred and thirty-one; number renting of outsiders, two hundred and thirty-one; number living in houses owned by the heads of their respective families, fifty-one; number belonging to families which rent of the company, but who themselves own houses situated elsewhere, twelve. The rents of the company's houses average thirty per cent. lower than those let by outsiders, and are reported on the average to be as good. Water is carried into nearly all of them, and the sewage is emptied into the river by as good an arrangement as is possible under the conditions furnished by the character of the country and of the stream. The Blackstone, however, does not seem to be equal at all seasons to disposing of this burden. Senator Jonathan Chace, of Rhode Island, has kindly furnished me with some observations drawn from his own experience in the Blackstone Valley. He says: "In many cases (perhaps most), the factory tenements have been in times past very much poorer than similar ones owned by other persons in the vicinity. This was the case a few years ago both at — and —, but three companies have recently spent large sums of money on their houses, and they are now fully up to the standard of comfort, convenience, and health-

fulness of those owned by others." The villages built recently are better than those of older date, which are so constructed as to render them difficult to modify.

Senator Chace continues: "The houses owned by the Lonsdale Company at Ashton, Berkeley, and the new village they are now building at Lonsdale are far superior to any rented houses in the neighborhood. Those now building at Lonsdale are models, and even sumptuous. . . . Very many factory houses have water in them now, and it is fast coming to be recognized by the owners of such tenements that such conveniences must be provided." Another improvement, which Senator Chace does not note, is in the larger number of entrances provided to the dwellings. In the old villages, houses to accommodate four families were often built with only one or two outside doors, and tenement-houses put up by Irishmen and French Canadians in the Blackstone Valley are at this day constructed in the same barbarous manner.

Senator Chace says that at Albion very nearly all the operatives are tenants of the manufacturers, and adds that "the rule is almost universal that factory-owners rent their houses for about three to four per cent. of their cost. Outside tenements rent for from eight to ten per cent."

It must not be understood that these facts are given with the intention of implying that they cover all cases, but it is believed that they indicate accurately the general condition.

It cannot be denied that a great moral responsibility as to the disposal of sewage rests upon a very few persons, when a whole village or a large portion of it belongs to one corporation, and that corporation, moreover, as a rule is made up of the members of one family. The introduction of water into the tenements, though a great comfort and help to the women, has unquestionably made it more

difficult to find an adequate method of sewerage. Malaria, unknown for half a century, has in late years appeared and become very prevalent in the Blackstone Valley. Thirty operatives have been ill and absent from work on a single summer's day, in one of these river villages.

Concerning this matter, Senator Chace writes me: "I think but little has been done about sewerage in American factory villages. . . . There is no doubt that the system which is almost universally adopted in this country is a criminal barbarism, only a little better than the old baronial plan, after each feast, of sweeping the remains of the meats and other viands from the banqueting-table on to the floor of rushes, — covering each contribution with more rushes, leaving them to rot, fester, and breed pestilence. We are too remiss in this matter, and if we don't make haste to remedy the fault we shall have a 'visitation of Providence' in the shape of pestilence. Nowhere is the danger of such visitation greater than in the beautiful valley of the Blackstone."

Tenement ownership by the manufacturers was a necessity in the past, and is both a convenience and a source of great difficulty in the present. It is a powerful engine of control over the working people, — a control that can be used for the pecuniary advantage of the mill-owners, in the hold which it gives over such operatives as they wish to retain in their employ. It seems also to have both good and evil effects on the character of the villagers. It will not do to overlook either the good or the evil, in attempting to form a judgment as to the value of the institution to the country. Mr. Arnold B. Chace gives it as his opinion that tenement ownership checks rum-selling and open immorality, and that it preserves a higher sanitary condition than could otherwise be at present obtained. On the other hand, he thinks that it is not friendly to the de-

velopment of the sentiment for home, and that it tends to make the operatives a floating class in the population. In one of the largest Rhode Island villages, thirty families moved into the place and entered the mill service within five months, in the winter of 1887-88. Eleven of these went away before the five months were past, and nine other families also departed during the same period. Six moved on account of malaria. Their names indicate that about one third of the whole number were French Canadians. Probably, more were of that race, as these people frequently anglicize their names beyond the recognition of their nationality. If they do not effect this transformation themselves, it is often done for them at the factory counting-room, where the clerks dub them anew, after vain struggles to get their original appellations correctly.

If a family in the mill service, which has rented rooms from the company, withdraws its working members from the factory, it is required to leave its habitation within a reasonable time. This rule is apt to be strictly enforced, if the tenants retire from the mill because they are dissatisfied with their work or their wages, unless they are participants in a general strike. In that case, the company is forced to defer action until the issue of the matter seems probable. No one can be familiar with factory village life without perceiving that the control of the tenements might be a tremendous lever in the hands of an unjust person. This portion of the management devolves upon the superintendent. He rents the tenements to the people, admits and warns them out.

If for any reason there are plenty of houses to accommodate the operatives, tenants are frequently allowed to remain in possession who do not fulfill the rule that the number of persons in a family furnished to the mill must bear some proportion to the size of the tenement



held. Instances of the kind have frequently come to my knowledge, such as that of an old couple who occupied a house for years, while the company waited till they should die, to tear it down. On the other hand, when it is necessary to provide more shelter for help than can be easily obtained, the rule is sometimes very strictly carried out. Cases often arise, therefore, of families, whose working force has grown smaller, being obliged to move from a home that they have had for many years. It is hardly fair to blame the companies for this rigorous action. It is sometimes an inevitable necessity of the whole system. This fact, however, does not alter the other fact, that the possibility that such things will frequently occur lessens the growth of stable relations between the employing and the employed classes. Such a possibility, also, does not tend to settle the whole people in permanent homes, or to develop the family life, which needs a centre for its affections to move about. Thus it happens that as the children grow up and leave the parents, no longer constituting a working force for them, the old man and his wife may be constrained to quit their roomy residence, and in one day all the associations of twenty or thirty years are destroyed. Since these movings are not voluntary, the sundering of old ties cannot be accompanied by the softening influence of the new hopes which are implied in the deliberate choice of a removal. The managers may regret these things, but they are themselves acting under pressure.

The superintendent and the overseers hire and discharge the help. In Rhode Island, until recently pay-day came once a month, and a superintendent has been known to require an operative who left him inopportunistically to wait some weeks, till the regular day came, before he could be paid. A recourse to law would result in the man's receiving his pay,

but the law is too expensive to be always sought when it is needed. If an overseer is vexed with an operative who is leaving his work, or who is discharged for some fault, it is easy to delay for a day or two that casting-up of accounts which is necessary to enable the man to obtain at once the wages due him. Undoubtedly, the overseers have untold trials to endure in dealing with their underlings, and it is not strange that they sometimes fail not only to be patient, but to be just. Each overseer is responsible to his employers for the character of the work turned out from his rooms, and he is constantly disappointed and annoyed by the careless or ignorant service of the people whom he has in charge. He is generally a man of no education, except in factory matters, and of no especial refinement or moral development. He has a good deal of opportunity and much temptation to be tyrannical. A Fall River manufacturer has lately expressed to me the opinion that it was in this matter of "bothering" the operatives about getting their pay that overseers were most likely to be unjust. These delays, of course, often cause a poor wretch's board-bills to increase, while he is prevented from going to another village in search of fresh employment. In all these matters, however, the overseer must be judged in the light of his situation. He is put by the system into a place where he is subjected to great pressure from above and much annoyance from below. He is required to furnish certain results, and the human material given him to use as means to those results is frequently of a defective kind. I believe that no record has ever been kept to show the proportion of the help leaving the service of a mill who are discharged and the proportion who go of their own accord, but a superintendent of experience gave it as his opinion that seven eighths went because they chose to go. A drunken spree is sometimes the way in which a man discharges

himself. The fatally fluctuating character of the people is fostered by the system, and lends itself easily to changes which are beneficial to neither the employing nor employed class.

A large proportion of the operatives are always in debt; that is, the wages they receive each pay-day are nearly all due for the food already eaten, the clothes already worn, in the past month. A schoolteacher in a factory village reported, some years ago, that if a scholar needs a new book in the middle of the month, it is usually necessary to wait till the next pay-day before he can buy it, as the little surplus has apparently been exhausted which was left after the bills of the previous month were paid.

The advocates of monthly payments think the men drink less than they would if they received money every week. Monthly payments also require much less labor in the counting-room. Tuesday, instead of Saturday, was long ago adopted for pay-day in Rhode Island, so that a leisure day for drinking should not immediately succeed the one on which the wages were disbursed. If a family has very intemperate members, the clerks in the office often take pains to keep the money from falling into their hands. I have known of one case where the very dresses for two girls were purchased through the counting-room officials, to prevent the drunken father and mother from wasting all that these young creatures earned. A parent can, during the month, draw his child's wages in advance, in the shape of orders on stores. In the case cited, the clerk simply refused to give the order, to which the parent was legally entitled, and then spent the money himself for the benefit of the children who had earned and needed it.

Sometimes an operative arranges to pay monthly installments to a storekeeper to whom he is in debt. Then the storekeeper receives his portion directly from the factory counting-room. If the

mill company own a store, its bills against any of the help are subtracted from their wages, when the monthly accounts are made up. Rent and board are taken out in the same manner, and also the price of wood and coal furnished by the establishment. After these deductions are made, it often happens that, in the phrase of the mill-worker, very little cash "comes in" to him. Many firms have lately arranged to pay their help every two weeks. This was done as a compromise, the people having asked for weekly settlements. At the time the petitions were presented to the companies, two mill-boys were overheard discussing the matter, and one said, "I hope they won't pay every week, for if they do the old man and woman will be drunk all the time." My own impression is, however, that the cause of the drink evil lies rather in the poverty of the operatives than in the fact that they occasionally handle money, and that their tendency to run in debt, and consequently to grow poorer, is increased by the custom of infrequent distribution of wages to them.

Robert Howard, of Fall River, told me, several years ago, that he was convinced that it would be much easier, under a system of weekly rather than monthly payments, for factory families to get into such a position that when they received their wages they could have them to meet coming expenses, instead of being obliged to use them to liquidate debts. For instance, let us suppose a family to have two working members and three dependent ones. The monthly receipts might be from thirty-five to fifty dollars. This is a large estimate as to receipts, and a small one as to persons among whom those receipts must be divided. Such a family, while they feed and clothe themselves, pay rent, buy fuel and lights, and meet occasional expenses for doctors, births, and funerals, must save the amount required to support themselves for an entire month before they can be



gin to pay as they go. If they should move to another village, what ready money they have would probably be expended in moving, and then they must work some weeks before they receive any wages. Meanwhile, the old routine of debt begins again.

It is not the rule for the manufacturer personally to hire or discharge help. It is considered a sort of interference when in any case he mixes in such matters. Overseers are tenacious of their prerogative in this respect. They claim that since they are expected to turn out the right kind of work, they must have the sole responsibility as to who works under their direction. Requests from their superiors to hire certain persons may receive consideration, but commands are out of the question. Undoubtedly the overseers are often very kind. I have known one to take much trouble to provide a sick girl with such work as she could do. Still, it is evident that here again is an opportunity provided by the system for the action of favoritism, jealousy, spite, revenge, and that large room is given for the play of the ill-considered judgment of ignorant men. It must always be remembered, in view of this power delegated to them, that these overseers are chosen to their office because of their skill in work, not because of their superiority in those moral qualities which fit one man to rule justly over others, — over women and children especially. My impression is, that manufacturers generally hold that it is impossible to incorporate into the system of factory management any check upon this absolute authority of the overseers. It is urged that the competition of business, which requires each overseer to keep the work of his room up to a certain standard, renders it unlikely that he would ever act unjustly in discharging, from personal motives, operatives whose work was of a quality which entitled them to continued employment, there being a greater demand for skilled

help than can be found. Yet unfit operatives are sometimes retained from personal motives. I have in mind a superintendent who seriously damaged the business he had in charge by hiring unsuitably. No philanthropic motives governed him, for he once told an overseer, who made to him some plea in behalf of one of the help, "I want you to understand that when you come into this mill you are to hang up your sympathies on the same nail with your coat and hat."

If, then, superintendents and overseers may — being only average human beings — occasionally hire help to please their own whims, it seems possible that they may discharge them, also, from similar motives. In brief, no system of government was ever devised so perfect, no pressure of business was ever made so great, that impulse, passion, and greed did not find opportunity to work.

Some simple device, such as requiring overseers to send in reports to the office of all help discharged, and to state reasons for such action, might perhaps serve as a check, or as an indication of the tempers of the different overseers. Much also might be done if the manufacturer, who in the nature of things can hardly know personally many of his help, were to take pains to acquaint himself with his overseers, and to impress upon them his desire that justice and mercy should be regarded in the transactions taking place in his establishment. But first he must go into the depths of his own heart, and, balancing there his own greed of wealth against his convictions of right, make sure that he really feels a desire that justice and mercy prevail.

It has been held to be a fundamental axiom that each man possessed of a portion of this world's natural products has a right to hire and a right to refuse to hire other men to work over those products. The corollary to this proposition is that each would-be laborer — that is, each man not possessed of natural pro-

ducts — has no right to insist upon being hired: no concrete right to be hired by any particular employer, no abstract right to be hired at all. His chance to earn a living is secured by no inherent right to the opportunity to earn his living. He has been given absolute freedom, — the freedom from all claim, as a human being, to a portion of the earth, whereto he is sent, presumably by the same Power as other men are sent, to whom certain rights in the earth are granted as soon as they are born in virtue of their relation to some person or family. The simple human being is allowed nothing in the way of possession. He may work if he pleases, and some one pleases to hire him. He has no right either to the soil or to employment on the soil. He is not like the Roman colone, who was obliged to labor on one spot of land forever, he and his descendants, but from whom and from whose descendants that land could never be taken. The colone was indeed bound to the land and to various hard conditions, but the land was also bound to him. He had a place to be born, to stand, and to be buried.

"We bargain for the graves we lie in."

It is not well to exaggerate the deplorable phases of the modern industrial system. Many men, though poor, lead comfortable lives under this arrangement. Moreover, the growth of this system was consequent upon the recognition of individual liberty, which is infinitely valuable. The defect seems to be that liberty of thought and of motion is not all that is necessary to insure each human being his due opportunity in this world. Francis Walker comments upon the supposed liberty of the laborer to carry his labor to the best market, saying that it is almost as absurd as to talk of the liberty of a bale of goods to travel about, if there is no person interested to carry it. The fact is that, barring the purely intellectual pursuits, there are only two ways by which a man can sup-

port life: first, by possessing some portion of the natural products of the earth, which he can eat, drink, wear, and shelter himself withal; or second, by having the opportunity to work over the natural products for another person, who in return gives him food, drink, clothing, and shelter, or else the money with which he can purchase these necessities. Modern society has decided that a man, in virtue of his simple humanity, has no inherent and inalienable right to either of these two ways by which to support life. He may gain either, if he is able. He may have either given him, as a pauper or as an heir. He has no *birthright* to either. According to theory, the laborer of to-day is hung between heaven and earth in the social atmosphere, his feet on nothing. His mouth is open and he reaches out a pair of empty hands, in the hope that some other man will employ them in such fashion that they may, between whiles, grab and cram some bits into the mouth.

The right to live, which we call "inalienable," has not always been considered a right at all. Now it is pretty generally granted that if a man is born, it is a sign that he has received from God, or Nature, or some Authority, the right to live. But that right translated into usage resolves itself into little more than the right to walk the roads, to breathe air, and to use water under some restrictions. The legal right to "take up" land in some distant portion of the country cannot be placed in the same category with these others, since the exercise of it involves the sundering of domestic ties, and depends on emigration, the possession of some money, and on various conditions, which a man cannot fulfill without labor; and he has no right to demand the labor necessary to fulfill them.

It does not lie within the scope of this paper to inquire whether all or any of the theories are wise which society is beginning to consider, and which, if

adopted, would lead to important alterations in our institutions. It may, however, be worth while to note that the question, What are the inalienable rights which are involved in existence on this planet? is met by Henry George with one answer, while various labor organizations, which inquire into the causes for which workmen are discharged, are suggesting a different reply. Mr. George maintains that man is born with a right to possess a portion of the natural products of the earth. These labor organizations do not yet affirm, but they do imply, that man is born with a certain less definite right to be employed. These two solutions of the problem are theoretically antagonistic to each other. Grant one, and the other falls to the ground. A man cannot have as a birthright a claim upon the soil, and in addition a claim to be employed by some person who also possesses a claim upon the soil. Modern society has denied both in practice, and the "labor movement" has begun. Its agitation is a hopeful sign. It is especially hopeful because in consequence of it people are seeking for fundamental ideas by which to modify institutions. The ideal atmosphere is the only atmosphere in which a practical world can breathe, and not grow sordid and squalid.

The discovery of the principles upon which society should be founded is helped by the study of existing imperfect conditions. As a contribution to the materials for such study, it has seemed worth while to call attention even to this small group of facts, which bear on the condition of the laborers who have received religious freedom, and a portion of whom possess or may attain political prerogatives, but who have no heritage in the soil, and no claims upon society insuring them work and wages. These facts may be verified in every New England factory village. Taken in connection with what is called the "labor movement," they

remind one of what M. Fustel de Coulanges says of a certain period in ancient Greece and Rome : —

"La démocratie ne supprima pas la misère ; elle la rendit, au contraire, plus sensible. L'égalité des droits politiques fit ressortir encore davantage l'inégalité des conditions. . . . Le pauvre avait l'égalité des droits. Mais assurément ses souffrances journalières lui faisaient penser que l'égalité des fortunes eût été bien préférable. Or, il ne fut pas longtemps sans s'apercevoir que l'égalité qu'il avait, pouvait lui servir à acquérir celle qu'il n'avait pas, et que, maître des suffrages, il pouvait devenir maître de la richesse."

How tenaciously the subordinate officials in cotton factories cling to their authority may be illustrated by an incident which has come to the writer's knowledge. A short time ago a strike occurred in a Rhode Island mill. Most cotton manufacturers of this generation have been long in the business, or have succeeded their fathers and grandfathers, but one of the firm managing this establishment was new to the complications of this sort of industry. He had not inherited traditions as to government, and resolved to see what he could effect by summoning to an interview one of the principal strikers, and talking the matter over fairly with him. He told the spinner the exact truth : that he and his partner had lost money for a year or more, and that it was impossible for them at that time to raise the wages of their work people. Nobody would be more glad than he should be to make such a raise as soon as it was practicable. He appealed to the other as a generous-minded man would appeal to one whom he believed could understand and appreciate the situation. The spinner seemed astonished. "Why," he said, "I had no idea that the firm were not making money." He appeared to be completely won, and promised to do everything in his power to allay the dis-

content of the strikers, and to induce them to return to work. The employer congratulated himself on his wisdom in daring to treat the spinner like a man possessed of sense and just feelings. The next day, his satisfaction was destroyed, for he learned that this individual was more active than ever in fomenting the passions of his fellows. The manufacturer's partner laughed at him good-humoredly for the failure of his attempt to introduce "moral suasion" into the struggle. He himself experienced a natural revulsion of mortification and disgust, till a new view of the affair suggested itself, and he became convinced that the spinner had been honestly moved by his statements and persuaded of their truth when in his presence, but that as soon as the spinner went away the mental habits of a lifetime reasserted themselves. The man had always been taught that the masters deceived and cheated the people. The experience which had come to him was unique. When he thought it over, he did not believe in its sincerity. He decided that masters did not tell the open truth to their operatives. This pretended confidence was a new and clever dodge on the part of the manufacturer. The spinner undoubtedly grew enraged at his own momentary credulity. His fellows probably laughed at him for a first-class dupe, just as the manufacturer's friends afterwards laughed at him. Of course the malcontent became tenfold a malcontent in consequence. The strike, however, was a small affair, and soon collapsed. Then came the question of taking back the help into the mill. The superintendent refused to employ this one spinner. The manufacturer desired to have him given his place. The superintendent insisted on the maintenance of his authority, and the superior was forced to submit to the will of the inferior. The spinner was obliged to seek work elsewhere, and it is likely was still more embittered

by thus being specially singled out for punishment. Wherever he is now, it is safe to conclude that he considers himself the victim of tyranny, but is thankful that he did not allow the smooth-spoken employer to make a fool of him.

It may well be urged that the genius of the American political method is opposed to the development of dangerously autocratic power on the part of the employers of labor in this country. On the other hand, it may safely be asserted that the constitution of human nature is such as to render probable the increase of despotic authority on all occasions and by all means of which a class can avail themselves who are possessed of the materials, moral or physical, for supporting such authority. In view of this, it should be seriously considered whether human nature has been so modified that it will not in future attempt such action as has marked its entire course in the past.

Tenement-house laws, ten-hour laws, school regulations, and laws requiring seats to be furnished for working women, all go to show that men are beginning to fear that the employers of New England have hitherto subordinated the interests of their employees to their own desires, and that this subordination has had a tendency to assume an institutional character. The methods by which cotton manufacture is prosecuted are especially open to this fear, because, by its use of women and children, and its habit of providing dwelling as well as working rooms, it vitally influences domestic life, domestic economy and happiness, and all those matters which determine the health and efficiency of coming generations. It is evident that the moral and social needs of a community must be very different where hundreds of men, women, and children work for one man, and live in that man's houses, from the social and moral needs of a community where most persons work for them-

selves, or only a few labor for another, who is himself but slightly removed from their own position in life. The action of an autocratic power on the part of the manufacturers has hitherto been almost the only engine to meet such needs of the operatives as they cannot themselves supply. It may fairly

be questioned how far this autocratic power has worked in favor of the operatives.

Senator Chace, in the letter which he has permitted me to use, says, "Pecuniarily, the factory is a success, but in my judgment the sanitary and moral influences are bad."

*Lillie B. Chace Wyman.*

## YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

### XXVI.

#### THE CRAFT OF INNOCENCE.

FROM that time Shizu Miura was transferred to our care, under which she continued during the short remainder of our excursion. Upon the very day of her arrival among us, a subtle change was apparent in Yone's demeanor, the nature of which may be indicated by the circumstance that at the same time she put aside the foreign garments she had been wearing at Miss Gibson's desire, and resumed the native dress, with all its characteristic accessories. Her delicate tact was so much a matter of instinct that I am not sure she could have explained with precision the reasons which prompted her to this proceeding. It needed but little observation, however, to discover that she was anxious to establish the closest possible connection between herself and the object of her solicitude, and to discard every outward sign or token that might convey the slightest suspicion of contrast. There was no great difficulty in accomplishing this end. Although unlike in countenance, the two girls were strikingly similar in bearing and manner. In all their movements, in their attitudes and gestures, there was a suggestion of perfect unity. Even in speech they appeared to reflect one another. But the insufficient

development of many qualities in our new guest disturbed the completeness of the identity. She often produced upon us the effect of a shadowy and immature reproduction of the vivid reality with which we were familiar. Her gentleness could scarcely have exceeded Yone's, but the subdued reserve which seemed to impart a natural grace to the one took the form, in the other, of a shrinking timidity, that could be overcome only by strenuous effort. Her voice, when she spoke English, was so low as to be almost inaudible, and while her vocabulary was abundant and apt, like that of most Japanese who study foreign languages in earnest, her utterance was hesitating and slow.

In spite of the few points of variance, there were periods when Shizu was so nearly the image of her friend as to make Miss Gibson keenly, and not always agreeably, conscious of the resemblance. She would have been better pleased if the difference had been more marked. I must say, in her behalf, that she struggled valiantly to conceal every vestige of the disfavor with which she had originally regarded the hapless child, and to extend the charity and sympathy which she knew were due; but her judgment was controlled by the training and the associations of her whole life, and could not be easily moved to a thoroughly just consideration of the question now

suddenly brought before her. She could be pitiful, and she thought herself lenient, but she could go no farther. I had no right to blame her. Knowing as absolutely as I did that Shizu's sorrows entitled her to a commiseration far deeper than should be given to the less severely tried, I nevertheless felt myself incapable of viewing her in the same light as those who had been spared the most cruel ignominies; and if I, who believed my reason to be unobscured by pusillanimous prejudice, were forced to acknowledge this sense of treachery to my principles, it was clearly not my privilege to criticise the shortcomings of another.

It is satisfactory to remember, however, that no lack of kindly or hospitable warmth was perceptible, either by our visitor or by her young protectress. The idea that any human being could withhold the fullest measure of generous friendliness, at such a moment and under such conditions, would, indeed, have been beyond the range of Yone's comprehension. The slight disturbance in Miss Gibson's mind was manifest to me, probably, because I shared it, in a limited degree. In all that related to Shizu's future welfare the American girl's interest was zealous and unwearied. After Roberts's departure for Yokohama, on the day following our improvised banquet, she let fall sundry observations implying disquietude and doubt respecting his sincerity of purpose. I was glad to put her at ease on the most essential point.

"He will keep his promise," I assured her. "I have his signature to certain papers which are sufficient to bind him. But these will not be needed. He is a man to be trusted, when he has given his word, and he has pluck enough—or obstinacy enough, if you choose—to withstand the derision he will have to encounter. His jaw bears witness to that. I don't mean his jackdaw chatter, but his chin. He will not give up a thing he has set his mind to."

"I am rejoiced to believe it," said Miss Gibson: "it is a happy stroke of fortune for her."

If I agreed with her, as to which I was not definitely satisfied, it did not please me to avow it too cordially.

"Possibly," I replied: "she will be comfortably established, after a fashion, and I suppose he will not abuse her."

"Doctor, you are unfair. I think he has shown a fine spirit, and Shizu ought to be proud of the position he will give her."

"I dare say she will be, but I don't admit that she ought to be, by any means. What is he? A third or fourth rate colonial tradesman; a petty shopman and a snob. It is hard lines when we have to congratulate ourselves that we are dealing with a snob, but that is just our case. Nothing struck him so forcibly as the discovery that the girl belongs to an old family. You saw that his exaggerated notion of her former station influenced him more than any other detail. Our deft little mediator builded wiser than she knew, when she brought forward the family records. I am afraid it all turned upon that opportune revelation. Don't look so reproachfully at me. Let me test your real estimate of this worthy gentleman. How would it affect you if the circumstances were such as to allow an attractive and eligible suitor of the same stamp to honor Yone with his addresses?"

"Doctor! How can you dream of anything so horrible?"

"Precisely; that tells the whole story. Never mind; it might be worse. I don't deny that he is many heads and shoulders above the average of his tribe. If I were not convinced of this, and if Shizu's silly little heart had not somehow fastened itself to him, I should have opposed the whole proceeding. My plan was to set up the school that Yone has been longing for, and let the two take charge of it together. I do not like to see my sober, wholesome pro-



jects overturned by a juvenile match-maker."

"Surely this is better, in every way."

"Oh, well, he does n't appear to be an utter brute, like the majority, and she will not be maltreated. What I hope is that he will shut up shop in that den of thieves, and carry her away to Europe. And that is what I expect. He can hardly stand the pressure of mockery, here, year after year. His associates will never forgive him for being a better man than themselves. He will be jeered at wherever he shows his face. The newspapers will print swinish paragraphs about him and his wife. They will call him 'sentimental,' and that breaks the back of any commercial camel in this part of the world. A foreigner in Japan may be guilty of almost any infamy, — he may lie, cheat, steal, forge, pulverize the ten commandments, and hold up his head in impudent defiance of popular opinion and consular law; but let him exhibit a spark of feeling for the natives of this land, and he is made the scoff of the 'settlements.' If he persists, he becomes an outcast. In the last extremity he is branded as 'sentimental,' and then his doom is sealed, for that means ostracism. I think our friend Roberts has a good deal of the bull-dog in him, but he has other qualities as well, and, unless I am in error, it will not be long before an unappeasable homesickness takes possession of him. I trust he can afford to yield to it. Home is the place for him and his, hereafter. As soon as he gets there, he will begin vamping about his high-born Oriental bride. Let him alone to make the most of the glory. Of course she will have a title, — princess, probably, — but he need not trouble himself with that matter; every Japanese girl becomes a princess the instant she touches European or American soil."

Yone entered the room while I was saying these last words. She looked

searchingly at me, as if my observation had a special interest for her.

"May I ask if you were speaking of a princess?" she inquired.

"Not a real one," I answered; "only a princess of the mind, a false creation, like the dagger of another distinguished Scotchman. Nothing to be in awe of."

"I wonder if it is the same," she continued. "Have you seen Miss Jackman?"

"No, indeed; has she turned princess?"

"You have not heard from her?"

"She has left us in complete ignorance of her presence here."

"That will not be for long. I must tell you she has been urging me, for several days, whenever I have met her, to visit Tanegasima-san, at Nara-ya. She wished me to go on the day when I first saw Mr. Roberts, but I did not think it necessary. Now she is very angry, and declares she will complain to you. She says 'the princess' is expecting me, and scolds me for neglecting my duty. She always calls her 'the princess.' I thought she had perhaps been here."

"She has not; but why does she concern herself with Tanegasima? That is the last combination I should have looked for."

Yone smiled. "Miss Jackman has been at Nara-ya ever since she arrived in Miyanoshita. It is said that she greatly desires to become acquainted with Tanegasima-san, but finds it difficult. An interpreter is needed, and she thinks that I should be useful. I am not very willing. I have told her she must excuse me."

"This is delightful!" I cried. "The last time I had the luxury of conversing with Miss Jackman she could not devise epithets enough to denounce this lady, the Mikado, and the entire imperial household. You, Miss Gibson, must have heard some of the reverberations of her wrath."

"I heard the original explosion," said Miss Gibson, laughing. "She came straight from your office to Miss Philipson's with the news — the news which inflamed her. I cannot imagine what she wants with the object of her former fury."

"Some magnificent programme of reclamation, it may be; or, more probably, she is fascinated by the aristocratic glitter of the society at Nara-ya. The subjects of her Britannic Majesty are not the only snobs in the universe. New England has as keen a scent for a princess as old Scotland."

"Why do you say 'princess'?" asked Yone. "She is the daughter of a *kuge*, I know, and her rank is high, but I did not think she could be named a princess."

"My dear, there is nothing so attractive to the people of the enlightened West as a lofty title. When they cannot get the genuine article, they console themselves with shams. If you and Shizu should go abroad, you would be hailed everywhere as princesses."

"I should not like that."

"You could not help it. When Mr. Roberts takes Shizu home, he will have a Japanese princess for a wife, mark my word. Think of that fellow married to a princess!"

"Pray do not speak of him so. He will never be anything less than a prince to Shizu."

"Ah, she is infatuated with him. You are right, Yone. I half believe you saw this when you first went to her."

"It is true; I did."

"Why, then, Yone," exclaimed Miss Gibson, "did you strive so earnestly to induce him to give her up?"

"Yes, why?" I repeated. "Expound that riddle, if you please."

Instead of replying, she glanced at us alternately, a little timorously, yet with an odd, mischievous light in her eyes which I did not recognize as habitual. Then she started to run away, but

apparently reminded herself that evasion was not consistent with her ordinary practice, and again confronted us, silent and demure.

"How could you have the heart," resumed Miss Gibson, "to seek to separate them?"

"Perhaps," said Yone, thoughtfully and undecidedly — "perhaps I did not. It was not my wish — I think it was not — to separate them."

"Why, you gave the man no peace for two successive days," I declared. "Be good enough to interpret yourself, immediately."

"No, doctor, that is impossible; I do not exactly know how. But I did not intend that they should be kept apart, though I could not say so at the beginning. It was very difficult; sometimes I was deeply anxious; but it was always my strong desire that he should not let her go."

"That was your purpose, all through?"

"That was what I hoped."

"You are a wily conspirator; we shall never get to the bottom of your schemes. What do you say now, Miss Gibson? You had better accept my theory without any more dispute. Witchery is the only word."

Miss Gibson gave no response, but sat gazing so intently as to startle the little plotter with vague alarms. The gleam of playfulness vanished from her features.

"Have I displeased you? Was it wrong? I meant to do what was best. I did not say a thing that was not true. And it was not a scheme, — not really a scheme. I tried to watch him, to follow his thoughts, to make him see and feel how he should act. There are many ways to show people what is just and kind. Marian, she loves him. I wished to make her happy. I knew what it would cost her to lose him. I knew, — I knew. Who could know so well as I? Have you forgotten?" —



I hurriedly checked her. "Hush, Yone; you are all astray. What possesses you, my child, to suppose that we ever misconceive you? Why should you distrust us, or yourself? Would you rob me of my jests? That would be a more woful deprivation than any Shizu could have suffered. I believe you are resolved to remain a child throughout your life. Was it yesterday, or last week, that you came to me with your kitten and the dictionary, in the garden at Yumoto? I wish you could have seen her, Miss Gibson; she was the best little girl in the world, with all her sly cunning, and was bent upon proving herself the worst. It is an old trick, you perceive. Yes, Yone, you look precisely as you did that afternoon. What, six years ago? You should have learned something, in all that time."

"I shall never learn to be anything but a foolish girl, doctor; I have not changed in that. It seemed to me that Marian was offended because I had not been quite — quite frank."

"Miss Gibson is not such a goose, if she will pardon me for flattering her."

"I was only thinking," said that young lady, "how glad I should have been to do the very same, if I had known how."

"What beautiful things you say to me!" cried Yone, her face flushing with renewed confidence and content. "And the doctor, too, though I see that he laughs at me very often. That is what I like best, if I can be sure he is satisfied, and does not misunderstand me."

It is hardly necessary to repeat that the danger of misunderstanding her was not formidable, and that my assurances of satisfaction would have been frequent enough, had it not been my settled determination to drive all serious reflections from her mind, and give her thoughts a lighter and gayer tendency than they were naturally disposed to assume.

"Very well," I said, with fictitious moroseness; "it is you who will have  
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to pay the penalty of your misbehavior. You have lost a chance of establishing the school which you had set your heart upon."

"That is hard," she sighed; "but perhaps another chance will come, while this was Shizu's only one. I had to think of her, this time."

"This time! Oh, certainly, you are quite right. I am glad you are beginning to think of others a little. Cultivate the habit, my dear; make it your constant study. I don't know anybody who is in greater need of it."

## XXVII.

### PRINCESS-HUNTING.

Miss Jackman's visitation was not long delayed. After once or twice repeating, in casual encounters, her ineffectual attempts to secure Yone's coöperation, she presented herself at the temple on an afternoon when our party of four happened to be all united together. With massive stateliness she announced that the illustrious patroness of the Nara-ya hotel had for several days been ready to receive her, and was waiting only till the services of a suitable interpreter could be obtained. Miss Jackman was prepared to recommend Mrs. Santo as a competent medium of communication, — had, in fact, already done so, — and had tendered that humble member of society the brilliant opportunity of holding indirect converse with one of the pillars of state; but the proposition, instead of being received with grateful acquiescence, had been persistently declined, — possibly owing to an unwillingness to cross the barrier which, in the Far East, separates the lofty from the lowly. That deterrent motive, however natural and becoming, need not prevail in the present instance, our visitor felt empowered to declare, and it was to be hoped that Dr. Charwell would exercise



his influence and authority to bring about the desired result.

"This is a matter for Yone to decide," I remarked, at the conclusion of her exordium. "If she does not incline to go, you can doubtless find another assistant. I should suppose, indeed, that your command of the language would render an interpreter superfluous."

"The princess has signified her acceptance of Mrs. Santo," replied Miss Jackman, "and it would be awkward to introduce another name. As for myself, I do not pretend to be at ease in the dialect of the central provinces, from which the princess comes. Mrs. Santo has no occasion to be afraid; she will be under my protection."

"Afraid!" said Yone. "That would be singular. I used to know her well."

"Know the princess?" questioned Miss Jackman, lifting her eyebrows.

"Tanegasima-san studied with me, at Jo-gakko, for a long time. She was one of my own pupils."

"Utterly impossible!" exclaimed the astonished missionary. "I am speaking of the *Princess Tanegasima*."

"It is the same individual," I asserted, "whatever you like to call her. I don't know why you should be so very much surprised. The Emperor's cousins go to the public school, and a kuge's daughter may certainly study at the college for girls without disturbing anybody's serenity."

For a brief space Miss Jackman was lost in confusion. "Then that accounts" — she began to murmur; but, recovering, she assumed a more ingratiating tone, and took up a new line of approach. "In that case," she said, "Mrs. Santo should be overjoyed to meet her distinguished school companion once more. It is most interesting. I am delighted to be the means of bringing them together. Shall we appoint to-morrow, Mrs. Santo?"

Yone was silent, and her countenance indicated a growing discomposure. I

was anxious to shield her from further importunity, but at the same time desirous to prevent the conversation from taking a hostile tone; for I knew that, under provocation, I was as little likely as our caller to hold myself in judicious repression. While I deliberated, the proposal was repeated.

"I will send word at what hour it will be agreeable for the princess to grant us an audience. I suppose we may say to-morrow?"

At this point Miss Gibson was moved to participate in the discussion: —

"Really, Miss Jackman, I must beg you to desist. Yone objects to visiting that lady, and I respect her objection. So does Dr. Charwell. It is not to be thought of."

"Why not, Miss Gibson?" the stubborn "reclaimer" demanded. "Why should she refuse the summons of one of the most exalted personages in this empire?"

"I don't choose to go into that question," said Miss Gibson, "though the answer is simple enough. It seems strange that a Japanese girl should be aware of restraints of propriety which are not apparent to a foreign teacher of morals."

"Exceedingly strange," was the reply, loftily delivered; "and still more strange that the subject of morality should be brought up in this company, considering the associate that has been admitted here."

Miss Jackman's eyes flashed with the light of battle, as she stretched her arm toward Shizu, who sat trembling and terrified at the outburst, the cause and purport of which she but partially understood.

"Run away, children!" I cried, throwing open the sliding doors, and bustling the couple into the corridor with scant ceremony; "get to your own quarters. This lady uses language not fit for young girls to hear."

"Young girls!" she scoffed; "young

girls, indeed ! I came in Christian charity, ready to overlook the misdeeds of that abandoned woman, and I am met with insult and vituperation."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Jackman, let us have peace ! It is no pleasure to quarrel with you every month in the year. Why can't you let us alone ?"

"I entered these walls," she responded, "with peace and forgiveness in my heart, bearing an invitation from one who sits in high places, — an invitation emanating from a source which makes it equivalent to a command. The princess" —

The incessant iteration of this fictitious title was too much for my nerves. "Come, Miss Jackman," I protested, "you know very well that there is no princess in this neighborhood. It does n't make a woman a princess to become the mother of the Emperor's son. Why, it was only a few weeks ago that you were boiling with indignation against this identical person. You told me that the court in which she figured was a court of shame and infamy. Don't you remember wishing you were the Empress, to give her a trouncing ? You have grown wonderfully tolerant, of a sudden."

"I am not accountable to you, sir, for my judgments or my actions."

"Assuredly not ; you may endure, and pity, and embrace, to your soul's content. But you must allow us our privileges as well. You have been informed a dozen times that Yone prefers not to call upon Tanegasima-san."

"I see where her preference lies, and it is not extraordinary that *you* should encourage it ; but I confess I am amazed to discover that Miss Gibson, whom I thought a stranger to the vileness of this land, has been inveigled into a recognition of such a creature as I see flaunting herself in your circle."

"You can't affect me in the least by remarks of that sort," interposed Miss Gibson. "You cannot even make me

angry. But it is right that you should learn that the young girl to whom you allude is about to marry a gentleman of good standing in foreign circles."

For the second time in this short interview, our unbidden guest's self-confidence received a staggering blow. "I don't believe a word of it !" she vociferated.

"That's a pity, for you are one of the first to hear it ; and," I suggested, "it might gratify you to circulate so pleasant an item of intelligence."

"You refer to that Mr. Roberts," she continued. "If the thing were credible, he ought to receive a warning. I have no high opinion of him, to be sure, but *her* I know thoroughly. I wrestled and pleaded with her day after day, and there was no grace within her. It may be my duty to admonish him."

"I wish to goodness you would ; you failed with her ; now you can try your luck with him. You will find him in Yokohama, at No. 407. Do go. I dare say the princess can spare you for a week."

"I will go when it suits me," she retorted, in a state of combustion for which, I am bound to admit, I had not been backward in furnishing fuel ; "but not before I hold up a mirror in which Miss Gibson may witness the precipice on which she stands. She shall know from my lips, before it is too late, — if indeed it is not now too late, — the character of this man who is luring her on the downward path, and dragging her in the mire with the refuse and dregs of Japanese iniquity ; this man who, for his own base purposes, sets up a pretense of monopoly in humanity ; who makes a mockery of us who labor for righteousness, and of all other sacred things" —

She stopped short, in the middle of her tirade, and fixed her gaze upon Miss Gibson, who had seated herself at a table, and was now writing with rapidity.

"What are you doing ?" she asked, in an altered tone,

"I am taking it all down; I am something of an expert in short-hand. I shall publish every syllable."

It was an afternoon of surprises for Miss Jackman, upon whom this third unexpected statement acted like an electric shock. In her wildest flights of fantasy there was always a method which kept her from overleaping the outermost bounds of discretion, and she was instantly alive to the inconvenient consequences that would follow the execution of the threat. It did not occur to her to doubt its reality. She had no time to reflect that it might be a ruse, extemporized with the sole view of stemming the torrent of her eloquence. She gathered herself together, and swept forth without further articulate speech; breaking the silence only by staccato exclamations, which, though charged with belligerent significance, were of a nature to elude phonographic reproduction, and fulgurating in fierce glances the wrath which she did not venture to proclaim in words.

That same evening, before sunset, we had another glimpse of her ample form, — the last in that region, — as it was carried past our windows in a *kago*, along the road leading to Hakone. Our inference that she had definitely shaken the dust of Miyanoshita from her feet was confirmed, a little later, by a messenger from Nara-ya, who, previous to delivering a missive addressed to Yone, imparted the information that the innkeeper had for a considerable time been expecting the foreign lodger to bring a Japanese lady whom his principal patroness especially desired to greet; that the foreigner had been permitted to tarry at the *honjin*, which was uncomfortably overcrowded, solely because of her promise to satisfy this expectation; that she had just now acknowledged her inability to fulfill the condition, and had consequently been politely requested to vacate her apartment, and seek accommodation elsewhere.

The letter, which was from Tanegashima, expressed the pleasure with which the writer had heard that Yone was close at hand, and the hope that she might receive a visit from her friend and teacher of former years. The phraseology was intricate and affected, in accordance with the courtly forms prescribed for epistolary intercourse, but evidences of sincere feeling were discernible through the ornate verbal embroidery. Yone read it more than once, and pondered deeply before acquainting us with its tenor.

"If I thought that I were needed," she finally said, "if she were sick, if I could help her in the smallest trifle, I would ask permission to go. But she is busy with lively occupations, her hours pass lightly from morning till night, and I truly know of no way in which I can serve her or give her pleasure. It pains me to hold myself back from her, but I have no belief that I could be useful; and we are so far — so very far — apart."

She slowly folded the paper, and looked thoughtfully at Miss Gibson and me. "Are you willing to advise me?" she asked.

"Dr. Charwell knows better than I," the Boston girl responded; upon which I told her that it was not a matter to cause her serious concern, either way, and that she might safely trust her own instincts.

A few minutes later Shizu's voice was heard, speaking softly, but earnestly, in her native language. She saw that our attention was attracted, and reminding herself, apparently, that she could not be comprehended by Miss Gibson, drew nearer to that lady, and proceeded in English, her low, mild, measured tones sounding like a fine and delicate echo of Yone's clear accents.

"I ask pardon of everybody; it was not right for me to speak as if I had a secret with Yone. It was only that I am forgetful, — not my intention to be rude. I wished to say that perhaps she does not know all the reasons why

Tanegasima writes to her. I can understand a little better. When I was very lonely, not long ago, I hoped each day that I might see a face that would look kindly at me, and hear such words as a friend would speak, to make me less sorrowful. I was always thinking that if I could call to my side some dear companion of the years that seemed far away, the years when I was a child, my sadness would be easier to bear. Then I heard that Yone was near me. Oh, I cannot tell you what I felt, nor what was in my heart, when she came and stood over me, with love and pity in her eyes. It is not the same with Tanegasima as it was with me, — no, all is different. She has faithful servants to obey her, she can be gay, she is powerful to do great things; there are many who will help to drive grief from her and fill her thoughts with pleasure. But that is not enough; ah, Yone, it is not enough. Do you remember the school-days when she was so happy? I do not forget them. I think she never can forget them. Now she is in the midst of grandeur; most things that she wants she has but to command, and they are hers. But not all. There is one thing that she does not command. She asks it gently and without pride. Her letter is like a sister's. She wishes to be led back, for a little while, to the time when you and she were close in friendship. She wishes to be made for one hour the same young girl that was given to your care, and to be carried to the old place by her teacher's side. Who can do this for her but Yone? There is no other. Dear Yone, you have been good to me in the greatest trouble of my life. Be good to her. You tell us she does not need you, but you cannot be sure of that. Do not refuse. It is not difficult; there is nothing to prevent you. I shall be so glad if you will go."

It was manifest, long before she had finished, that her supplication could not

be resisted. Yone's answer was not immediate, but in her pause there was no sign of doubt or indecision.

"We will go together," she murmured; "early to-morrow, if the doctor and Marian consent."

"I shall go if you tell me," said Shizu, "but it is you that she wants."

When we separated, two hours later, Miss Gibson turned to Shizu with unusual warmth. "Will you kiss me, dear, to-night?" she asked.

"To-night?" repeated Shizu, with a peculiar intonation which struck my ear curiously, but to which the American girl appeared to attach no especial significance.

"To-night, and every night, if you care for our foreign caress," she said tenderly.

"I do care, greatly," replied Shizu, with more than her usual gravity.

"I know it is not supposed to mean anything, here," continued Miss Gibson; "but Yone lets me kiss her, like one of my own countrywomen."

"To me it would mean much," our guest responded, again with a singular vibration in her voice, though the words were so softly breathed as to be scarcely distinguishable. She moved slowly across the room, and as she passed me I saw that she was contending with a suddenly awakened emotion. Dropping upon her knees, and bending forward, she lifted her new friend's hand to her lips.

"That is not what I wished, at all!" hastily exclaimed the recipient of this unexpected salutation, surprised and perplexed.

Without further remark, Shizu bowed and left us. Yone would have followed on the instant, but was checked by a demand for information.

"Why did she do that? I wanted her to kiss me, as you do. I thought she understood."

"I believe she did understand," Yone answered, somewhat confused. "You

will excuse her; you saw that she was agitated. I have told you of her sensitiveness, and she is proud as well. That is a fault she cannot put aside."

"Proud! Why, she is all humility. Surely it was not pride that made her kneel before me. I cannot let her do such things."

"That is not humility, in Japan; here every one kneels. She desired to show that she was grateful; but to be kissed by you, — she did not look for that. She was not prepared, and she could not accept it. I am afraid, Marian, that I explain very badly. You must not think there is anything wrong or vain in her pride. It is very simple, and I am not at all ashamed of her for it. Perhaps I should not call it pride; there may be a better word, though I do not know it. Sometimes it seems to me that pride and humility are exactly the same. But I can tell you in another way: if you will kiss her on the day when she is married to Mr. Roberts, she will thank you not only with her lips, but with her whole heart and soul."

Miss Gibson did not answer immediately. After a short delay she said: —

"I see my mistake. I should have taken her in my arms, without speaking a word."

"Ah, if you could have done that! But" —

"But it is too late now. You are right, Yone. I will wait."

"And you will think as well of her as before?"

"Have no fear; I shall think a great deal of her self-respect. My feeling for Shizu is all that you could wish; you shall see that it is. And so shall the doctor."

"You have been out of my depth for the last ten minutes," I declared. "I should be drowned, if I had not something more solid under my feet than your fanciful metaphysics. To tell you the truth, I was nearly asleep."

It was not telling them the truth, nor

anything near it; but I imagined it would please Miss Gibson to hear me say so.

During the few remaining days of our inland sojourn, it was noticeable that this large-hearted American's intellectual activity was strongly stimulated, and that she was restlessly eager for opportunities to demonstrate the sincerity of her good-will toward all deserving mankind. Her succinct explanation of the impulse which possessed her was that she could not sit still and see those two little heathens doing all the good. She had been most effectively moved by Yone's phenomenal success in promoting the union of Shizu and the Scotchman; and, in a spirit of emulation, she set herself to the task of readjusting the destiny of more than one of her companions. The ardor with which she undertook the redress of Yone's wrongs often surprised and embarrassed the object of her advocacy. She began to construct elaborate schemes for rescuing her cherished friend from what she termed the present thralldom, very few of which, I was obliged to inform her, had the merit of being practical. She went so far, on more than one occasion, as to propose, unblushingly, to my face, that the plan of divorce which I had suggested for Arthur Milton's acceptance should still be carried out, with the simple difference of substituting me, Charwell, for the runaway scapegrace.

"Not that abominable wretch; oh, no! But I will give her to you, doctor; you shall take her, and make her free and happy."

She returned so often to this attack that I found it necessary to talk seriously to her.

"My dear Miss Gibson," said I, "you must not speak of this again to any person. You compel me to remind you that Yone is another man's wife. You would not think of such a thing, if you were not, as your recent guide and philosopher would say, 'in Japan.' Wait



one moment. I think you are about to tell me that I overlooked the obstacle of her present marriage when it was a question of uniting her to Milton. But in that case I had in view the prospect — at least the possible prospect — of a life of almost unbounded happiness for Yone. She loved the young man with a love as intense and absorbing as it was suddenly inspired; and if he had been worthy of her, I could have reconciled myself to straining a good many points of conventional delicacy, for the sake of brightening and cheering her whole existence. But there is now no such object to be considered. Even if she were entirely unfettered, I should not ask her to take a step of the kind you suggest, unless it were absolutely necessary, to preserve her from great and otherwise unavoidable danger. Why, she is an infant, in my eyes. I have watched her growth since she was a little child. I have no feeling for her but that of a father. Her affection for me is simply a fond daughter's. It would shock me even to think of her in any other relation. I beg you never to reopen the subject, either with me or any one else. It might lead me to forego or abridge the gratification I now have in watching over her as a guardian."

"A guardian!" exclaimed she, struck by the word; "and why not a guardian always? I heard something of what happened when you thought of adopting her, before; but what does that matter? If that old boat-maker could be brought to relinquish her for one purpose, he would certainly do it for another, and a better. Why, the trouble is ended already. Nothing can be easier, and it would make me — it would make us all so happy." The impulsive girl glowed with anticipative delight.

"You must not think I have neglected any inquiry that can be useful," I said. "I believe I have left nothing undone in search of methods by which Yone's chains might be loosened. Her

marriage with a foreigner is possible. Her adoption, situated as she now is, is impossible by the laws of the empire."

"That seems incredible," she replied. "Why one, if not the other?"

"There may be sound reasons, — or it may be only an oversight. But there is no chance of getting the rule relaxed at this day. I have served the State as well as many, but not for me nor any other will the rulers consent to waive a single legal right, while they continue bound down by the vicious and oppressive foreign treaties. They will yield nothing, until their independence is restored to them. They are thoroughly justified, though the individual hardships are severe. You will understand, however, that if Yone's grandmother had agreed to break off the proposed marriage, and had left her here, alone and unprovided for, as I hoped she would, then I should have taken her unhesitatingly; for I am sure the authorities would not have interfered to restrain me from following what they would consider a humane impulse. But the child was provided for, in a way, and now her transfer from Santo to me, as an adopted daughter, would not be sanctioned. If done at all, it would have to be done in defiance of an usage which has all the force of law. Santo would never risk the consequences of such a violation of precedent, and I would do nothing to subject her to the discomfort of public notoriety, or discussion, or criticism; unless, as I have said, it were to save her from some greater evil than seems likely to befall her."

"How can you talk so about it?" Miss Gibson cried. "Have you so little — No, not that — forgive me, doctor."

"I have no wish to talk about it in any way," I answered. "Let this matter rest forever. If, in time, I see a clearer path than now, you shall know of it, I promise you."

Then she desisted, — and to my great



content, although it was impossible to remain unmoved by these evidences of generous and womanly sensibility. Her energies were thenceforward applied to the development of projects more consistent with the necessities of Yone's position; and in these she had no cause to complain of my lack of interest or readiness to coöperate.

One little incident occurred to cloud, though only for a moment, the cheerfulness of our excursion. At the end of the tour, we chanced to pass a night in the village of Tonozaawa, at a house much frequented by foreigners, the landlady of which regarded us with an air of partial recognition, as she superintended the preparations for supper. She asked when we had honored her place before, and seemed surprised to hear that this was our first visit. Later in the evening, she submitted for our edification a collection of autographs, native poetry, ancient Chinese maxims, and more or less elaborate sketches, left with her, in accordance with a common custom, by travelers from near and far. Not appreciating the merit of the ideographic writings, Miss Gibson and I were glancing over them somewhat carelessly, when an exclamation from Yone diverted our attention. She had risen to her feet, and, grasping a scroll in her hand, she bent upon the hostess a look of mingled pain and reproach, as if grieved by the idea that the woman had designedly inflicted an unwelcome surprise upon her. Immediately after, realizing the injustice of this suspicion, she resumed her seat, and with a faltering hand replaced the paper upon the table, not attempting to conceal it, — which, in fact, would have been totally contrary to Yone's open disposition. We, her foreign companions, hardly needed to look at it, knowing instinctively that it must be the handiwork of Milton, who had passed many days of the early spring in this neighborhood. It was a medley of disconnected drawings which

he had contributed to the general store, — bits of landscape, figure groups, and a number of outline heads; among which latter, Yone's, mine, and his own were included. The likenesses were all excellent, though rapidly produced. That of himself was bright and spirited, presenting him in the best and happiest humor; while into Yone's he had, perhaps unwittingly, thrown an expression which seemed to show what the tendency of his feeling toward her had been some time before he allowed it to become apparent. As I have remarked, she made no effort to put the sheet out of sight, but continued to keep it in view, until her lip ceased quivering and her eyes grew clear, and the composure which had briefly deserted her was regained. Then she turned to us with a plaintive smile, which would, I think, have touched the stoniest heart that ever hardened itself to human sorrow.

"You will buy it for me, doctor" — she began; then paused, reflecting.

We waited with concern for her next words.

"And destroy it," she added softly.

## XXVIII.

### HOW THE PEST CAME TO JAPAN.

Our holidays were over, and we returned to Tokio, to encounter fewer changes than might have been expected. A correspondence had been opened between Miss Gibson and her former associates, the interlineal reading of which showed that it was hoped, on the Philipson side, that the credit of the establishment might not be injured by a sudden breach; the direct suggestion being that it might, on reflection, seem more judicious to continue, at least to outward appearances, the same terms of intercourse as before. This proffer was in no wise misconceived by Miss Gibson, but it indicated what was manifestly the most

convenient course for herself; and so, pending her ultimate decision, she resumed her residence with the two sisters, this time as a boarder, and without especially defined functions. She busied herself much with the children, and took a deep interest in Yone's private projects of benevolence, the extent and elaborate organization of which surprised her, as indeed they would have surprised any one not thoroughly familiar with the extraordinary cheapness of food and lodgings among the natives of Japan, and the amount of wholesome instruction that can be imparted at infinitesimal cost, under intelligent and systematic management.

A culminating shock of astonishment was reserved for her in the discovery that, during our absence, a spacious edifice had been erected upon the open ground at the rear of my dwelling, and made ready for the accommodation of more than fourscore children, — to be chosen by herself and Yone from the humblest strata of the populace, — at a total disbursement not exceeding two hundred dollars; and that the working expenses of this frugally administered institution, including the outlays for teachers, for books and other paraphernalia, and for occasional juvenile festivals, were estimated at twenty-five dollars each month. Here, at last, was something to live for! It was a wonder that Shizu could resist the temptation to renounce her matrimonial prospects, and dedicate herself to this matchless enterprise. What, in comparison, were the *ignes fatui* of Yokohama, or even the more substantial glories of the outer world, — Scotland, Britain, Europe, the broad continents of the West?

In the person of Mr. Roberts, however, a fact existed which neither argument nor imaginative sophistry could nullify or extinguish. Under his guardianship, now legitimately exercised, the young girl was soon transferred to the new position in her old home in the ad-

jacent port. As I had foreseen, it was not long before the moral atmosphere became too oppressive to be tolerated by the adventurous merchant, and, to escape being stifled outright, he took rapid measures for transferring himself and his belongings to a healthier social clime. The little matron came several times, with her Scotch step-children, to visit us in Tokio, hoping, by gradual farewells, to soften the impending separation from her schoolfellow and friend. It was not known to any of us then that no words of final parting would ever be spoken.

Between Yone and her American coadjutor a charming and happy alliance was established, unimpeded by the difference in their ages, which was nearly ten years. It appeared, indeed, that in all their little joint proceedings the foreigner was generally ready to transfer to her younger companion the direction which the Japanese, on the other hand, would gladly have yielded to her older and more mature associate. One point of disagreement, however, always divided them. No earnestness, no eloquence of entreaty, would induce Yone to visit Marian Gibson at her own dwelling. Into the house of the Philipsons she would not enter, even to meet the friend whom she loved. Those women had struck at her honor and good name, and the spirit usually so yielding and docile was for once aroused to a sharp and abiding sense of injury. She could not be turned from her avowal that she would never set foot in their school, except in the event of being called thither on some errand of charity or humanity, — a contingency of which she could foresee no possibility.

Marian regretted this resolution, but could not withhold the acknowledgment that it was just, and necessary for Yone's self-respect; and this position she hotly maintained whenever the Philipsons incautiously ventured an attack upon any single act of her comrade. She managed her contests with fine strategy, I

was told, presenting an aspect of coolness which she did not really feel, and thereby provoking her antagonists into glaring general indiscretions of speech; immediately upon the utterance of which she would draw forth a memorandum book, and take notes with phonographic rapidity, murmuring, the while, dark and mysterious allusions to the work she was preparing for speedy publication, on the broad question of the fitness of missionary measures and men, with chapters especially designed for and applicable to missionary women. But the bold and courageous attitude thus preserved in presence of the enemy was by no means consistently adhered to in confidential intercourse with the children, who were always clamorous for news of their beloved Yone, and for messages of fond remembrance. These were invariably received, and not infrequently imparted, with an emotion which, if perceived or suspected by the heads of the establishment, might have seriously impaired the glory of Miss Gibson's dashing triumphs over her elders.

In July, 1879, occurred an act which, in due time, will take its place in history, notwithstanding all efforts to exclude it, as one of the most revolting and inhuman outrages ever perpetrated by superior force of arms upon a feeble nation. Cholera, the most dreaded scourge of the Far East, had already made its appearance in isolated cases, and the government of Japan was straining all its authority to annul the dangers of former years by establishing an effective quarantine at the most frequented seaports. In the midst of these laudable endeavors, a German merchant steamer arrived at Yokohama directly from an infected district. She was, naturally, ordered to comply with the quarantine regulations duly promulgated. Her captain, however, appealed to the German diplomatic authorities, who immediately sent a Prussian ship of war to the scene, under convoy of which the suspected

vessel was brought into Yokohama harbor, and her passengers and cargo landed, in defiance of protests and warnings from Japanese officers of every rank, and from foreigners in their medical service. What may, perhaps, be regarded as aggravating the offense was the fact that the government of Japan was at that moment engaged in lavishing hospitality with singular and exceptional liberality upon two grandsons of the Emperor of Germany; and a peculiar coincidence in the proceedings was perceptible in the active approval of the quarantine violation which was exhibited by a foreign envoy at Tokio, who represented a sovereign most nearly allied, after their own family, to the young princes in question. The German and British ministers boldly maintained that the interests of commerce must not be endangered on so insufficient a plea as the possible destruction of any indefinite number of Japanese subjects by one of the most horrible pests known to mankind. For some time, indeed, it was a matter of doubt whether British or German vessels had been mainly instrumental in importing the disease. The majority of the official delegates from European courts looked on in calm indifference. The diplomatic agent from the United States, on the contrary, viewed the performance with unconcealed horror and aversion. One of the most illustrious soldiers of modern times, who was then sojourning in Japan, — an ex-President of the American republic, bringing to an end a memorable voyage around the world, — openly avowed his opinion that the Japanese authorities would have been fully warranted in directing the guns of their powerful iron-clads against the invading ships, and straightway sinking them, if they stirred beyond the boundaries imposed by rules of quarantine.

But the government, fearing — no doubt wisely — to incur the ill-will of the potent and unscrupulous Chancellor

Bismarck, saw no other course open than to redouble its precautions, and protest with energy against the cruel outrage of which it had been the victim.

With quick and angry stride, the plague took possession of the country surrounding the open ports, and the most populous part of the empire was stricken with desolation. The circumstance that Europeans and Americans were not exempt from this inroad, as they mainly had been from previous attacks, gave it an importance, in foreign eyes, not usually accorded to such visitations. The democratic and impartial dealings of the destroyer struck alarm to the breasts of all aliens. Attempts, more or less efficacious, were made in various directions to impede the progress of the disease. In Tokio, particularly, certain well-concerted hygienic arrangements were organized.

As was naturally to be expected, though not entirely to my satisfaction, Yone presented herself at an early stage of the proceedings. Something must be given her to do ; where and of what nature she would willingly leave to me. But I must appoint her to some line of service, or she would feel it her duty to seek a field for herself, — and these, unhappily, were already numerous.

I was not a little perplexed by this appeal. I felt that she had really not strength enough to go into regular hospital work, and it was only in a hospital that I could even partially watch over her. I reminded her of her fragile condition, which she did not attempt to deny.

"It is very true," she answered ; "I am not so strong as I ought to be. But my weakness is not unwholesome weakness. Why, cholera cannot come near me. I should carry disinfection into every room I entered. When I fan me, the odors of carbolics and all sorts of acids fly many yards about me."

This was not so convincing as she perhaps hoped, but it suggested the idea that if I kept her near me she might

always be reasonably safe from infection ; whereas in her own region, though not in her own dwelling, the provocations to disease were unnumbered. I proposed that we should ask Miss Gibson to give us her counsel, knowing that she would assent to everything for our dear child's advantage.

"Oh, surely," said Yone ; "and if I can work beside Marian, I shall be so well pleased. What is she doing now ?"

"She is under Dr. M——, one of the best of leaders. That is, she was yesterday ; but she will tell us soon. It is close upon her hour to be here."

Soon, indeed, she came, entering in a state of no little excitement, which increased the moment she caught sight of Yone.

"This is a strange piece of fortune, to find you here !" she exclaimed. "I am so glad. It has saved me the trouble of sending for her, doctor," she added, turning to me. "Would you ever believe it ? We have cholera all over the school."

"Nothing easier to believe," I replied, "considering the notions of drainage, ventilation, food, and everything pertaining to health that have always prevailed there. Ah, well ; having defied and disobeyed all my injunctions, I suppose they now want me to go and undo the mischief they have set on foot. If I succeed, it will be the happy result of their petitions to Heaven ; if I fail, it will be owing to my lack of skill."

"Don't talk so, doctor," said Miss Gibson ; "this is not a time for ill-feeling, and I know you cannot mean all that you say. Come and help us with good work, and let those poor ladies manage their fastings and prayers."

"What !" I shouted. "Fastings — and prayers ! Have they forgotten what I told them upon that very point, and the reasons for my warning ? Harken to me, Miss Gibson : go back at once, and take Yone with you. She will go, I presume ?"

"Yes," said Yone, "I will go now."

"Very well; I will follow in half an hour. But unless you can assure me, at the door, that there is plenty of nourishing food in preparation, — beef tea and chicken broth, above all, — and that the children are not to be harassed by praying panics, which will go far to take away their weak little capacity of resistance to the disease, I swear to you I will not go inside the house, nor move one step in trying to help you."

"I think, doctor, you use your opportunity rather unfairly," said Miss Gibson dejectedly.

"Not so, not so; what right have you to imagine that I would oppose any practice which these ladies follow in the name of their faith, unless I saw peril in it? What I protest against is the resort to fasting at a moment when physical nourishment should be increased by every possible means, and the fatal error of allowing these timorous infants to believe themselves threatened by a danger which nothing but supernatural agencies can avert. I have told you repeatedly that I am an enemy to no man's religion. But I speak now as a practical physician. Some day you shall see the records of the epidemic in Scotland, a quarter of a century ago. You can soon learn the ghastly consequences of spreading superstitious terror among starving people at such a time. You can see, also, what the most popular and powerful of English statesmen thought it his duty to do, in the face of a fanatical demonstration which was intended to destroy his political life. But go — go! Every instant may be of vital importance!"

"Come, Marian," said Yone; "you know that the doctor must understand best. We will go at once, doctor, and will do everything that is possible."

The impetuous Boston girl yielded to her calm and earnest companion, and they hastened to the scene of their new labors.

## XXIX.

### CHARMS AND SPELLS.

Miss Gibson's quick and energetic temperament was not without distinct advantages, at times. On arriving at the seminary, the two girls chanced to be met, at the very door, by that notable reclamatory agent, Miss Jackman. This lady, it will be readily believed, had brought back from the country no increased tenderness for the Japanese girl, whose fastidiousness had thwarted one of her favorite enterprises. She planted herself on the threshold, and began to interrogate.

"May I ask, Miss Gibson, upon what authority you propose to admit that young person to this establishment?"

Miss Gibson, I was afterward told, glared at her questioner for perhaps twenty seconds, expanding, the while, with gathering wrath. She then commenced to brandish her umbrella in a wild and irregular fashion, which the most practiced of French *tambour-majors* would have found it difficult to emulate. Presently, however, the movements took a more methodical shape. They seemed to menace the portly "reclaimer" from every possible direction, except the open way to the street. That was left clear, but on all other sides magical and supernatural passes weirdly threatened her, until, totally bereft of self-possession, she bowed her heavy head, and plunged toward the thoroughfare; acknowledging her defeat by an inefficacious whimper, as incongruous with the body from which it emanated as a mouse's tiny squeak proceeding from the ponderous and ivory jaws of an elephant.

Slamming the door after her discomfited adversary, Miss Gibson turned, with a look of exultation which showed that the surrounding troubles were momentarily forgotten, and exclaimed: —

"There! I always knew our sword exercise would do me a good turn one day. I learned that eight years ago, Yone, dear; but oh, it does make the wrist ache! I will teach it to you by and by."

Yone laughed, actually laughed, as in the forests of Hakone; but, soon remembering the needs of the situation, said:

"I will run to the children at once. And you, Marian, please go and get the prayer classes stopped, at least for to-day, as Dr. Charwell ordered us."

The two girls separated on their diverse errands, and, thirty minutes later, I found them able to relieve all my immediate anxieties. Miss Gibson had gained her point by fixing upon the mind of the elder Miss Philipson — who fancied herself hourly succumbing to the disease, although she had shown thus far no single symptom of it — that I would not set foot within the premises upon any other condition; and Yone, after a first hasty visit to the little people, and making them half delirious with the joyous news that she had come to take care of them, had flown to the kitchen, where, conquering the cook absolutely by the mere brightness of her salutation and the warmth of her sympathetic inquiries, she had been given complete command; had turned the storeroom inside out, partially converted all the available beef and chicken into soups, sent for more material, and made the house redolent with appetizing odors, so wholesome and invigorating as to drive away, for a time, the dire disquietude which was beginning to prevail.

Heavy cares soon descended upon us. The poor children, whom a false idea of sanitary economy had made ready victims to the pest, began to droop and die. I was obliged, before long, to run out to Santo's place, and inform that irascible personage that he could not expect his wife's return for an indefinite period; whereupon, as was anticipated, he flung himself into a rage.

"Is it my wife, or is it not my wife, that you are plotting to keep away from me?" he vociferated, with flaring eyes.

"Undoubtedly it is your wife, my most amiable Santo; but for the rest, nobody is plotting to keep her away from you."

"I know all about it. She was with you in the country for the best part of this year."

"Less than a month, you will find, Santo, if you consult that admirable memory which is one of your finest possessions, and excites the envy of all your neighbors."

"And now she has been absent a week."

"Two days, if you please. Send for the *soroban*, and make the calculation with your own nimble fingers. You will see that it is precisely two days."

"It does not matter at all. I have had my eyes wide open. Now, look you, she is an aristocrat. Do you think I care for aristocrats? Not so much as a spark from my anvil. But it suited me to have an aristocrat for my wife. You need not tell me! I know she comes directly from the Empress Suiko, many ten thousand years ago. But she belongs to me, and I will not have her plotting to keep away, because she is high-born. Yes, yes; I know, I know!"

"Excellent Santo, did she ever tell you she was high-born?"

"No, no; but I am not a frog in a well. I know; yes, indeed!"

"Well, she certainly never made any boasts to me, and it seems you are the only one that talks about it. As for plotting to stay away, she shall come home to-day, if you like, but she will perhaps bring the cholera with her."

The boat-builder staggered, as if he had received a blow in the centre of his thick forehead from one of his heaviest adzes, and for a moment remained speechless. The word "cholera" was invested with terrors too awful to be expressed in any language available by the



class to which he belonged. He retreated from me, gasping for breath.

"Where, where" — he stammered.

"Where is she, do you mean? She is in my care, safe enough. You had better leave her with me until the disease has passed away from Japan. I have far too much regard for you, my strong-minded and warm-hearted Santo, to allow any risk to come near your person."

"Thanks; yes, thanks. You are always my friend. But you, Charwell-sama, — you yourself?"

"You are too kind," I answered, with some surprise at this unexpected sign of consideration; "but doctors are never in danger, you know. You need not fear for me."

"Why should I fear for you?" he demanded, having now made his way outside of the house, and put a considerable space between himself and me. "You! It is all in your business. I am not thinking of you. "No; it is the danger you bring here, to me, Santo Yorikichi. I beg you to leave me. Perhaps already" —

His voice faltered, and his bronzed countenance took on an unwholesome bluish hue.

"Santo," said I, "it is singular a marine architect of your reputation cannot comprehend that when a man is a brute it is not absolutely commanded by nature that he should also be a fool. The teachings of your earliest childhood ought to remind you that there are magical charms against which all the deadly diseases put together have no power. I have thrown one of these charms around you. I came to-day for that purpose. I have been doing it ever since I arrived. In fact, I have just finished. You are perfectly safe. But there is a condition" —

"Yes, yes — anything, anything," he palpitated; "only give me the charm."

"It is already in operation, though

you cannot see it," said I; "a wave of my hand has fastened it upon your body, unknown to you. And the condition" —

"Ah, I will be true to it."

"It is merely that you should speak no word to any person of what I have bestowed upon you. You will give heed to this."

"Oh, yes," he answered indifferently.

"But you must take great care," I added. "If you tell what has happened, others will apply to me, and the protection I give them will be drawn away from you. Be warned!"

"Not a syllable shall pass my lips!" exclaimed the selfish boor, with a fervor born of newly excited fears.

"Then all will be well. Live quietly, eat sparingly," — I repeated a few maxims for his general guidance, — "and the cholera will leave you unharmed."

As I walked away, I endeavored to congratulate myself that I had made one human being — of a tolerably low grade, but still human — confident and reliant in the midst of a panic-stricken community. Santo felt himself entirely safe, with all the trustfulness of a believer in spells, incantations, and the mysterious potency of a science unfamiliar to him. No preventive, however skillfully compounded, no watchfulness of treatment, would have gone a hundredth part as far toward rendering him inaccessible to the epidemic. For such as he, a firm conviction that infection cannot touch them is an almost certain guarantee of exemption. I was reasonably sure, then, that I had made one wretched creature's life secure by appealing to his blind ignorance and superstition. After all, it is perhaps not only among the illiterate that medical craft finds it necessary to resort to such devices, and it might not be disadvantageous if intelligence and enlightenment could sometimes be wrought upon as effectively.

*E. H. House.*

## A GREEN MOUNTAIN CORN-FIELD.

I WAS passing some days of idleness in a shallow Vermont valley, situated at an elevation of fifteen or sixteen hundred feet, circled by wooded hills, and intersected by an old turnpike, which connects the towns near Lake Champlain with the region beyond the mountains. Small farmhouses stood here and there along the highway, while others were scattered at wide intervals over the lower slopes of the outlying hills. With all the brightness and freshness of early summer upon it, it was indeed an enchanting picture; but even so, one could not altogether put aside a feeling of something like commiseration for the people who, year in and year out, from babyhood to old age, found in this narrow vale, with its severity of weather and its scarcity of social comforts and opportunities, their only experience of what we fondly call this wide, wide world.

From my inn I had walked eastward for perhaps a mile; then at the little schoolhouse had taken a cross-road, which presently began to climb. After leaving two or three cottages behind me (one of them boasting the singularity of paint), I came to another, which appeared to be the last, as the road not far beyond struck into the ancient forest. First, however, it ran up to a small plateau, where, out of sight from the house, lay a scanty quarter of an acre, in which, under none too favorable conditions, the old parable, "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," was in the primary stage of a fresh fulfillment. The ground was but newly cleared, and the brambles still felt themselves its true and rightful possessors. Who was this puny-looking, good-for-nothing foreigner, that they should be turned out of house and home for his accommodation? So they seemed

to be asking among themselves, as they lifted up their heads here and there in the midst of the pale-green shoots. The crows, on the other hand, bade the new-comer welcome, — as the wolf welcomes the lamb. Against these hungry lovers of his crop (who loved not unwisely, but too well), the farmer had fenced his field with a single string, stretched from corner to corner. He must put extraordinary faith in the considerateness of the birds, a looker-on might think; such a barrier as this could be, at the most, nothing more than a polite hint of ownership, a delicate reminder against thoughtless trespassing, a courteously indirect suggestion to such as needed not a physical, but only a moral, restraint. Or one might take it as an appeal to some known or fancied superstitiousness on the crows' part; as if the white cord were a kind of fetich, with which they would never presume to meddle. But the rustic would have laughed at all such far-fetched cockneyish inferences. This strange-seeming device of his was simply an attempt to take the suspicious in their own suspiciousness; to set before *Corvus* a hindrance so unmistakably insufficient that he would mistrust it as a cover for some deep-laid and deadly plot. Probably the scheme had not been crowned with complete success in the present instance, for from a pole in the middle of the inclosure a dead crow was dangling in the breeze. This was a more business-like signal than the other; even a cockney could hardly be in doubt as to its meaning; and the farmer, when I afterwards met him, assured me that it had answered its purpose to perfection. The crow is nobody's fool. "Live and learn" is his motto; and he does both, but especially the former, in a way to excite the admiration of all disinterested observers. In the long strug-

gle between human ingenuity and corvine sagacity, it is doubtful which has thus far obtained the upper hand. Nor have I ever quite convinced myself which of the contestants has the better case. "The crow is a thief," the planter declares; "he should confine himself to a wild diet, or else sow his own garden." "Yes, yes," Corvus makes reply; "but if I steal your corn, you first stole my land." Unlike his cousin the raven, — who, along with the Indian, has retreated before the pale-face, — the crow is no ultra-conservative. Civilization and modern ideas are not in the least distasteful to him. He has an unfeigned respect for agriculture, and in fact may be said himself to have set up as gentleman-farmer, letting out his land on shares, and seldom failing to get his full half of the crop; and, like the shrewd manager that he is, he insures himself against drought and other mischances by taking his moiety early in the season. As I plant no acres myself, I perhaps find it easier than some of my fellow-citizens to bear with the faults and appreciate the virtues of this sable aboriginal. Long may he live. I say, this true lover of his native land, to try the patience and sharpen the wits of his would-be exterminators.

The crow's is only the common lot. The whole earth is one field of war. Every creature's place upon it is coveted by some other creature. Plants and animals alike subside by elbowing their rivals out of the way. Man, if he plants a corn-field, puts in no more grains than will probably have room to grow and thrive. But Nature, in her abhorrence of a vacuum, stands at no waste. She believes in competition, and feels no qualms at seeing the weak go to the wall.

"The good old rule  
Sufficeth her, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

If she wishes a single oak, she drops acorns without number. Her reckless-

ness equals that of some ambitious military despot, to whom ten thousand or a hundred thousand dead soldiers count as nothing, if only the campaign be fought through to victory.

Man's economy and Nature's prodigality, — here they were in typical operation, side by side. The corn was in "hills" uniformly spaced, and evidently the proprietor had already been at work with plough and hoe, lest the weeds should spring up and choke it; but just beyond stood a perfect thicket of wild-cherry shrubs, so huddled together that not one in twenty could possibly find room in which to develop. If they were not all of them stunted beyond recovery, it would be only because a few of the sturdiest should succeed in crowding down and killing off their weaker competitors.

The import of this apparent wastefulness and cruelty of Nature, her seeming indifference to the welfare of the individual, is a question on which it is not pleasant, and, as I think, not profitable, to dwell. We see but parts of her ways, and it must be unsafe to criticise the working of a single wheel here or there, when we have absolutely no means of knowing how each fits into the grand design, and, for that matter, can only guess at the grand design itself. Rather let us content ourselves with the prudent saying of that ancient agnostic, Bildad the Shuhite: "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing." The wisest of us are more or less foolish, by nature and of necessity; but it seems a gratuitous superfluity of folly to ignore our own ignorance. For one, then, I am in no mood to propose, much less to undertake, any grand revolution in the order of natural events. Indeed, as far as I am personally concerned, I fear it would be found but a dubious improvement if the wildness were quite taken out of the world, — if its wilderness, according to the word of the prophet, were to become all like Eden. Tameness is not the only

good quality, whether of land or of human nature.

As I sat on my comfortable log (the noble old tree had not been cut down for nothing), birds of many kinds came and went about me. Wordsworth's couplet would have suited my case:—

"The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure;"

but I could hardly have rounded out the quotation; for, joyful as I believed the creatures to be, many of their motions were plainly not "thrills of pleasure," but tokens of fear. It was now the very heyday of life with them, when they are at once happiest and most wary. There were secrets to be kept close; eggs and little ones, whose whereabouts must on no account be divulged. For the birds, too, not less than the corn, the bramble, and the cherry, not less even than the saint, find this earthly life a daily warfare.

The artless ditty of the mourning warbler came to my ears at intervals out of a tangle of shrubbery, and once or twice he allowed me glimpses of his quaint attire. I would gladly have seen and heard much more of him, but he evaded all my attempts at familiarity. Nor could I blame him for his furtive behavior. How was he to be certain that I was no collector, but only an innocent admirer of birds in the bush? Sought after as his carcass is by every New England ornithologist, the mourning warbler exercises only a reasonable discretion in fighting shy of every animal that walks upright.

It is evident, however, that for birds, as for ourselves, the same thing often has both a bright and a dark side. If men are sometimes heartless, and never to be altogether confided in, yet at the same time their doings are in various respects conducive to the happiness and increase of feathered life; and this not only in the case of some of the more familiar species, but even in that of many which still retain all their natural

shyness of human society. A clearing like that in which I was now resting offers an excellent illustration of this; for it is a rule without exceptions that in such a place one may see and hear more birds in half an hour than are likely to be met with in the course of a long day's tramp through the unbroken forest. The mourning warbler himself likes a roadside copse better than a deep wood, jealous as he may be of man's approach. Up to a certain point, civilization is a blessing, even to birds. Beyond a certain point, for aught I know, it may be nothing but a curse, even to men.

Here, then, I sat, now taken up with the beautiful landscape, and anon turning my head to behold some fowl of the air. I might have mused with Emerson,

"Knows he who tills this lonely field,  
To reap his scanty corn,  
What mystic fruit his acres yield  
At midnight and at morn?"

—only "mystic fruit" would have been rather too high-sounding a phrase for my commonplace cogitations. Hermit thrushes, olive-backed thrushes, and veeries, with sundry warblers and a scarlet tanager, sang in chorus from the woods behind me, while in front blue-birds, robins, song sparrows, vesper sparrows, and chippers were doing their best to transform this fresh Vermont clearing into a time-worn Massachusetts pasture, assisted meanwhile by a gold-finch who flew over my head with an ecstatic burst of melody, and a linnet who fell to warbling with characteristic fluency from a neighboring tree-top. At least two pairs of rose-breasted grosbeaks had summer quarters here; and busy enough they looked, flitting from one side of the garden to another, yet not too busy for a tune between whiles. One of the males was in really gorgeous plumage. The rose-color had run over, as it were (like Aaron's "precious ointment"), and spilled all down his breast. It is hard for me ever to think of this brilliant, tropically dressed grosbeak as a

true Northerner ; and here once more I was for the moment surprised to hear him and the olive-backed thrush singing together in the same wood. Could such neighborliness have any patriotic significance ? I was almost ready to ask. Across the corn-field a Traill's flycatcher was tossing up his head pertly, and vociferating *kwee-kwee*. I took it for a challenge : " Find my nest if you can, brother ! " But I found nothing. Nor was I more successful with a humming-bird, who had chosen the tip of a charred stub, only a few rods from my seat, for his favorite perch. Again and again I saw him there preening his feathers, and once or twice I tried to inveigle him into betraying his secret. Either his house was further off than I suspected, however, or else he was too cunning to fall into my snare. At any rate, he permitted me to trample all about the spot, without manifesting the first symptom of uneasiness.

What a traveler the humming-bird is ! I myself had come perhaps three hundred miles, and had accounted it a long, tiresome journey, notwithstanding I had been brought nearly all the way in a carriage elaborately contrived for comfort, and moving over iron rails. But this tiny insect-like creature spent last winter in Central America, or it may be in Cuba, and now here he sat, perfectly at home again in this Green Mountain nook ; and next autumn he will be off again betimes, as the merest matter of course, for another thousand-mile flight. Verily, a marvelous spirit and energy may be contained within a few ounces of flesh ! But if *Trochilus* be indeed *Prospero's* servant in disguise, as one of our poets makes out, why, then, to be sure, his flittings back and forth are little to wonder at. How slow, overgrown, and clumsy human beings must look in his eyes ! I wonder if he is never tempted to laugh at us. Who knows but humming-birds have it for a by-word, " As awkward as a man " ?

My ruminations were suddenly broken in upon by the approach of a carriage, driven by a boy of perhaps ten years, a son of the farmer from whose land I was, as it were, gathering the first-fruits. We had made each other's acquaintance the day before, and now, as he surmounted the hill, he stopped to inquire politely whether I would ride with him. Yes, I answered, I would gladly be carried into the forest a little way. It proved a very little way indeed ; for the road was heavy from recent rains, and the poor old hack was so short of breath that he could barely drag us along, and at every slump of the wheels came to a dead standstill. " Pity for a horse o'erdriven " soon compelled me to take to the woods, in spite of the protestations of my charioteer, who assured me that his steed *could* trot " like everything," if he only would. It is an extremely unpatriotic Vermonter, I suspect (I have never yet discovered him), who will not brag a little over his horse ; and I was rather pleased than otherwise to hear my flaxen-haired friend set forth the good points of his beast, even while he confessed that the " heavens " were pretty bad. I was glad, too, to find the youngster in a general way something of an optimist. When I asked him how long the land had been cleared, he pointed to one corner of it, and responded, using the pronoun with perfect *naïveté*, " We cleared up that piece last fall ; " and on my inquiring whether it was not hard work, he replied, in a tone of absolute satisfaction, " Oh, yes, but you get your pay for it." Evidently he believed in Green Mountain land, which I thought a very fortunate circumstance. " Be content with such things as ye have," said the Apostle ; and it is certainly easier to obey the precept if one looks upon his own things as the best in the world. My youthful philosopher seemed to consider it altogether natural and reasonable that prosperity, instead of coming of itself, should have to be earned by the

sweat of the brow. Perhaps the crow and the cherry-tree are equally unsophisticated. Perhaps, too, men's fates are less uneven than is sometimes supposed. For I could not help thinking that if this boy should retain his present view of things, he would pass his days more happily than many a so-called favorite of fortune.

On my way back to the inn I met an old man from the lowlands, driving over the mountains for the first time since boyhood. "You have a pretty

good farming country here," he called out cheerily, — "a little rolling." He took me for a native, and I hope to be forgiven for not disclaiming the compliment.

As I write, I find myself wondering how my nameless farmer's crop is prospered. In my corner of the world we have lately been afflicted with drought. I hope it has been otherwise on his hillside plateau. In my thought, at all events, his corn is now fully tasseled, and waves in a pleasant mountain wind, all green and shining.

Bradford Torrey.

#### A CHANGING ORDER.

THE warm partisans of Cicero have at all times been sorely exercised because he displayed so little of the traditional Roman dignity and fortitude during the fifteen months of his exile. There is no denying the fact. He was not a hero at that time, or, at all events, he took no pains to behave like one. It was his first great reverse, and he bore it very impatiently. His heart was bursting with solicitude for the family from whom he had been so rudely torn; with amazement at the success of the plot for his destruction; with wrath against the half-hearted friends, political and personal, who had basely, as it then seemed, abandoned him at the last. He did not learn the full extent of his calamity until some days after he had quitted Rome. Loitering with his attendants along the coast below Naples, still hoping for an immediate recall, but intending, if need were, to cross over to Sicily, where he thought he could rely on the friendship of the people, the tidings reached him, in rapid succession, that he had been proscribed by name, that he was forbidden to halt within four hundred miles of Rome, that it would be held a capital offense for any one to

harbor or assist him, that the governor of Sicily would not permit him to land upon that island, and, finally, of the ruthless destruction of his property. Pecuniary ruin — or what then seemed inevitably such — was now added to his other causes of distress, and he would not have been the man whose acute sensibilities and vehement candor are among the traits which most move us to sympathy, if his lamentations had not been loud and his reproaches bitter. The latter were, in the beginning, quite indiscriminate, and in many cases palpably unjust. Cicero darkly hints at the *invidiam* of Hortensius as well as the *perfidiam* of Pompey, and reviles his beloved Atticus for not having allowed him to commit suicide, until human nature, one would think, could hardly have suppressed the retort that self-destruction was, after all, a resource of which no friend or enemy could deprive him, and a remedy still within his reach. The tolerant Athenian said nothing half so unkind. The two friends may well have smiled together over these unreasonable letters in later years; but for the moment Atticus confined himself to providing that neither the exile on his



travels, nor the wife and children left in so painful and even perilous a position in Rome, should suffer for the lack of ready money. He could manage this easily enough, having, in addition to his own large fortune, fallen heir, at about this time, to the name and estates of his rich uncle, Cæcilius. But what a rare and excellent sort of friend to possess!

What really hindered Cicero from taking his own life, in that black hour, was not fear, for he was no coward, least of all when his heart was hot. It was, as we learn abundantly from the letters of this period to his wife and his brother, his intense realization of what they, his family, must suffer in such a case. It was a scruple quite as alien to his race and time as fear, but as Anthony Trollope says, somewhere in his admirable and never half-appreciated life of Cicero, we love this Roman most of all because he was so unlike the popular idea of a Roman.

The impassioned and exceeding tenderness of the letters written, at this period, by Cicero to his wife is in strange contrast with what we know of subsequent events; with the fatal chill that came over their relations, the discord whose causes were so proudly concealed, their ultimate separation after more than twenty years of honorable married life. If Mr. Froude, whose antagonism to Cicero is so pronounced a sentiment could have been the literary executor of this famous pair, we might have known the whole story, — possibly even more than the whole; but it would perhaps have been no better for the world. Meanwhile, these are the terms in which, on the last day of April, 696, Cicero addressed his family from Brindisi: —

“Tully to his Tarentia, his Tulliola, and his Cicero: Yes, it is true, I have not written as often as I might; and the reason is that, while I am wretched enough all the time, I get such a fit of weeping when I either read your letters, or attempt writing to you, that I posi-

tively cannot bear it. Ah, if I had but loved life less, I should have known little or no evil in it! If fortune have in store for us any revival of hope, I shall not have done ill [to live]; but if these woes are irremediable, then all I can desire, my own, is to see you as soon as may be, and to die in your arms. For it will seem that the gods whom you have so devoutly worshiped, and the men whom I have so unremittingly served, are equally ungrateful.” Most inconsistently, he goes on to relate with what a noble contempt for his own personal risk one M. Lænius Flaccus had entertained him for a fortnight at Brindisi, and he only hopes he may be able some time to give substantial proof of his gratitude. “I now intend,” he proceeds, “to go to Cyzicus by way of Macedonia. Wretched, ruined man that I am, can I ask you to come to me, — you, with your fragile health and prostrated by anxiety? How can I not ask it, — how live without you? And yet, so far as I can see, this will be best: if there be any chance of my restoration, you can strengthen and promote it where you are; but if, as I fear, all is indeed over, then come to me in the way you best can. Of one thing you may be sure: I shall not feel that I am utterly destroyed, if I have you. But what will become of our darling Tullia? You must decide; I cannot. Certainly, whatever happens, we must think of her conjugal happiness, poor girl, and of her good name. I hope you are right in believing that Piso<sup>1</sup> will remain true to us.” Then follow some words about their money difficulties; and “for the rest, my Tarentia, bear up bravely, as it is your nature to do. We have lived uprightly; we have been very prosperous. It is our virtues, not our vices, which have brought us to this pass.” Then he tells how devoted the three

<sup>1</sup> Tullia's husband, C. Piso, was a near relative of the consul Piso, but stood by Cicero loyally while he lived.

slaves have been who had gone with him as body servants, and finally, "Take all possible care of your health, and remember that your sufferings are much worse for me to bear than my own. My Terentia, best and truest of wives, my dearest daughter, and little Cicero, our only hope, farewell."

Atticus had begged Cicero to take possession of his own castle, or fortified country-house, at Buthrotum, in Epirus; but Cicero declined, partly because, as he says, that place without his friend would be sadder to him than any other, and partly because he thought it too accessible from Athens, where he had powerful enemies. Instead, after crossing to Dyrrachium, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, he moved on, over the mountainous country, as far as Thessalonica, in Macedonia, where the quæstor, Cnæus Plancius, received him very warmly, and made every possible provision for his comfort. Of this good friend, at least, he was able well to repay the kindness, when, six years later, he defended him on a malicious charge of illegal practices in suing for the ædileship. Very skillfully, in the peroration to the speech for Plancius, did Cicero refer to the disinterestedness of the quæstor, and the affecting circumstances of their meeting in Macedonia:—

"Oh, sorrowful vigils in your house, Cnæus Plancius! Oh, tearful passage of the bitter night! Oh, fatal, indeed, the cares you lavished upon me, if, living, I could fail you who might well have profited by my death! I remember, I remember,—can I ever forget it?—one night in particular, when you sat, full of sorrow, by my bedside, and I, poor soul, flattered by I know not what vain and empty hope, vowed that if ever I were restored to my country, I would reward your goodness; or, if I died, or were in any other way prevented, I pledged these very men here present—for whom else had I in my mind?" (and he indicated the jury)—"to discharge on my

behalf, and to the uttermost, my great obligation to you!"

Plancius was acquitted, of course. Hard-hearted though the Romans were, as a rule, they must thoroughly have enjoyed this kind of appeal to their feelings, or their orators would not have essayed it so often. They were much of the temper, no doubt, of those two excellent old French ladies, who used to seat themselves comfortably in the front of their box at the beginning of a tragedy, and spread out their fine cambric pocket-handkerchiefs with the contented remark, "*Nous allons bien pleurer.*"

Cicero remained in Thessalonica from June to November of the year 697. His friends were all the while working for his recall, and the stars worked also, through the discovery of a plot of Clodius against the life of Pompey, and the election at midsummer, for the ensuing year, of two comparatively respectable consuls, one of whom, P. Lentulus Spinther, was a particular friend of Cicero. So long, however, as Clodius remained tribune of the people, he was able, by his intrigues and his ascendancy over the rabble, promptly to defeat all action on Cicero's behalf, and the exile remained, for the most part, profoundly depressed. On the 16th of September, he writes to Atticus, that since the ex-consul Piso has got Macedonia for his province he will have to remove from Thessalonica, and he thinks he will return to Epirus, where he hopes that his friend will at least assign him land enough for a grave; and in his letter of October 5th to his family there is a very pathetic passage, which recalls the sharp cry once forced from the lips of another exile, whom nobody ever accused of weakness,—from Joseph de Maistre, at St. Petersburg: "Black phantoms shake my bed-curtains. I seem to hear my dear ones weeping in Turin."

Nevertheless, with the autumnal equinox the tide of Cicero's fate had turned. The successor of Clodius in the tribune-

ship was that Titus Annius Milo who was one day to compass his death, and the first act of the new consul, Lentulus, on the New Year's Day of 698 (56 B. C.), was to propose in the Senate a measure for Cicero's recall. There were plenty of the so-called constitutional devices for delaying legislation yet to try, beside the good old rule and simple plan, freely adopted by Clodius and his party, of mobbing the Senate House, and falling afoul of Cicero's friends in the streets; but Milo, also, with his prize gladiators, was now beginning to play at that game, and six months more saw the end of the struggle. The decree for the recall passed the Senate in May,<sup>1</sup> and was ratified by a unanimous vote of the Comitia Centuriata, or great popular assembly, on the 4th of August. On the next day, Tullia's twentieth<sup>2</sup> birthday, Cicero landed once more at Brindisi, and was met not only by his daughter, — now, unhappily, a widow, — but by a great popular demonstration. From Brindisi to Rome, his journey was like a triumphal progress, and he was so delayed along his route by congratulatory deputations from half the towns of Italy that he did not reach Rome until September 4th. But we must let him tell in his own proud words to Atticus the story of that reëntry: —

"So I came to the city, and I think there cannot have been a man of any order,<sup>3</sup> known to my *nomenclator*, who did not come out to meet me, except, indeed, such personal enemies of mine as could by no means either deny or dissimulate the fact that they were ene-

mies. When I arrived at the Porta Capena" (opening on the Appian Way), "the steps of all the temples, from the ground upwards, were crowded with people, who testified their joy by roars of applause. Similar crowds and similar demonstrations accompanied me to the Capitol, and on the Capitoline Hill there were immense multitudes. On the next day, the Nones of September, I returned thanks in the Senate."

After fifteen months of the sickness of hope deferred, one hour of unalloyed sweetness, of supreme exultation, and only one! The concluding passages of this very letter betray the pricking of some of the hidden thorns in this garland of victory. "This, then, is the state of my affairs: 'Good for adversity, shaky for prosperity' (as the poet says). I am horribly put to it, as you know, for money to meet my family expenses, and there are other domestic troubles of which I cannot write. My brother *Quintus* I love, as I ought, for his courage, his constancy, his noble fraternal affection. I am pining for you, and I beg you to come as soon as may be, and to come prepared to give me your counsel. I am in some sort entering on a new life. Already certain men who defended me in my absence are beginning, now that I am here, not merely to chafe in private, but to be openly disagreeable. I need you very much."

It was when the question came up in the Senate of compensation for the property of the two Ciceros, which had been so wantonly destroyed the year before, that Marcus began fully to realize and was told by Marius to repair to his Monument, where he would find redress.

<sup>2</sup> Or her nineteenth. There is a difference of a year, among the best authorities, in their estimate of the ages both of Cicero and his daughter. If Tullia were now nineteen, Cicero was exactly fifty, or forty-eight at the period of his exile.

<sup>3</sup> A *nomenclator* was a slave whose business it was to know the name of every citizen, and then to accompany his master when canvassing for any office, and prompt him with the same.

<sup>1</sup> The Senate happened then to be sitting in that Temple of Honor and Virtue which also went by the name of the Monument of Marius, because erected in commemoration of him. It has been a source of gratification to the lovers of psychic research in all ages that Cicero should have dreamed, on one of the first grim nights of his exile, that he met the great Marius, his fellow-townsmen, bearing fasces wreathed with laurel, and was asked by him why he was so sad. Cicero replied that he had been banished by an ungrateful country,

what life yet lingered in the embers of the conspiracy against him. Clodius, as tribune, had had the ground entirely cleared where the fine houses of the brothers had stood upon the Palatine, as also the adjoining space, occupied by the open portico which commemorated the name and the victories in war of that great and good citizen, Catulus. There had been a pretense of consecrating the vacant space, after which Clodius had the impudence to erect upon it what he called a Temple of Liberty, in the shrine of which he set up the statue of a well-known Greek prostitute. The College of Augurs decided that if the consecration could be shown to be illegal, — that is, made on false pretenses, — the ground might be restored to its previous owners; otherwise, having once been applied to the so-called uses of religion, it could not again become private property. Cicero argued his own case in the Senate, in the oration *Pro Domo Sua*, — the authenticity of which, as we possess it, has been sometimes, though not successfully, disputed, — and he gained his point. But when it came to assessing damages for the personal property destroyed, both on the Palatine and at Tusculum and Formiæ, he had a more ungenerous and exasperating opposition to encounter. "My Palatine house and my Tusculan villa," he said in the course of his plea, "were assigned to the two consuls. The marble pillars from my porch were bestowed upon the son-in-law of the one, in sight of the whole Roman people; while not merely the statues, but the very trees, were transported from my Tusculanum to the estate of the other consul, which adjoins mine." The first sight of the villa at Tusculum, after the sack it had undergone, gave its master so despairing a feeling that he advertised the place for sale; but was glad in the end that no purchaser appeared, since he subsequently restored it to almost more than its former beauty.

The sum finally voted Cicero for rebuilding was absurdly inadequate; and the sting of the matter lay in the fact that he read therein, not so much the spite of his avowed enemies as the niggardliness and jealousy of those on whom he had reckoned as friends. Throughout the autumn and winter, while his affairs were under discussion, scenes of the most violent and disgraceful character were continually occurring in the Senate, and a free fight raged, with varying fortunes, in the streets, between the followers of Clodius and those of Milo: all of which things are set forth in the letters to Atticus, in the writer's most dramatic style. Difficult though his position was, and infinite his vexations both at home and abroad, his courage was once more high. "I am in better spirits," he writes to Atticus, "than I was in better times." The tide of life which had ebbed so low in Macedonia was rising fast. The gladiator had been restored to his arena, and was happy. "Not a word of my other cares," he said significantly, at the close of another letter. "*My brother and my daughter love me.*"

Quintus was now away in Sardinia, acting as one of the fifteen lieutenants of Pompey, to whom had been assigned the sole charge of the grain supply of Rome. Armed with such a power, the "Emir," as Cicero used to call him, still towered, a larger figure, no doubt, in the eyes of contemporary Romans, than Cæsar, away in Gaul, with his two provinces for five years and his five legions. The relations between Pompey and the other triumvir, Crassus, were at this moment decidedly strained. The first triumvirate has been wittily called a "Conspiracy of Genius, Position, and Capital against Law," and position and capital were already quarreling, as they so easily do. Directly after his return, even before bringing forward the matter of his private losses, Cicero had supported in the Senate the bill for entrust-

ing Pompey with the corn supply; thereby making haste to be even with the great man for having graciously withdrawn all opposition to the exile's return. Pompey had then paid Cicero the compliment of naming him first in his list of lieutenants, or legates, and Cicero had bowed, metaphorically, and handed the appointment over to his brother, to whom are accordingly addressed some of the most intimate and delightful letters of the present period. That of February 14th, after a particularly animated Session of Parliament, has some interesting personal matter in the last paragraph:—

"I had written thus far before daylight yesterday. I afterwards attended Atticus's wedding-banquet. . . . I have taken a house for you near the reservoir of Piso Lucinianus, but I hope that before many months—that is to say, by midsummer—you will be able to move into your own. The Lamiae, most respectable people, have rented your house in the Carinæ." (This was the old town residence of the Ciceros, in the lower part of the city, inherited from their father.)

The lady whom Atticus, a bachelor of more than fifty, now married was named Pilia, and less is known of her ancestry than of her descendants. They had one daughter, who was married to Agrippa, father of Agrippina, the first wife of the Emperor Tiberius.

In the next letter of Cicero to his brother, there is more wedding-news:—

"I think I have concluded the arrangements for the betrothal of my Tullia, who loves you so devotedly, to Crassipes." There were settlements to be made, of course. Indeed, Cicero writes to Atticus, at about this time, that Crassipes is running away with all his traveling-money; and it is with reference to the same business that he goes on to say, alluding, it would seem, to some complaint of Quintus about the difficulty of raising funds for rebuilding: "As to

that *affluence* you talk so much about" (he uses a Greek word), "my desire for it is tempered. My feeling now is that I will receive good fortune gladly if it comes to seek me, but that I will not hunt for it if it hides. At the present moment, I am building in three places, beside making repairs, and I live rather more freely than ever."

This letter is not dated, but it was probably written some time in March, for in the next we read that Tullia was betrothed on April 4th, that on April 5th the Senate voted Pompey 40,000,000 sesterces (that is, about \$1,800,000) for the purchase of grain, and that on the 6th he, Cicero, gave a betrothal supper to Crassipes. "That dear boy of yours and mine, Quintus, was a little indisposed, and could not come. I went to see him the next day, and found him all right again, and he talked a good while with me, and very sensibly, about the differences between our wives. What would you have? I have nothing very cheerful to tell. Pomponia now complains even of you; but of this when we meet. I then went to your place. There were a good many workmen about. I endeavored to stir up the contractor Longilius, and he promised to do his best to please me. The house will be very handsome. One can judge of the effect better now than was possible from the plan. Mine too is going up rapidly. The same day, I dined with Crassipes, in his gardens on the Tiber, and was taken thence in a litter to Pompey's house. I am writing this upon the road, before light, on the 8th of April, because I wish to pass this day with T. Titius at Anagnina. To-morrow I hope to arrive at your Laterium" (Quintus's villa at Arpinum), "and after passing five days at Arpinum to go to my own Pompeianum; taking a look, on my return, at the Cuman property. Milo's trial being appointed for May 7,<sup>1</sup> I must be in Rome

<sup>1</sup> Clodius, who was now *edile*, had prosecuted Milo for promoting riotous disturbances!

on the day previous, when I shall hope, my best and kindest of brothers, also to see you. I thought it better to have the building at Arcanum" (another villa of Quintus's, near Minturnæ) "suspended until you come."

And so we have Cicero fairly started once more, on that beautiful spring journey, over the hills and along the Mediterranean coast, on which it is always so pleasant to accompany him. From the seaside place at Antium, he writes to Atticus, now returning to Rome from his wedding-tour, that he had found less havoc among his books there than he had anticipated, and that Tyrannio, the learned freedman of Atticus, had done a beautiful piece of work in the repairing and rearranging of those that were left. He hopes that Atticus and his bride will stop with him on their return to Rome, and Tullia, he says, joins her entreaties. We gather from this that Tullia was passing her second honeymoon under her father's roof, but there is not a word now of Terentia. There is more about the books in the next letter, and how the loose leaves which had been torn out were all once more glued together, and the parchments rolled on their cylinders of wood or reed, and furnished with titles written out in fine scarlet letters. Cicero thanks his friend for having, with his wonted kindness, undertaken to oversee the building operations at Rome while he, Cicero, is away.

<sup>1</sup> The *Παλινοδία*, about which there has been so much discussion, was probably no other than the magnificent Oration Concerning the Consular Provinces. A re-allotment of these had been proposed, which would have deprived Caesar of the two Gauls; and Cicero, in opposing the measure, had described the splendid series of Caesar's late victories with his own unrivaled eloquence.

<sup>2</sup> "Valeant recta, vera, honesta consilia," etc. It is not my purpose, in this merely popular *résumé* of Cicero's letters, to enter into the countless verbal and grammatical discussions which are inevitably provoked by the free elliptical and colloquial style in which they are written. But since this is rather a crucial

point, I will observe that the sense usually given to *valeant* in this passage is that of *farewell*: "Farewell, the old straightforward policy," etc. The words will, however, bear equally well the meaning which I have given them, and I think that Professor Tyrrell, the latest, and, to my mind, by far the most luminous and interesting, English critic of Cicero's correspondence, has shown conclusively that the sense "may it prevail" makes better logic in connection with what precedes and follows, and also that it corresponds singularly with expressions used by Cicero in other places.

But in this letter to Atticus there is also other matter, of more serious import. "‘Anything else?’ you say. Yes, indeed! And why should I keep nibbling about the bolus which must be swallowed? I felt myself that my palinode<sup>1</sup> was just a little base. But what I want is a fair, honest, straightforward policy;<sup>2</sup> and the perfidy of those men" (the optimates) "who claim to be our leaders, and might be, if there were a spark of honor in them, is beyond belief. I knew it, I felt it, and yet, cajoled, betrayed, flung aside by them as I had been, I was yet resolved to stick by their side in politics. But they are exactly the same as ever. I resisted the notion when you told me so, but it is true. You will say that your advice had reference only to my actions; that you never wanted me to put anything in black and white. But, by Heaven, I tell you it was I who desired to bind myself to these new associates, so as to preclude the very possibility of ever lapsing again into the arms of those who were hating me all the while that I most deserved their sympathy. However, as I told you, I treated my theme with much reserve. I shall have something more to say, if he" (Caesar) "takes it well, and those men appear to be annoyed who have objected to my having a house which once belonged to Catulus,<sup>3</sup> — forgetting that I bought it of Vettius! — and who say that I ought to be selling

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<sup>3</sup> This was the Tusculanum. Before the days of Catulus it had been the property of Sylla, the dictator.



now, not building. But what does it all signify beside the fact that they have been chuckling over the idea that I should get the ill-will of Pompey by the very speeches I made in their own interest? I have had enough of it; and since those who have no power are so unfriendly, I will endeavor to recommend myself to those who have some. You will say, 'This is what I have long wished you to do.' Exactly; and I was a downright ass not to heed you sooner!"

So, then, Cicero had changed his politics, and abandoned his party. Or had his party changed its position, and abandoned him? We have seen him lamenting, even before he went into exile, that there were no true optimates left; and the progressive demoralization and disintegration of the old conservative party must have struck him glaringly on his return to Rome, after an absence of more than a year. Moreover, had he not always regarded Pompey, in spite of the personal antipathy between them, as the true head of the optimates, and representative of their policy? Why should he not — if only as the least of evils — adhere to Pompey, and to Cæsar, who was shedding such lustre just now upon the Roman arms abroad? Could there be any better hope for the state, in the present chaotic condition of affairs, than in these men? Nevertheless, the reader will not have failed to notice the angry sense of personal affront which characterizes the last letter, and that Cicero himself, with his own irresistible candor, confesses to feeling a little ashamed of his course. The best defense of his political disinterestedness he was to make twelve years later, by his death. When it came to deciding between Cæsar and Pompey, Cicero turned his back upon the cause of the gods and the conqueror, and adhered to the losing side and that of his early leader. For the present, the zest was out of politics for him, and he betook

himself more and more to those labors of the pen, for which the oracle was undoubtedly right in suggesting his more pronounced vocation. Now let us follow him to the hills.

The first note to Atticus from Arpinum says that Cicero found an incredible row (*fremitus incredibilis*) among his rustic townspeople, on account of some engineering operations — probably the diversion of a watercourse — which Quintus, in his usual reckless and high-handed fashion, had undertaken at the Laterium. "I was really sorry about it, but he" (Quintus) — and he quotes a line from the *Odyssey* — "did not deign to heed my remonstrances." A few days later there is a note from Antium, which begins with a facetious allusion to a bad debt which Atticus had recently made: "Your letter amused me immensely, especially your 'dish of potted fish and cheese.'" Atticus appears to have made some philosophic remark to the effect that he could recoup himself for his loss by living a little more plainly, and the point of the joke is that his table had always been more frugal than had suited the *bons vivants* who visited him. Perhaps the new wife liked a more liberal style of housekeeping. At all events, there was talk of a *villeggiatura* for the household of Atticus, and Cicero proceeds: "I can find no house for you in the open country. There is one in the town, and very near my place, but I am not sure that it is for sale. One thing I can tell you: Antium is the Buthrotum of Rome, as yours is that of Corcyra. You cannot imagine anything sweeter, more tranquil, more salubrious." (Let the reader take the "steam-train" for Porto d'Anzio, early some fine morning, on the occasion of his next visit to Rome, and see whether Cicero exaggerated.) "And now that Tyrannio has put my books in order, my house seems to have got a soul."

There is always such an aroma about these letters from the country that I

gladly pass over those of the ensuing summer and autumn — which, indeed, are few and not very important — to the opening of the next year, 699 (55 B. C.), when Cicero is once more at the restored Tusculanum, writing to Atticus in Rome. The three triumvirs had held, in the mean time, their famous meeting at Luca, and their league was more firmly established than ever. Pompey and Crassus were the new consuls, and Cæsar had got another five years' tenure in Gaul.

Cicero has some curious remarks about the defeat of Domitius Ahenobarbus, who had also run for the consulship. "A fig isn't liker to a fig," he says in a Greek quotation, "than his case to mine [when I was exiled]. The same influences were at work, the optimates were nowhere, and the result surprised everybody. The only point of difference is that he tempted his fate" (by threatening, if elected, to deprive Cæsar of his command). "Nay, I am not sure but his case was the harder of the two. For what can be more disgusting than defeat, to a man who has been, so to speak" (from his rank and position), "a consul-elect all his life, — especially when he was canvassing alone, or at least with only one competitor? But if it is true, as they say, — I do not vouch for it, — that Pompey has in his pocket-book as long a list of consuls to be as of those who have been, the republic is worse off than Domitius, for the republic is past hope."

Later in the year we have a new date, that of the legendary Cumæ, the home of the Sibyl. The immemorial Greek town overlooked both the Lucrine lake and the silent sheet of Avernus, ringed with its wooded hills. Something of solemnity and mystery still pervaded the remoter mere, but the shores of the Lucrine were become excessively popular. Cicero was building there, — from the foundations, apparently, not restoring, — and there were scores of villas of

wealthy and influential people all about. Pompey had one, and Faustus Sylla another; and Cicero was making much use of the splendid library of the latter, which his father, the dictator, had found means to appropriate in Greece. Cicero seems to have studied and written in the one finished corner of the new house, keeping an eye upon the workmen all the while.

"I am feasting upon Faustus's library," he writes to Atticus. "I rather fancy," you will say, 'that you are feasting on the good things of Puteoli and the Lucrine lake'" (meaning the oysters for which the region was then famous). "Well, there is no lack of these, but I swear by the gods that since the state of the country has robbed me of my relish for other pleasures, I find my sole support and recreation in letters; and I would rather occupy that little seat of yours at the base of Aristotle's statue than sit in any of their curule chairs; rather walk with you in your portico than with him with whom I must now walk. . . . Pompey came to Cumæ at the feast of the Paralia" (April 23d), "and sent me a formal announcement of his arrival."

A few days later, Cicero is beseeching Quintus to join him. "I want you here to call out to me, and talk to me, and scold me. Is there anything I like better? I swear that no moonstruck poet ever more enjoyed the reading of his last effusion than I enjoy your talk, whether of public, private, or bucolic affairs. It was very stupid in me not to take you with me when I came. But you gave, as an unanswerable reason, the health of my boy Cicero, and I said nothing; and then you pleaded that both our boys needed you, and I acquiesced. Now, behold, I get a charming letter from you, dashed, however, with one drop of gall, in that you seem to have feared, and still to fear, that you would be in my way! On my word, I should like to try the case with you in court; but if it

comes to that, I shall confine myself to deposing that it is I who fear being troublesome to you, when we are together. I should have liked also to fling our friend Marius into a litter [and bring him with me], for the sake of enjoying the fine flavor of his old-fashioned politeness and his highly cultivated talk. It would have been a peculiar pleasure to have him here, for you know that, as my neighbor at Pompeii, he is the very sunshine of the place. But I dared not ask a man of his delicate health to a villa still unfinished and open to the sky. As for me, I am such a philosopher that I can live here very well, even with the carpenters about."

To this M. Marius, of whom we here get so attractive a glimpse, was addressed from Rome, a little later in the same spring, one of the most interesting and celebrated of all Cicero's letters, — that in which he describes the magnificent games given by Pompey at the opening of the great theatre and adjoining temple of Venus Victrix, which the triumvir had built in the Campus Martius.

"If it was illness, or bodily infirmity of any sort," he says, "which prevented your coming to the games, I will praise your good fortune rather than your good sense. But if you were strong enough to come, and would not, because you think these things at which the world gapes are rather to be condemned, then I must congratulate you on your soundness both of body and mind; provided always that you have reaped the full benefit of the leisure which you had so rare an opportunity of enjoying, when you were left almost alone, in that most exquisite spot on earth. I think of you as lying in that chamber of yours, whose windows look across the bay of Stabiae" (Herculaneum) "to far-off Misenum, and taking little dips into your books during those early morning hours, when those who had left you were dozing over farces of which they had only too near

a view. The remainder of the day you passed in the employments which are most to your taste, while we had to sit out whatever plays Sp. Mæcius" (the public licenser) "had chosen to sanction. Unquestionably the pieces were very gorgeous, but not such as you would have relished, if I may judge your feeling by my own. For, in the first place, to do honor to the occasion, certain actors were recalled to the stage who, for their own honor, had better have stayed away. There was your and my old favorite, Æsopus, who made such an appearance that every one was glad to have it over. When it came to taking the oath, his voice broke entirely in the passage 'Si sciens fallo.' Why should I continue? You have heard about the other plays. They were less enjoyable than more modest entertainments. The very splendor of the stage-setting made them heavy, and you are doubtless quite resigned to not having seen that splendor. For what real pleasure is to be got out of six hundred mules in the Clytemnestra, or three thousand bowls in The Trojan Horse, or the varied costumes and trappings of cavalry and infantry in a stage battle?" (Cicero should have asked these questions of Mr. Henry Irving.) "These things tickle the popular fancy, but they would not have gratified you."

He alludes to the matches of the athletes, and then: "For the rest, there were beast-baitings twice a day for five days: magnificent, — nobody denies it; but what, after all, is the charm, to a cultivated man, of seeing either a helpless human being mangled by a mighty beast, or a noble animal pierced by a spear? At all events, whatever may be thought of such shows, you have seen them often; nor was there anything novel about this one until the last day, when the elephants were introduced, to the amazement of the mob, but not to their approbation. On the contrary, there were signs of pity, due to the pre-

vailing notion of a very close kinship between these animals and man."

Other ancient writers have described even more fully the strange events of this day, and the unprecedented reaction of popular feeling in favor of the elephants. The poor beasts tore around the arena when wounded, uttering cries so heart-rending that even that unfeeling assembly rose to their feet as one man, and cursed Pompey for his horrible novelty. A mysterious whisper ran along the benches that the elephants understood human language, and had exacted a bond before they left Libya that no harm should be done them; and that when they tossed their trunks upward, in their agony, they were calling down vengeance from heaven for the perfidy of their captors.

Cicero closes his letter by saying that if his friend is not convinced of his own wisdom in remaining away from Rome, he must come and see the next games for himself, and hopes that he will do him, Cicero, the honor of staying at his house. I see no reason to suppose, as some of Cicero's critics have done, that the letter was written as a mere rhetorical exercise. It is more studied and ornate in style than the hurried notes he dashed off to Atticus and his brother, but we have seen that he had a great respect for the literary taste and accomplishments of Marius, while the latter, though so highly esteemed, can hardly have been one of his oldest friends.

The first letter of the year 700 (54 B. C.) is addressed to the triumvir Crassus, in Syria. Domitius Ahenobarbus had got his consulate at last, along with Appius, the brother of Clodius Pulcher; and Crassus, with his son Publius, was off to that Parthian war in which both were slain. The younger Crassus was an enthusiastic admirer and imitator of Cicero, who was as much the fashion as ever among the gilded youth of Rome; and it was due in part to the boy's influence, doubtless, that his father

and his hero had just been reconciled, after their third sharp quarrel. Cicero had called the elder Crassus a rascal — *hominem nequam* — more than once, in his *empotements*, but they parted for the last time as friends, and this letter is wholly courteous. Then comes a short note to Quintus in the country, noticeable for a perfect crystal of criticism on one of the greatest of Cicero's contemporaries: "I agree with you that the poems of Lucretius are radiant both with inborn genius and acquired art." But it is not the well-known historian of whom the writer says, disrespectfully, in the next sentence, "I shall reckon you of more than mortal mould, if you have been able to get through the Empedocles of Sallust."

And now there begins to be talk of Quintus Cicero's going to join Cæsar in Gaul. Ever since the time, in the preceding year, when Marcus had somewhat abruptly withdrawn his opposition to the division of the Campanian lands among Cæsar's soldiers, the great general and diplomat, with his own consummate tact, had been working to secure the complete and hearty adherence of the two brothers. We can but admire the delicacy with which he proceeded, never compromising his own dignity nor offending theirs by anything too palpable or flagrant in the shape of an inducement. On one occasion, in the hearing of the ubiquitous Spaniard Balbus, Cæsar spoke of it as "too good to be true," that he should have Quintus Cicero as a lieutenant; and Balbus of course repeated the remark to Marcus in Rome.

Cæsar knew well enough — what did he not know? — that he could bind Marcus more securely by favors to his brother than to himself; and for the rest, that he did not misjudge the military capacity of Quintus is shown by the really magnificent defense which the latter made of a besieged camp near the modern Charleroi.

On the 13th of February, A. U. C. 700,

Marcus writes to Quintus in the country: "I laughed at your allusions to black snow" (for us, alas, who have not seen Quintus's letter, the point of this joke is lost), "and it is always delightful to me to see you in good spirits and disposed to joke. I think of Pompey just as you do, — or rather you think as I do! But as for Cæsar, I have now, as you know, for a long time been singing his praises: I have taken him to my heart, and shall not let him go." The next letter to Quintus is written in May, from one of the southern villas, and speaks of hearing from the latter when he had advanced as far as Rimini, on his journey to Gaul. "I am reveling in the beauty of this region, and mean to stay until the 1st of June. I am writing away at that political treatise of which I told you" (the *De Republica*), "and it is a tough and toilsome piece of work. However, if I succeed to my satisfaction, the labor will not have been thrown away; and if not, I can but fling my manuscript into the sea, which my windows overlook, and begin something else; for rest I cannot."

From the 4th of June onward, all the letters to Quintus are sent by Cæsar's couriers to Gaul. There are others, also, mostly of a jocose character, to another of Cicero's friends in the same province, whom he had recommended to Cæsar's willing patronage, — to Trebatius, a man of letters and a lawyer, some twenty years younger than Cicero, and for all the rest of his life a fast friend and frequent correspondent. Trebatius, who had arrived at the age of thirty without achieving much distinction in his profession, went to Gaul to make his fortune; but his fastidious tastes were dreadfully revolted by the rough manner of life in those remote regions, and it is on his "aromatic pains" that Cicero chiefly rallies him. Trebatius, it may be remarked in passing, lived far on into the age of Augustus, a link between republican and imperial Rome. "He

could speak," says M. Boissier in his delightful *Cicéron et ses Amis*, "of Lucretius to Vergil, of Cicero to Livy, of Catullus to Propertius."

"Come now," writes the lively mentor, in the first of his letters to Trebatius which we possess, "have done with your weak pining for the city and its refinements, and address yourself diligently and manfully to the purposes for which you went." He then introduces one or two poetical quotations, to the general effect that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," — "in the number of whom," he adds, "you surely would have been reckoned, if I had not fairly pushed you out of the country. . . . But you, who know how to take such care of yourself, must look out that you are not caught by one of those British charioteers." Cæsar was just starting for his first invasion of Britain, and in the next letter to his young friend, Cicero says, "I hear there is n't an ounce of gold or silver in the island; and if that is the case, I advise you to capture a chariot, and return as fast as possible." "Keep well with Cæsar," he adds in the same letter. "Both my brother and Balbus will aid you in this, but your own modesty and diligence, believe me, most of all. You have an exceedingly generous leader; you are exactly of the right age, and most fortunate in your friends; the one danger is that you may fail yourself." And again: "Cæsar wrote me, most courteously, that he had been too busy as yet specially to cultivate your acquaintance, but that he fully intended to do so. . . . I am longing for your letters from Britain."

Trebatius, however, did not go to Britain. He appears to have drawn the line there, and Cæsar good-naturedly allowed him to remain in Gaul. Cicero was rather disappointed in his *protégé*, but took the matter lightly, with his own inexhaustible indulgence for the faults of those younger than himself.

"It cannot be," he says in one place, "that such a famous swimmer as you are objected to crossing the Channel;" and he laments having missed a capital farce which might have been entitled *The Lawyer in Britain*.

Trebatius was certainly no soldier like Quintus Cicero, who afterwards distinguished himself so splendidly, but even Quintus grumbled a little now and then, and threatened to throw up the Gallic service, until Marcus had to remind him of the absolute necessity of repairing his fortunes in one way or another. Quintus was an uncontrollable spendthrift, and we shall hear more, in the course of the year, of the extensive building operations which Marcus was overseeing on his behalf, both in Rome and in the country. That summer in Italy was exceptionally hot, and there was also great excitement in Rome on account of the discovery of a political plot, involving the most shameless and widespread bribery in high places. A disgraceful compact had been entered into and formally signed between two of the four candidates for the consulship of the ensuing year and the outgoing consuls, Domitius and Appius Clodius, by virtue of which the latter were to get the provinces and equipments they wanted, in return for good offices in securing the election of the former. The sums pledged and forfeited, in case of failure, were enormous on both sides, and even the very reverend College of Augurs was implicated in the transaction. In the month of July, however, under the influence of Pompey, who wanted to be sole consul again for the next year, Memmius, the candidate whom Cæsar was thought especially to favor, turned state's evidence, and laid the whole affair before the Senate. Cicero's letters, both to his brother and Atticus, are now interspersed with sorrowful and biting reflections on this humiliating business; but his wit never forsakes him, and after observing that

the rate of interest at Rome had doubled since the *exposé* of the bribery cases, he adds that he cannot expect Atticus, as a money-lender, to be very deeply afflicted on that account.

In the next letter there are a few interesting words about the splendid public works which are going on at Rome, under Cæsar's auspices and at his expense,—the extension of the Forum, the restoration of the Æmilian and beginning of the Julian basilica, and the surrounding by marble barriers and roofing of the inclosures in the Campus Martius, where the Roman citizens voted by centuries in the great popular elections. Cicero's imagination is still fired by thoughts of that remote and savage island of Britain, further news from which he is awaiting "*suspensio animo*;" but when he speaks of its "rampired walls,"—*molibus muratis*,—I think he is referring, not to the chalk cliffs, but to those titanic earth-works, like Maiden Castle, Eggar Dun, and others, which form a conspicuous feature of the coast of Dorset to this day.

Early in September, Cicero managed to escape to Arpinum, and writes to Quintus, "I am recruiting my strength, after the great heats, the greatest I ever knew; enjoying the inexpressible beauty of the place and the comfort of river bathing." He makes little trips from Arpinum to various localities among the hills, where the lavish Quintus owned houses and farms; especially to one where there was trouble with the contractor who had undertaken to remodel the dwelling, of which Cicero gives a description too fascinating to be omitted: "I like the idea of the changes you propose to make. The villa, in its present state, is too like a philosopher whose plainness is a reproach to the luxury of his neighbors. The addition will make it charming. I admire your plan for a garden, too. At present everything is overrun with ivy: the foundations of the villa are concealed, and a



network is woven from pillar to pillar along the colonnade, so that the very statues seem to have taken to fancy gardening, and to be offering the ivy for sale." (Can we not see them, with their marble hands elegantly extended, and here and there a finger broken?) "You can imagine nothing cooler than the *apodyterium*, and nothing more mossy." Additions are made at several points to this long and captivating letter, and it is finally completed at Rome. Cicero wishes he had taken Quintus's son with him on this beautiful autumnal journey. The boy wanted to go, but Pomponia appears to have made difficulties, and Quintus is asked to authorize his going with his uncle at another time. Cicero says he could have brought the lad on in his studies by the way, and promises at the same time not to neglect his own literary work, in the press of forensic labors. "But when," he says wistfully, the glamour of the peaceful country being still upon him, "when shall I *live*?"

The trial of the ex-consul Gabinius, under whom Cicero had been exiled, was now about to come off. There were three distinct charges against him, of leze-majesty, bribery, and peculation. Cicero had been asked to defend him, but at first he scouted the idea. "He is the worst of men," he observes curtly to Quintus, in one of the entries in this same epistle, "although his fellow-consul Piso runs him hard." Cicero gave evidence against Gabinius, during his trial under the first charge, which helped to secure his condemnation; yet, after all, under pressure from Pompey, he did defend him on the third. We heartily wish that he had done nothing of the kind, and are glad to turn to the concluding passages of this long letter, in which the writer speaks with poignant and strangely prophetic sympathy of the manly sorrow of Cæsar for the death of his daughter Julia. She was Pompey's fourth wife, as the reader

will remember, and the fate of Rome and of the world was involved in hers, for the strongest of the ties which had temporarily united the two great rivals was now broken.

That autumn in the city was a stormy time. In October, Cicero sends to meet Atticus, on his way back to Rome from Epirus, a letter describing the scene in the Senate when the great bribery cases came on again. "It was a perfect Bedlam" (Abdera, where the folks were popularly supposed to be mad), "and I made my share of the noise. 'Could you not have held your tongue?' methinks I hear you saying. With all due deference, I do not think I could. . . . You will ask what I can find to say for any of them." (Cicero had been engaged by Memmius, Cæsar's candidate.) "I'll be hanged if I know" (*ne vivam, si scio*). "I have discovered nothing to the purpose in any of those three books you landed so."

In this same month of October, 52 B. c., Cicero sent to Publius Lentulus Spinther, pro-consul in Cilicia, an elaborate review of the political situation, and of his own somewhat devious course since his return from exile, which constitutes his formal *Apologia* for going over to the triumvirs. It is far too long to be analyzed here. It is forcible, ingenious, affecting in parts, but it has the fault common to almost all apologies: it is too subtle. In nine such cases out of ten, the facts speak better for a man than the most eloquent can speak for himself. When it comes to searching systematically the arcana of one's own consciousness; to investing with visible symbols of language the infinite complexities of human motive, and defining the shadowy and shifting limits of human free agency, the finest literary instrument ever wielded by a Cicero or a Newman becomes too coarse for the purpose, and counsel is darkened rather than illumined, even by the flight of winged words.

The next letter to Atticus records the acquittal of Gabinius, by a majority of six, on the first of the charges against him. "Do you wonder how I take it? Very calmly, I assure you; and I am glad that so I can. My dear Pomponius, we have lost not merely the sap and life-blood, but the very hue and outward semblance, of the state of olden time. The republic of our hearts, in which we gloried, is no more. 'And can you take this lightly?' you will say. Even so. I remember how noble a country we had awhile ago, when I was at the helm, and what thanks I got for my services. I do not distress myself at one man's having gotten all the power. They who objected to my having any are, at all events, torn asunder by faction. I have many consolations; I have bated nothing of my dignity. I betake myself to that mode of life which is most in accordance with my nature" (he was thinking, doubtless, of the Delphic response), — "to literature and the studies we love. The pleasure I have in oratory consoles me for the labor of speaking. My house and my country-places are sources of great interest; I think of the depth from which I have arisen, not of the height from which I have fallen. If I can but have my brother and yourself to philosophize with, those men" (the optimates) "may go to the devil."

It is not thus that Cato would have written, or any of the stern Romans of the "elder day." But how characteristic of the charmingly fallible man of genius whom these letters have taught us to know is this debonair acquiescence, — albeit under half-petulant protest, — in a sinister turn of affairs; this almost too facile and graceful acceptance of the inevitable! When Cicero writes to Quintus from the Tusculanum, during his annual autumnal visit, of the terrible inundations at Rome, and how those beautiful gardens of his son-in-law, Crasipes, upon the Tiber, — the scene of the

wedding-banquet, — had been quite carried away, he protests that he sees a sign in this calamity of the wrath of the gods with Rome; but he says it in apt Homeric quotations, and with no very serious air of religious conviction. And so ends the year 700.

We miss almost entirely, from the correspondence of the two succeeding years, the familiar names of Atticus and Quintus. Both were probably much of the time in Rome. In their stead appear those of two of Cicero's younger friends, with whom his relations were henceforth very familiar and always interesting. One was Caelius, whom Cicero defended on a charge of attempted poisoning, brought by the too famous Clodia. The other was that same young nobleman, Curio, who had paid such admiring court to Cicero five years before, when the latter was rusticated at Antium and Formiæ. Curio was now fairly launched on his political career, as quaestor in Asia Minor; full of spirit, ability, and ambition, recklessly extravagant still, and conspicuously profligate, but endowed with many amiable and popular qualities, and animated, apparently, by a certain honorable sense of the high obligation, to the state, of a Roman patrician. "*Ingeniosissime nequam*," an extraordinarily clever rascal, is what one Roman writer calls him; and Lucan says that Curio, as leader of the optimates, was "a monument of the changed order of things."

But this "Roman Alcibiades," as he has also been aptly called, made a Socrates of Cicero, imploring his counsels upon all occasions, and receiving them with the most gracious deference, while Cicero's letters to him are, for the most part, very noble. They are somewhat formally expressed, as befits the great difference in age of the correspondents, but full of worldly and political wisdom, and very heartily friendly.

"I have regretted your long absence as depriving me of some very pleasant



companionship; but I have been much gratified by the admirable manner in which you have discharged your duties, and by seeing how, in all your undertakings, the event has answered to my own desires. There is not much which the great love I bear you prompts me to offer you by way of advice. I will only say, in view of the great expectations excited by your temper and abilities, that I hope and believe you are coming back to us, prepared to fulfill all those high hopes."

Curio's father had died on the eve of his return to Rome, and Cicero writes feelingly of his young friend's bereavement, and promises anew his own affection, little less than paternal. He furthermore tries his best to dissuade Curio from his foolish purpose of honoring his father's memory, and impressing the *blasé* Roman populace, on his arrival, by exhibiting games of extraordinary magnificence. "Your coming," he says, "falls upon a time when you are much more likely to obtain the great prizes of the state through the endowments of nature, fortune, and your own energy than by giving entertainments for which no one will respect you; since it is money only, not merit, which is requisite to produce them, and of which, moreover, every one is just now wearied to death."

"You must be my stay," the elder statesman says in another place, "now that the years are beginning to tell upon me. I want to feel that I can rest in your affection, and in the strength of your youth." . . . "Whether you have hope of the republic, or whether you have none," he writes fervently, forgetting, in a glow of fine feeling, his own late despondency, "let your thoughts, your plans, your purposes, be ever such as becomes the good citizen, bent on vindicating the ancient freedom and honor of a commonwealth brought low by degenerate manners and calamitous times." . . . And it is Curio who calls

forth the epigrammatic warning: "You have an enemy declared and fully equipped in the very greatness of the hopes which are entertained of your future."

It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of these injunctions, or that Cicero, despite his own personal admiration of Cæsar's genius, saw later, with a certain sickness of spirit, how the enormous debts which Curio was not to be prevented from incurring placed him completely in the power of the omniscient master of Rome. But he had another motive, and a less disinterested one, for wishing to bind the young patrician to himself. He wanted him to support Milo in his canvass for the consulship of the ensuing year, 702. Clodius was a candidate for the prætorship at the same time, and Milo was the one man in Rome who had shown himself able to meet and worst, with his own lawless weapons, the unsleeping enemy of Cicero. He was likelier, too, perhaps, than any other Roman, in Cæsar's absence, to have baffled those designs of Pompey for the sole consulship which were now matters of common notoriety, and to have maintained outward tranquillity in the turbulent city. But, *Dis obiter visum*. The elections were interrupted by riots, as was now so frequently the case, and on the 20th of January that happened which Cicero had long before predicted. "If nobody else kills Clodius, Milo will do it yet."

The two rival *condottieri* — "the Hector and Achilles of the Roman streets," as Mommsen calls them, — met on the Appian Way, near Bovillæ. Milo was in a chariot with his wife, — Sulla's daughter, — going out to Civita Lavinia, of which town he was the chief magistrate. Clodius was riding in from Ariccia, on the road to Lake Nemi. Each had, as usual, a numerous and well-armed retinue. The chiefs had passed one another, when some of their followers fell into a dispute, — those of Clo-

dus being, apparently, the aggressors. The fight became general. Clodius was wounded, and Milo — there can be no doubt about it — ordered him to be dispatched.

When the deed became known in Rome, the excitement was tremendous. The braves of Clodius filled the streets with uproar. They assaulted Milo's town-house, but it was, as usual, strongly garrisoned, and resisted the attack. The Senate House proper, or Curia Hostilia, was next assailed and burned, with many precious documents and archives, — the wooden benches having been dragged out and heaped together for Clodius's funeral pyre, while Fulvia, his wife, tore her hair above the exposed remains, and showed his wounds to the Roman people, as that Mark Antony whom she afterward married was one day to show great Caesar's upon the self-same spot.

There could be no more question now of the consulship for Milo. The occasion favored Pompey's plans; he was made dictator in February, and in April Milo was arraigned, not for murder, but for sedition. Cicero defended him, as a matter of course. Hortensius was engaged upon the same side, and Marcus Brutus composed and wrote out a fiery oration, in which the ground was boldly taken that the killing of Clodius was a righteous and patriotic deed. The fact is curious as illustrating the *penchant* of Brutus for assassination as a political remedy, but the two elderly lawyers knew very well that this would not do, and the oration was suppressed. There is perhaps no more magnificent piece of pleading extant in any language than Cicero's *Oratio pro Milone*, as we now possess it; but that oration cannot be said ever to have been delivered. No two consecutive sentences could be made audible, amid the frightful din which prevailed when Cicero rose to speak, and he himself, though so well used to an uproarious audience, was fain,

for once, to abandon the attempt to make himself heard by the surly mob. Milo was condemned, and banished to Marseilles; and Cicero's plea, embodying the line of defense which he had intended to follow, but everywhere retouched, we cannot doubt, and polished to the last degree of perfection, was sent after him there. The exile read it with keen appreciation, and remarked pleasantly, if somewhat cynically, when he had finished, "It is lucky for me that the Romans never heard this speech, for if they had, I should not now be enjoying these delicious mullet."

There was a certain Bursa, tribune of the people at the time of Clodius's death, and a leader in the destructive riots which followed it, whom Cicero himself subsequently prosecuted *de vi*, and whose condemnation he easily secured. Writing of the circumstances to that Marius whom he had counseled not to attend Pompey's games, Cicero has a few not ungenerous words for his old enemy: "I know you are glad of Bursa's conviction, but your congratulations strike me as a little cold. You write as if you expected me to undervalue my success, because the defendant was such a contemptible fellow. But let me tell you I was far better pleased by that legal decision than by the violent death of my foe. For, in the first place, I would rather have owed that riddance to a legal process than to the sword of a private person. I would rather it had brought glory to my friend Milo than calamity. . . . And then, incredible as it may seem to you, I loathe Bursa as I never loathed Clodius himself. The one I prosecuted remorselessly; but there is something to be said on behalf of the other. He, Clodius, when the fate of the republic hung upon my life, did at least aim at a great and daring thing; and he also acted, not entirely of his own motion, but under pressure from men who must themselves fall, if I continued to stand. But this ape of a

Bursa, in mere wantonness, undertook to attack me, and persuaded some of those who do not love me too well that he would always be ready to play the spy upon me."

This is the last letter of Cicero's which we possess previous to the year 703 (51 B. C.), when he went, not very willingly, as pro-consul to Cilicia. With the death of Clodius, the banishment of Milo, and the reëstablishment of Pompey's dictatorship, the third act in the drama of Cicero's public life came to an end. There was another yet to be played before his grave was "thoroughly earned," in some respects the most honorable to him of all. The greater part of his marvelous literary work was yet to be accomplished; the sharpest of

his private sorrows were yet to be endured. He had many great thoughts to work out in the quiet of the Volscian highlands, or by the lapping waves of the Mediterranean, — thoughts on the intricacies of statecraft, the moral aspects of human society, the mysteries of life and of death. He had one thing more to do for the country which, amid all his fluctuations of opinion and policy, he always loved so truly, — the last and greatest service which can be asked of any citizen; and when the supreme hour came, he rendered that service bravely. Of his latest years, as of those which we have already reviewed, a priceless record remains in Cicero's private letters; but the examination of these must be reserved for another time.

*Harriet Waters Preston.*

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## THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

### XIII.

It was one of those moments charged with the realization of a weighty emergency, when the mind shrinks from the responsibility of discriminating in the crisis, leaving the event to ensue unchecked. Marcella sat as still as if she were merely a figure painted against the sere mass of clambering vines that clung to the eaves of the porch, forming a pale yellow background, on which the salient coloring of her dark blue dress, the red kerchief about her throat, her brown floating hair, her widely open brown eyes, the fresh flesh tints of her face and hands, stood out with an effect delicate, yet intense. The little old rough gray spinning-wheel at her knee was distinctly marked, too, for its humble neutrality of tone was aided by contrast, as well as the ashen-brownish hue of the old hound's head. Perhaps it was the expression of her face, instinct with

expectation, that arrested her father's fluctuating attention. He looked at her, bewildered for a moment; then he himself turned slowly in his chair, and with his deliberate sidelong glance sought to follow the direction of her eyes.

He saw the approaching figure; there could be no doubt of that. The cornstalks, all bleached and partially stripped of the wealth of blades that the summer's suns had drawn out, like a conjurer's ribbon flaunting from nothingness, to wave in the summer's winds, — the residue, tattered and mildewed, glittering here and there with the white rime, — came hardly to Jepson's breast. The broad shoulders of his blue jeans coat showed above the growth; his wide white hat, set far back from his brow, disclosed his features, with their distinctive chiseling. The peculiar pose of his head and his erect carriage were so characteristic that he could hardly be mistaken even at a distance. His eyes

were fixed upon the group, and he must have noted Eli Strobe holding to the arms of his chair, his bandaged head bent forward, gazing at him, open-mouthed, with quivering jaw and pallid, stricken face. He certainly saw Marcella, and his step slackened as he watched her suddenly rise and stand behind her father, placing one finger on her lip. She lifted the other hand at arm's-length, and with a frowning, imperative face she waved him back. He stood motionless for a moment, hesitating and at a loss. Then he walked on slowly, still toward the house. There was a dip in the ground just in front of him,—a marshy spot,—and there the corn had grown tall and rank; so tall that the sere and half-stripped stalks, left to stand stark and dead in the field till the spring burnings and ploughings—under should grant them sepulchre, reached higher than Teck Jepson's head. Eli Strobe, tremulously intent, watched the great white hat disappear behind these relics of the lush crop; he waited motionless, his eyes fixed upon the lower stalks where it should presently emerge. Time went by,—one minute, three, five,—and still Jepson did not reappear. Andy Longwood divined that he had turned aside upon Marcella's signal, and taken his way along the furrows between the corn, out of sight, and so to the verge of the field. But this was not the impression made upon the distraught brain of the constable, as, his patience wearying at last and his muscles failing, he sank back into his chair. He looked craftily at the two young people, to judge what impression the apparition—for thus he deemed it—had made upon them; if indeed it had appeared save to his own eyes. In their uncertainty, dealing with the emergency at haphazard and as best they might, they unwittingly fostered his delusion. Marcella was calmly spinning once more, and Andy Longwood, taking his cue at last, idly whittled a stick.

For some time no word was spoken. Strobe fell back, gasping for breath, and ever and again looking fearfully over his shoulder to where the languid autumnal sunshine lay still and vacant upon the expanse of the pallid corn. Pilgrims were abroad in the blue sky, and now and then a wild weird cry floated down from migratory birds, sometimes unseen, and sometimes visible only in the tiny familiar triangle bespeaking the converging files of the wild geese, all a-journeying. When wings not afar off, with a silken rustle and lines of living light, came cleaving the sunshine and dimpling the waters of the shallows of the river, he showed a momentary interest to see the wild ducks settle and rise again, as the crack of a gun told that a death-charged missile had pierced their ranks. He glanced mechanically after their flight as with clamorous cries they took to wing. And then he did not forget to gaze once more upon the curtaining corn where that significant figure had disappeared. A gray squirrel scudded along the rail fence, then across the door-yard, with a large hickory-nut in his mouth, and vanished up the bole of the chestnut-tree, making small account of the old hound, who simply growled in an undertone, his eyes bright and liquid and his ears pricked up. The wounded man's heavy-lidded eyes followed him with a twinkle. "Ye ain't a-goin' hongry this winter, air ye, bubby? I'll be bound ye be a reg'lar high liver, ef the truth war knowed."

Marcella took note of the easy, natural tone. She drew a long sigh of relief. The tense, feverish spark had died out of her eyes; they were pensively bright, as she fixed them smilingly upon her father. She believed that her quick resource had taken effect. He had seen Teck Jepson, certainly, but she thought that at the distance he could not have recognized him, and that she had averted the calamity which the sudden entrance upon the scene of the man whom



he supposed dead would surely have precipitated. He might have been shocked into a relapse of his ravings and his violent mania, from which perhaps he would never have emerged again.

"An' the doctor say, 'Keep him quiet,'" she muttered.

The sun, and the air, and the wonderful balsamic freshness and buoyancy that seemed to pervade it, all had a tonic effect on Eli Strobe. His color became more natural, his eye was calmer, his blood in his veins seemed charged with his own bold identity. He began to feel his courage.

"I ain't afeard o' nuthin'," he remarked triumphantly, suddenly pursuing aloud the tenor of his thoughts. His daughter stopped and stared, crest-fallen, since he seemed again incoherent. "I never war afeard o' no livin' man, an' I ain't a-goin' ter set out at my time o' life ter git skeered at harnts. I war a-tellin' ye jes' now 'bout mebbe Teck Jepson's harnt mought set out ter walk. Ef he tuk ter foolin' round me, I 'd jes' ax him, 'What kin ye do? What kin ye do?'" He put both hands on his knees and wagged his head from side to side, casting up that characteristic sidelong glance, as if thus defying and confronting the supposed spectre. "'Ye could n't do nuthin' ter me whilst live an' hearty. An' I ain't a-goin' ter be afeard o' ye now ye air dead. Ef ye kem a-tromplin' round hyar, I'll arrest ye, — I'll sarve papers on ye. I'm constable o' Brumsaidge yit!"

Once more he turned abruptly, and looked out over the emptiness of the cornfield. Then he leaned back in his chair, and this idea of serving papers on the "harnt" came over him anew, and seemed to amuse him mightily. Now and again he muttered, "I'll sarve papers on ye," and chuckled slyly to himself. "I'll sarve papers on ye, till ye'll be glad ter stay in yer grave, writt proof."

"This hyar Jepson," — he spoke aloud,

leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, and assuming that sly, confidential air characteristic of the rustic gossip, as he looked from one to the other of the young people, — "he tried powerful hard ter make up ter me in his last days, though I know he never used ter like me much, kase I war cousin ter M'ria Price, ez merried Ben Bowles, an' put her up ter gittin' a powerful good trade out 'n Teck whens he went ter live with them, — an' ginerally kase I war kin ter M'ria. An' I'll 'low myse'f M'ria air a pritty stiff one ter stan'. Some folks uster think mebbe I mought marry M'ria myse'f, me bein' a widower; but I say, 'Naw, sir! I ain't a-goin' ter hev my pleasure at the jedgmint day plumb destroyed by hev'in' ter go ter heaven with two wimmin a-clawin' an' tearin' each other's hair an' golden harps 'bout which one owned me! Thanky! One's enough. Mought be said ter be a plenty.'" He laughed in his heavy bass rumble. "But I want ter tell ye 'bout Teck," he went on, lapsing into his tone of urgent mystery. "Oh, I tell ye, in his las' days he made up ter me, — 'Teck kin be ez smooth an' slick ez a bullet when he wants ter; an' what fur, do ye reckon? Why, fur Marcellly. He war bound ter find favior in her eyes, so, knowin' she set a heap o' store by her dad's opinion, he onder-took ter git mighty friendly with *Me!*'"

He was addressing himself now to Andy Longwood, whose expression had changed from pity and embarrassed anxiety to keen and alert interest. The young fellow's face was flushed; he had drawn himself into a tense listening position as he sat on the step; as he turned his head eagerly upward, his light, curling, tangled hair fell down longer still upon his broad shoulders beneath the wide brim of his hat, set far back. He had the greater interest in what was to come because he began to realize that Eli Strobe was perfectly sane except in regard to the circumstances surrounding

the disaster, his delusion concerning Teek Jepson's death and the manner of it. He simply was the victim of what is known as a "fixed idea." On other topics his mind seemed even more alert and lucid than formerly, possibly because of that freshened interest in life characteristic of the invalid returning to the world after an interval of seclusion. He was more talkative than was his wont, and in relaxing his reserve he had lost that very glutinous quality, his policy, which usually serves to hold together what men really think, and prevent it from melting into speech, which is often the reverse of what men think.

"An' I did n't know what in the name o' Aberham ter do!" continued Eli Strobe, with uncharacteristic communicativeness. "Me runnin' fur election, an' this hyar man a-courtin' round Marcellly. An' he hed hearn mam accidentally 'low ez Marcellly despised him, so I hed ter be powerful keerful, kase I did n't want him ter vote agin me fur constable. That war the main pint. Young folks kin git married or stay single, whichever seems the foolishhest ter 'em; that's what they always do,—the foolishhest. But ye can't git 'lected ter office by jes' wantin' ter. Ef ye ain't 'lected constable, *ye can't be constable*. But ef ye can't git one gal, ye mighty apt ter git another; they ain't all o' one mind. An' I did n't want the young folks's foolishness 'bout fallin' in love ter oust me out'n my office. Kase Teek Jepson air mighty robustious, an' ef he hed tuk a notion ter work agin me in the election he'd hev done it with a will. So when he'd say suthin' 'bout Marcellly, I'd say, 'Thar's plenty o' time fur me ter choose a son-in-law, Teek, an' I mus' say candidates fur that office abound in this kentry.'" He stopped to laugh, then went on gravely: "'The outlook fur sons-in-law is promisin'." I ain't liable ter be destitute; but I be goin' ter take my time 'bout gittin' a son-in-law.' So Teek jes' did n't know

whether I favored him or no, but war n't made mad; though I knowed all the time ez Marcellly war a-goin' ter marry Clem Sanders, — ain't ye, Marcellly?"

Andy Longwood caught his breath, as he looked up at her. There was a touch of coquetry in the glance of her eye and her mounting color, as she nodded a careless acquiescence. She would not contradict the invalid, and perchance she relished the tumult of indignation that flared, upon her gesture of affirmation, in Andy Longwood's face; for nothing concerning her old playfellow seemed a serious matter to her. The next moment she was smiling down at him, ready to signal a negative to him, but he had turned his head resolutely away.

"Sometimes," pursued the politician, "I'd say ter Teek, whenst he talked 'bout Marcellly, I'd say, 'I'm obligated ter hev a mighty smart man fur my son-in-law, kase I hev got a darter ez hev n't got her ekal fur looks an' goodness outside o' the courts o' heaven. Kin ye read?' An' he'd say, mighty oneasy, 'Naw; what do I want ter read fur?' An' then I'd say, 'Kin ye even spell?' Clem Sanders kin.' An' he'd say, 'Naw,' powerful glum, I tell ye. Then he'd be perlite fur true fur a while, — a good while. When, Andy, I'll tell ye, 'twixt ye an' me an' the gate-post, sech spellin' ez Clem Sanders kin do oughter be agin the law! It air agin every law o' spellin'. Clem oughter be hung a leetle fur each offense. It jes' fixes him in his criminal conduct agin the alphabet. Oh, ho! But Teek never knowed no better. He 'lowed I wanted a school-larned son-in-law, an' Clem war that larned man. Heigh ho! I reckon I ought n't ter hev made him so mis'able in his las' days. But I could n't abide ter git cut out'n my office kase all the young idjits in the kentry war insane 'bout Marcellly."

He leaned back in his chair once more, desisting at last, for there were unmistakable signs of losing his audi-

ence. Andy Longwood, who had wished to go earlier, but had found his will not adequate to the emergency, remaining helplessly embarrassed by the awkwardness of the situation which left him an unwelcome witness of Eli Strobe's mania, now felt the energy of his own grievances imparted to his volition by the disclosures which had chanced to be made. He was once more self-absorbed, self-centred. He hardly noticed the wounded man, or that he rose to go so precipitately upon the conclusion of the last sentence that it savored of the rudeness of interruption and disrespect to his elders. He could go now, easily enough, — willingly. His face, as he stood, younger far than his muscles, callow of expression considering his height, belying his claim to the authority and respect that he arrogated as a full-grown man, was flushed, and wore that petulant importance of adolescence that falls far short of the dignity for which it strives in vain. Marcella knew well the puerile heroics and reproaches that would have come from him had they been alone; and so much his senior was the girl, four years his junior, that she was wont to slyly laugh at him, maternally humor his view of his own importance, and to feel very kindly toward him, for they had always been together, and he had been a merry and good-tempered playmate in the old days. He had not yet ceased to be amusing, save, poor fellow, to himself.

"I mus' be a-goin'," he observed, not lifting his eyes, and articulating indistinctly, for he only superficially moved his lips. She had often seen him in this mood, and ten years ago these manifestations, so familiar to her, would have preceded a wild burst of tears and a stamping of small brogans in rage. She remembered him in this guise of youthful grief. Such seizures had passed from his recollection as if they had never been. He could not have pictured himself at any period so removed from that idea of

dignified and important identity which he fancied was himself.

"We air goin' ter dish up dinner, Andy," she observed, alluringly. "Some o' the late corn ain't plumb hardened yit, an' we air goin' ter hev corn-puddin'. Them guinea hens ye gin me lays aigs enough fur ennything. Ye better stay."

Few people in this world have the opportunity of beholding a fairer, more gracious face than that which she turned, as she bent over her wheel, and looked at him, her eyes shining and sweet, her lips smiling, showing the glittering line of her teeth.

But he kept his face averted.

"I don't want no dinner," he declared.

"Got above eatin', hev ye?" remarked Eli Strobe, whose affinities were essentially those of maturity, and who had scant sympathy with the callow stage of manhood. He entertained a robust contempt for its assertions and its confidence in some bigger and better future, likely to wait upon its superior capacities, than other men had attained. "Ye'll git ter heaven quicker 'n ye think fur, ef ye jes' hold out an' foller that fashion ez a constancy."

Andy lifted his eyes slightly now, with an expression of surly affrontedness, but mindful of his own position he said merely, "I ain't hongry." He lingered a moment still, because the mountaineers do naught precipitately; then with a deliberate "Waal, good-by," he started away.

"Andy!" cried Marcella, her voice indeed as sweet as the mocking-bird's. He turned, gloomily unappeased, stiffly obeying her behest to accord attention. He leaned upon his long rifle, as he stood in the path and looked back. She had risen, and had come to the verge of the porch; one hand was on the post, the other was held out to him. She was smiling still, and tears would have touched him as more appropriate, — smiling easily and naturally, with a touch

of jesting, ridiculing remonstrance in her manner. "I furgot. I want ter ax ye ter do me a favior — but — ye look so mad I be mos' afeard. Air ye mad?"

*So mad!* And this was the way she interpreted his heartbreak.

He looked with stern reproach at her, although he spoke in a gentle tone, but with solemn significance: —

"Mad? What hev I got ter be mad 'bout, Marcellly?"

"Nuthin'," she began.

"That don't hender, Andy," interrupted Eli Strobe, unable to refrain from taking a hand in the little game. "The maddest folks air always them ez hev got no call ter git mad."

"I war 'feard ye *mought mebbe* be mad with me," said Marcella, still provokingly smiling, and stepping down from the porch and slowly approaching him.

The sunshine was on her bare head. The rich chestnut-brown of her hair showed such lustre and depth of color in the broad light, such gloss and fineness of texture. And how it waved and curled as it fell down on her shoulders, with an electrical isolation of filaments toward the ends, where they seemed to lose the expression of color, and gave only cloudy, indefinite effects that left no opportunity for strong, crude lines about her head. Her fair skin was fairer still in the radiance. Her eyes were dazzled; she held one hand above them, and their expression, as she looked at him from the shadow, might have mollified aught less wrapped in self than this very young man. To him it all meant that Marcella knew that she had given cause for offense, and was wishing to make it up by laughing him out of his just indignation; for a half laugh curved her lips, and brought out a dimple in her cheek, to fluctuate there with her effort to ridicule him. She came silently, looking tall and slight, fit to be swayed even by a gentle wind, and stood beside him

in the narrow path; glancing at him for a moment, then turning and gazing casually from under her hand, that shielded her smiling eyes, now at one and then another of the great ranges, shimmering azure through the sun, save when a white cloud in the sky set a dimly purple image of itself a-scudding as impalpably over the mountains. He was impelled to speak first. He did so in a tone of grave and measured constraint, as one who will not resent, though feeling, offense.

"What favior did ye want ax me, Marcellly?"

Her eyes rested incidentally still longer on the mountains; then she fixed them on his face, altogether unmoved by his grave tone, except, perchance, to laughter. She took hold of the barrel of his rifle with her left hand.

"I want ye ter loan me this rifle o' yourn, Andy. I want ter shoot a old hawk ez hev been a-flusterin' round the hens an' chickens lately."

He stood, blankly astonished, for a moment.

"Why n't ye borry yer dad's?" he demanded, in surly suspicion of her motives.

Once more she turned her shaded eyes upon the mountains.

"Oh, kase," she said, altogether embarrassed by the expression of stern and serious inquiry in his eyes, "ye gin me mos' o' the chickens I hev got, an' mebbe it mought be good luck ef I war ter shoot the hawk with yer own gun."

This seemed to him perfectly reasonable, but his distrust of her was so great at the moment that he subjected the possibility of occult motives to a searching mental scrutiny. He failed to evolve anything more plausible, or indeed anything beyond what she had said. He looked at her hard for a moment, still bitterly resenting her undimmed brightness under his displeasure, and he secretly thought she had ill chosen her time to ask of him a favor. Still maintaining

his gravely offended aspect, he said, "Ye kin hev it, Marcell, ez long ez ye want it." He released his hold upon it, leaving it in her hand, and went his way without another word. At the gate he did not look back, but pursued the turn-row until he was half through the field. Under some impulse then which he did not seek to discriminate, he glanced over his shoulder.

Marcella was standing in the path where he had left her, still gazing after him. She held the long rifle in one hand, leaning her soft cheek against its surly ramrod at one side of the barrel, her hair floating about. She smiled radiantly at him through the sunshine, and called out with joyous sweetness, "Good-by, Andy."

If he said aught in response, she did not hear it. Her charming smile, intent on mollification, failed of effect; it was too much, however, to expect even of feminine tact that she should have divined that frowns might have served better, or null seriousness, inexpressive and impenetrable. The flash of light from her eyes set a-flaring his intelligence, — a sufficiently good endowment, but lacking those traits of divination and imagination characteristic of more finely furnished brains. Without its impetus he could never have experienced an abrupt illumination and certainty concerning Marcella's motive, which opened before him by the time he had ponderingly approached the verge of the corn-field. Its contemplation almost took his breath away. He stood motionless, staring vaguely before him, realizing why she had wanted his rifle, — how strange that he had not instantly known! Had he so soon forgotten his idle threats? He had a vivid mental picture of himself as he must have looked as he stood on the porch this morning, significantly tapping the trigger of the loaded rifle. She had not thought those threats idle! His foolish courage flared up to match the estimation in which he thought she held

him. She knew him for a dangerous man! and the blood pulsed fast through his veins as this flattering idea impelled it. She was afraid he would indeed wreak woe upon the man whom she was to marry. Her father had said that she was to marry Clem Sanders, and she had not denied it. He had unconsciously disbelieved this at the time, as one cannot at first realize a misfortune, which stuns the finer sensibilities by the weight of its fall. Only now he was beginning to appreciate what her loss meant to him; it almost unmanned him for a moment, thinking as he did that it was her solicitude for the safety of her lover that devised the clever ruse to win his rival's rifle.

"'Feard I'd hurt Clem," he said with a sneer, despite his quivering lip. Perhaps it was the idea that violence was expected of him, which her precautions first suggested to him, — for the bravado and bloody-mindedness of his conversation had been utterly without intention, — that determined him upon his course.

"Naw, naw, Marcell," he said, half aloud and mournfully shaking his head, "ef not me — nobody." He leaned down as he spoke, and drew from his boot-leg a glittering steely flash; he looked around with a quick, apprehensive glance; but the sere stalks of the corn, which were straggling here, so near the end of the field, would nevertheless serve to shield him from the observation of any one in the yard or the porch of the cabin. He examined the knife with fierce eyes, his teeth set hard together: the handle was strong, the metal excellently well tempered. He passed his fingers gingerly along the edge, — keen, how keen! Clem Sanders himself had sharpened it! He thrust it back into his long boot-leg, and went on taking his way down the road toward the forge, nerved by the fact that bloodshed was expected of him.

A drought had succeeded the wet

weather and the deep ruts formed by the wagon wheels in the red clay mire of the road were still stiff and hard, mementos of their slow, creaking progress; and although here and there the thin crust crumbled under his heel, his steps left no other trace. He heard a thrush whistle from the weeds as he went. He looked up at the spaces of the broad blue sky, infinite elsewhere, but here with bounds and barriers, for the mountains limited it and made it local. He was vaguely conscious that his dog, with an affectation of fidelity to his true owner, as one might seek to cultivate a fine trait to wear as a graceful accomplishment, knowing it to be exotic to the soil, trotted, with his long, lithe stride and sinuous body, at his heels, with a wagging tail and a nose that pretended to snuff the ground, as if solicitous for some trail of fox, or rabbit, or other gentry. His master was presently made aware of his defection by seeing the canine shadow, cast a little in advance, suddenly swerve aside, and with a deft pace and a drooping tail the hound set out swiftly for his adopted home.

"The very dog hev gin me up," his master muttered bitterly. Sorrow at his age is not all bitterness; it had an element of satisfaction to be so very adequate to his sufferings and his wrongs. He mechanically turned his head to look after the creature, who had paused, looking back too with regret, rent with inward dissension, his poor dog-conscience struggling between his sense of duty and preference. He looked a trifle handsomer than his wont, with the animation of his emotion expressed in his slender, alert head and his bright eyes. Then, with a sudden sharp yelp that seemed to cadence the pang of decision, he betook himself swiftly away from temptation, resolved to persevere in desertion, and was soon lost to view as the turn-row swallowed him amongst the corn. The next moment Andy had forgotten that he existed. The music of the forge was

on the air, the clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge. How the distant sound assimilated with the mountain voices, as the echoes came liting forth to meet it! The ear might hardly discern the repetitions of the rock from the vibrations of the metal. Presently he could hear the anvil sing, and then the strokes seemed only marking the rhythm of this fine, tremulous, high-pitched monody. Clem Sanders was there at his work, all unsuspecting of the fate coming with long strides down the road. What strange, untimely thought was this! The muscles below Longwood's knee were suddenly sensitive to the pressure of the knife-blade in his boot, and he was reminded of a grisly old story of a cruel man whose hand was palsied on his weapon in the moment when he would have taken a fellow-man's life. An old woman's story this, told in the dusk at the fireside, to sap away with mystery and weird lights and artful words a man's courage when he should resent his wrongs like a man; for were they not all afraid of bloodshed, these women, and cowards to their heart's core? He was dragging his left leg, for all his logic and his scorn of a pusillanimous peace. How the anvil sang,—how it sang! And why need he wonder would it be silent to-morrow,—would it ever give forth that sonorous melody again under the hand of the man who now wielded the hammer? Who talks of to-morrow? Poor fool, let him mind to-day. Was the blade turning around in his boot? Every fibre of the limb was oppressed with its significant presence. His courage, however, did not wait upon his nerves; he saw altogether unmoved that there were half a dozen idle men standing about the door of the forge, or loitering within. His pace had grown slower since that fancy about the knife had taken hold of him, but as he made his way up the slight ascent to the door of the forge he stooped down and boldly drew out the



weapon; the man in the doorway fixed a meditative eye upon him, thinking, doubtless, he had brought the blade to have an edge put on it. Longwood could see through the dusky little place, for the window at the rear was open, and he marveled to find his senses so alert. In such a moment he thought it strange to recognize Teck Jepson, leaning against the wall, his face white since the summer sunburn had worn away, and thoughtful, and with imperative lines even in silent reverie; his hands were thrust in his leather belt, his eyes were fixed on the leafless autumn woods. Nay, Longwood took note even of the bare brambles of the wild rose outside of the window, its profuse pods glowing scarlet amongst the gray rocks and the brown moss, and the fine-webbed witchery of the hoarfrost lying on the sere leaves.

Clem Sanders's massive figure was the focus of the group, with his leather apron girded about his waist, his sleeves rolled back from his muscular arms, the light of the fire — a steady red glow, for the bellows was idle — upon his square, good-humored face, that was refined by that look of earnest attention and grave content characteristic of the good workman at his chosen task. One hand held with the tongs the metal upon the anvil; the other wielded the hand-hammer with deft precision, and the sledge came crashing down, as Jube, the parson's son, grasped it with both hands. The brown shadows clustered about them, and the figure of the striker with the sledge was only dimly suggested in the rich depths of the picture. Each detail grew more distinct as the young man advanced toward the shanty under the shelving crag and the waving pine; the apartment gradually seemed lighter than it did at a distance, seen through the brilliant crisp air, and with the contrast of the sunshine and the high color of the autumnal world without. As the charcoal, which was mingled with the earth, at the door, began to grate beneath his

feet, he wondered that none of those within took note of his deadly intention; that the smith should stand undefended, unwarned, for Clem's unnoting head was bent over his work, and the yellow sparks flew from the red-hot iron as the hammer and the sledge alternately fell. Longwood did not realize how much the habitual imperturbable aspect characteristic of the mountaineer cloaked his agitation and his design. Even when he strode into the place, his drawn knife in his hand, calling out, "Clem Sanders, stand up ter fight! I be a-goin' ter kill ye!" the ruminant idler in the doorway, slowly chewing his quid of tobacco, merely shifted his eyes upon the new-comer, and an elongation in the stiff wrinkles about his mouth betokened preparation to smile. Teck Jepson withdrew slowly his attention from the bleak wilds without, and the smith responded cheerily, his head still bent over the anvil, "Kill away!" while the painstaking blows of the forging alternated with the precision of machinery and the sparks flew.

Longwood hesitated for a moment; then, with a swift fear that his resolution might fail him, he rushed impetuously forward. The sharp blade in his hand struck the blacksmith beneath the shoulder blade; it was long and keen enough to have pierced his heart. There was no fault in the weapon, — a good strong knife; the hand had faltered, — no sincere hatred had nerved it. The blade fell clanking to the ground, as the blacksmith tapped the face of the anvil as a signal that the blows of the sledge should cease. He turned around slowly, his straight eyebrows lifted. "What air ye doin' of, Andy?" he demanded.

"I stabbed ye. I wanter kill ye," Longwood muttered, doubtful of himself and bereft of his weapon, for Clem Sanders had casually stooped and picked up the knife.

The movement had possibly caused the slight wound to gape.

"Look-a-yander how Clem's a-bleedin'!" exclaimed Jube Donnard, in the excited falsetto of a born sensationalist.

"Great Molly Har!" cried the smith, showing emotion for the first time, "did he cut a hole in this hyar brand-new shirt? Mam hev jes' done wove it, an' she 'lowed ef these hyar shirts did n't las' me no longer 'n common, I'd hev ter git the trash cloth at the store, ready wove, or else marry a wife ter do the weavin'. Kase she 'lows it's through gamesomeness, an' not work, I git my clothes so tore up. Look-a-hyar, Andy," — he fixed a severe, threatening eye on his assailant, — "ye boys air gittin' too rough in yer playin', kemin' an' a-cuttin' other folkses clothes. Mighty pore fun."

He shook his head reprehensively, and turned excitedly toward Jube as he again cried out, "Look how Clem's a-bleedin'!"

"I ain't a-keerin' fur that!" exclaimed the doughty blacksmith. "It will stop bleedin' d'rectly. An' my skin will do its own repairin' 'thout mam ter talk a bushel medjure 'bout the sadness o' hevin' ter patch. What I'm tormented 'bout air this hyar tear in this new shirt. Air it sizable much?"

He crooked his neck dexterously and sought to look over his shoulder to see the rent, but for all his muscle he could not accomplish the feat.

"What air ye ondertakin' ter stab folks fur, Andy Longwood?" Teck Jepson had ceased to lean against the window, and his tone was stern and inquisitorial. "What do ye want ter kill Clem fur? Do ye s'pose I'd hev stood by an' seen ye done sech?"

The young fellow, aghast at what he had done, and still more aghast at what he had sought to do, experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling upon hearing Jepson's words; his fluctuating anger, that had failed to bear him through his enterprise, flared up anew. His pride, too, was touched that Clem had held his

rage and the wound he had dealt as so slight a thing, — offering not even a blow in return; he was nettled that in no way could he impress a commensurate idea of the intention and the spirit that had animated him, and he resented infinitely Jepson's tone, upbraiding him as if he were a boy. The wish for adequate reprisal, to deal him a blow that he would surely feel to the quick, broke down what slight reserves his boyish nature had.

"Ye hev got the same reason ter want him dead ez me!" he cried out. "Marcelly Strobe air a-goin' ter marry him. Her dad said so, — an' she did, too."

He had the satisfaction of seeing Teck Jepson palpably recoil. He was all at once very pale. He did not look at Clem Sanders, nor seem to see anything very definitely. He gazed blankly into space, or perhaps into the vistas of memory for corollary data to confirm this thing. His hand was on the window-sill, and it trembled slightly.

Andy Longwood watched these symptoms of pain, each pang of which he could well divine, with a sort of gloating relish, and once or twice his quick breathing was so pronounced as to seem a snort of victory.

"Now! Now!" he said, nodding his head triumphantly.

Clem Sanders had stood as one petrified, turning over these significant words in his mind, with a rampant doubt on his face. Suddenly he regained his faculty of motion and his easy credulity. He tore off his leather apron, leaving the iron cooling on the anvil. As he plunged his dark red head into the barrel of cold water, his intention began to be manifest to the idlers about the place. Their rallying laughter and gibes gave Andy Longwood food for meditation anew. Evidently this was news to Clem, and the others seemed to readily appreciate it.

"Take another souse, Clem, ef ye air goin' a-visitin'," observed the grinning

Bassett; "then she can't tell how red yer head be."

Clem stared at him credulously, and obediently thrust his red head into the water, in the midst of renewed merriment.

Andy Longwood experienced a sudden terror, which showed that his hope was not dead, as he had accounted it, but merely comatose.

"Don't tell her 'twar *me* ez stabbed ye, Clem," he pleaded, every vestige of the desperado gone. "Don't tell on me."

"G'long, Andy!" replied the good-natured fellow. "I hev got suthin' better 'n you-uns ter talk about."

He put on his coat, and strode briskly out of the forge and up the hill. They could hear him whistling a long way. Before he had reached Eli Strobe's cabin, however, the blithe tones were checked. He in his turn heard music, — a vague, fitful lilting; now striking out with some full, rich tone, then trailing away to a meditative murmur, as if the lips whence it issued were closed save for this dream of a sound. He looked about for a moment, uncertain in the silence; and then the song came again, clear and serene, and mellow as the day itself, seeming a part of the fine and full culminations that the yellow sunshine, and the violet haze, and the deeply blue sky, and the calm of the season expressed. It was Marcella, singing like a dryad in the woods, fragments and fitful impulses stirring the sylvan solitudes with sweet and vagrant accords, and making the echo timorous to try so elusive a strain.

#### XIV.

Clem Sanders turned aside into the woods, following the sound. The sere leaves rustled under his feet; the vistas seemed to be clarified by their pure, fine brown color; now and then a dash of the bolder red or the yellow of the foliage,

still hanging on the trees, served at once to accent it and as a contrast. The boles were dark, and stood out distinctly, apparently innumerable. He did not see her; he waited, listening, but she sang no more, and he pressed forward without even this variant and uncertain guide. There was much fallen timber here and there, victims of the late storm, the leaves still clinging to their limbs; sometimes a sturdy neighbor had caught the smitten tree, and still stood, upbearing the dead bulk, its own doom certain but slow in the weight of its lifeless burden; and here was one whose fall had wrought at once complete devastation, — the giant of the forest hurled to the ground in a single blast, the roots torn from the earth; the topmost fibres of these clay-embedded roots were higher than the saplings hard by; a deep excavation showed where they had once been buried. Suddenly a hound clambered out of this cavity, and ran briskly, nosing about with occasional wheezes, evidently bent on small game. "I'll be bound Andy Longwood did n't let ye run rabbits whenst *he* owned ye," even the lenient blacksmith was moved to observe, marking this lapse from the accepted traditions of the etiquette of deerhounds. He welcomed the sight of him, however, as the herald of Marcella, and presently he saw her sitting quite still on the bole of a fallen tree, her head bare, flecked with the sunshine as the wind stirred the leaves of the oaks above her, one hand listlessly clasping the bough near by, and the other holding a bunch of herbs which Mrs. Strobe had charged her to seek; a basket of eggs was at her feet. As she looked up and saw Clem coming toward her, his heart sank, so serene, and casual, and unmoved was her glance. He had not doubted his good fortune since the first stupendous moment of its revelation, but now he recognized the incongruity of her expression, and its utter irreconcilability with his conclusion. He had been

prepared to be embarrassed, being — to use his own phrase — “bashfuller’n ennybody.” But in all his experience he had never known so awkward and unhappy an interval as when he stood beside her, after the succinct exchange of salutation, “Howdy.”

She looked calmly forward, and as he stood beside the tree, with one hand upon a branch that seemed to come out in a neighborly way and give him something to lean upon, at all events, he gazed searchingly down at her, then blankly at the sun-flecked woods, then once more bent his earnest eyes upon her.

“Been a-huntin’ aigs?” was the scanty result of all this cogitation, as he indicated the basket of eggs.

Marcella nodded assent. Then, after a silence, she demanded, “Enny objection?”

Even Clem could not fail to observe the flash of laughter in her eyes, but it did not serve to render him more comfortable.

“Naw ’m, — naw ’m,” he said, with propitiating precipitation.

A long pause ensued. Marcella, despite her own deliberate methods of conversation, found these intervals of irksome duration, and was moved to make a remark.

“I hev been huntin’ guinea-hens’ aigs. They hide ’em so fur off, in sech out’n-the-way places, but I fund a right smart chance of ’em.” She looked down with satisfaction into her basket at the dull cream-colored trophies, wrested from the fowls, whose old vagrant instinct so long survives domestication. “I fund twelve in one nest. I hev got a whole passel o’ guineas.”

“Yes-sum!” said Clem, eagerly awaiting a pause that he might interject this earnestly acquiescent formula. For all his bashfulness, he scarcely withdrew his eyes from her face. His manner, too, was sufficiently assured. It was only in words that he manifested his reverent humility, and his timidity, and his ear-

nest repudiation of any sentiment or opinion, however dear, that might not coincide with hers. He had no words to commend himself. He would have found it hard, so beset was he by doubt and fear, to put his fate to the test at any time. But to go through all the decorous preliminaries of asking her hand and heart, without betraying that he had been prompted by the encouragement which he had had from Andy Longwood’s report, was beginning to seem inconceivably hazardous to a transparent soul, who had never hidden an emotion in his life, or known a secret that he did not tell. He was wrestling with the anxiety of the consciousness of her preference, and the necessity to make her suppose he knew nothing of it, when she suddenly spoke again. The mention of the guinea-hens reminded her of their donor, and of her ruse to take his weapon away that he might do no harm. “Hev ye seen Andy Longwood ter-day?” she asked casually, seeking to know how far she had been successful.

It seemed to him in the moment that she had opened a way for him. “Yes-sum. That’s why I kem hyar, — straight, straight ez I hearn it. I felt so happy, — an’ yit I war ’feard ’twar n’t true. ’Twar true, Marcella? ’Twar true, though?”

She looked up at him, startled and amazed at his vehemence; her eyes dilated, wonder in every eloquent trait. “What’s kem over ye, Clem Sanders? Air *what* true?” she asked bluntly.

“Marcella,” he replied, his voice trembling, “don’t git mad at me, no matter what happens; ye know I ain’t school-larned, like yer dad.” This was merely a fortuitous stroke of policy, for his simple nature was not capable of attempting genuine strategy. “I dunno ef ye hev furgot, but Andy Longwood said ez ye ’lowed ter him ye war goin’ ter marry me; an’ the Lord knows I hev lived an’ breathed jes’ in that hope,

'pears ter me, ever sence I war alive, but" — He stopped precipitately.

Her face was scarlet; her eyes flashed with a fire that seemed to scorch him.

"Did ye b'lieve *that*?" she cried contemptuously. "Did ye b'lieve I'd 'low sech ez that? — an' I never did, 'ceptin ter nod my head when dad said ez much, kase the doctor 'lowed we must n't argufy an' cross dad, an' git him sot catawampus in his temper. Did ye 'low I'd say in earnest I'd marry a man ez never axed me?"

For once in his life Clem spoke to her with eager and decisive contradiction. But even then it was prefaced with his suave "Yes-sum." "But, shucks, Marcelly! Talk about axin'! Ye know I'd hev axed enny day in the year ez I warn't afeard ter. Ye air obleeged ter know 't war jes' kase I war afeard ye 'd say no. I kep' a-puttin' it off, 'lowin' mebbe suthin' mought happen ter make ye think mo' of me."

She was not appeased. "Waal," she observed calmly, "I warn't in earnest. I never think about marryin' ye. An' I won't."

"Yes-sum," said Clem, crestfallen. "But ye 'll never git nobody, Marcelly, ez would try harder ter do jes' like ye wanted 'em ter. I would n't cross yer notions no way ye could fix 'em. These other boys in the Cove, ef ye air thinkin' 'bout choosin' one out'n Brum-saidge" —

"I don't *choose* folks. I 'lowed I hed tole ye that," she responded, holding her head very high on her fine and delicate neck, and looking at him with her definite straight eyebrows frowningly meeting above her dark eyes, that seemed to him unnaturally clear and brilliant.

"Yes-sum. But howsomdever these other boys air powerful set in thar way, an' some o' thar ways ain't pritty ones." This as closely approached slander as the good Clem Sanders could compass. "They air toler'ble good boys," he felt

constrained to qualify, "but they would n't be good fur ye ter marry. I tell ye, now, Marcelly, ye mought find a smarter man mos' ennywhar, — though not a better blacksmith, — but ye 'll never find nobody ez loves ye like I do, an' would take the pains ter please ye like I would, ef ye war ter marry me."

"I hev got no sort'n notion o' doin' it, — never hed," she declared bluntly.

"Yes-sum," said Clem, infinitely cast down.

"I dunno ez I hev got ter marry enny o' the boys in the Cove. I dunno ez I hev got ter marry ennybody," she said loftily. "Some folks don't."

"Yes-sum; but did n't they always 'pear ter you-uns ter be powerful lonesome?" he suggested humbly.

This did not altogether fail to take effect. She pondered silently for a time on this phase of a single life. Presently she remarked: —

"I would n't be no lonesomer single 'n I'd be married ter *some* folks."

He interpreted this as a thrust at his own lack of certain congenial and companionable qualities which she esteemed essential.

"Yes-sum," he replied, more cut down still.

Perhaps she felt some pang of pity for his disappointment; perhaps she was not now so angry as at first, because of his very natural mistake, and thought it the least brutal method of disposing of his superfluous heart to argue his unfitness for the position to which he aspired.

"An' air yer ways so powerful pritty, Clem?" she demanded. "Cornsiderin' how close we neighbor the forge, an' hear the dancin', an' the fiddlin', an' the wrastlin', an' laffin' ez goes on thar of a evenin', I never expected ter live ter hear yer ways called pritty ones."

"Yes-sum," said Clem. "But ef ye 'd marry me I'd stay home of a evenin', an' that thar forge would be dark an' still enough I 'll be bound."

"Waal, yer wife, whoever she'll be, won't want sech fiddlin', an' dancin', an' singin' round her in her house of a evenin' ez ye hev been useter, Clem. I can't think o' ye no ways but ez cavortin', — though ye air mighty peaceable an' quiet, an' *kin* behave some similar ter a mouse whenst ye kem visitin' the gals."

"Yes-sum," said poor Clem. "But I don't visit no gals but you-uns."

"Laws-a-massy! An' jes' think how Is'bel an' granny hev been gin over ter pride, bein' ez they 'lowed ye kem a-visitin' them!" There was a wicked gleam in her eye as she sped this dart. "Naw, naw! everybody knows the name that thar forge hev got!"

"Yes-sum." He hesitated for a moment; then he said, looking at her, his jaw growing square and determined, his expression changing with this infusion of more mundane matters into his thoughts, "Thar ain't a-goin' ter be enny mo' o' them queer midnight goin's-on at the forge, Marcella, arter this, — ye mark my words." Then, as if he fancied he had spoken too roughly, he hastened to say, apropos of nothing, "Yes-sum," and cleared his throat.

Marcella sat feeling stunned for a moment. In what inexplicable way could he have known of the discovery that she had made at the forge in the wild, stormy midnight? Was he indeed aware of the intrusion of Jake Baintree and the stranger, who worked the bellows, and wielded the hammer and sledge, and were frightened when interrupted, and who came forth only to give aid for humanity's sake? She would not forget that, whatever might happen, she said to herself.

He did not interpret her expression aright; he only saw that she was at a loss.

"Hain't ye never hearn what happened at the forge arter Pa'son Donnard 'lowed he seen the devil thar?"

"Naw," she said, fixing her eyes gravely on him.

Her interest in the subject emboldened him to sit beside her on the log, but as he bent forward, leaning his elbows on his knees and looking at her, he only saw her profile; for she listened silently, flattering him with her air of attention, but did not turn her head.

"Waal, arter the pa'son seen the devil thar I felt toler'ble tormented, an' sorter kep' a lookout on the forge; an' one night, 'bout midnight" (Marcella's foot stirred uneasily amongst the pine cones; her face was a trifle paler than its wont; her lips were slightly compressed), "I hearn the hammer an' the sledge a-poundin' an' the bellows a-roarin', an' fur all 't war a moonlight night" —

"Oh, moonlight!" exclaimed Marcella with a note of relief.

"Yes-sum, bright moonlight — but I could see the forge fire a-flarin' through the chinkin'. Waal, I dunno what got inter me, but I felt obligated ter know ef that thar dead Clem Sanders — Ye hearn 'bout *him*, did n't ye, what pa'son pertended ter see?" He spoke with acerbity and a curling lip.

Marcella nodded.

"I wanted ter see ef *he* war thar agin, with the devil mebbe a-strikin' fur him. Waal, I war so darned clumsy an' awk'ard I fell flop down agin the window-shutter; an' I hev got purty fur ter fall, an' thar's a heap o' me ter topple, an' I like ter hev busted the side o' the house down. An' when I got up thar war no light, nor sound, nor nuthin'; jes' a leetle mite o' a live-coal on the ha'th, an' the anvil a-singin'. Waal, I 'lowed 't war Satan, till Jube Donnard — ye know, the pa'son's son, a derned tattler! — he went an' tole it all ter his dad. An' ef ye b'lieve me, that thar godly old man did go an' prop hisself on the side o' the mounting ter git a view o' Satan, — wanted ter see him!"

"The pa'son!" exclaimed Marcella, vaguely scandalized.

"Yes-sum, the pa'son! An' I tole



Jube I would never listen ter him preach no mo' — enny godly man ez hankered ter view the devil agin, arter hevin' viewed him wunst! An' a-skitterin' out in the middle o' the night, like he war one o' the boys, along with that thar caper-y Jube! Always s'prised me ez the pa'son war willin' ter claim kin with Jube, let alone jinin' him at sech cavortin's! Sometimes I feel like *I* be too pious *myself* ter 'sociate with the pa'son's son. An' Jube up-ed an' 'lowed ez he did n't keer whether I went ter hell through neglectin' means o' grace an' the pa'son's sermons or jes' from active wickedness, an' ez his fambly hed no contrac', ez he knowed on, ter land *me* on the golden shore! Jube say him an' his mam ain't the pa'son, an' nothin' like it, an' the congregation hain't got a mortgage on nare hair o' thar heads, though the pa'son 'lows ez his flock owns him."

Clem repeated the sharp retort of his friend without any show of temper, as if he were merely interested in setting the purport of the conversation before Marcella. She kept quite still, her hands holding the bunch of herbs, her eyes meditative and yet attentive. She seemed to pursue a definite train of thought, which she in some sort modified and adjusted in reference to his disclosure. He had never talked so much in all his life. He found a new and unique pleasure in sitting beside Marcella, feeling liberated in some sort, since Mrs. Strobe's sarcasms no longer paralyzed his simple modes of thought, nor Isabel's pert interruptions embarrassed him and cut him short. Marcella seemed willing, nay, eager, to hear, and how glad he was to tell! Always afterward he associated the place with that happy hour; the drear season of autumn seemed the choicest time of the year. How should he take heed now that the splendor of the turn of the leaf was but a hectic red and prelude of death; that the sun was withdrawing itself to far ways, and would be but a cold glitter for a time; that snows

were garnering somewhere, and many things light and blithe — that bird in its poise on the golden-rod, the squirrel frisking along the tree, even a deer of which they had a sudden glimpse, approaching in a silent interval, thrusting out its graceful head, with startled lustrous eyes, from the laurel not twenty yards away, and disappearing at the sight of them like an hallucination — all should die under the rigors of the hard winter coming. He saw only how Marcella's hair waved, how fair of face she was, how the sunlight crept to her feet and crouched there, like a tame thing, casting a yellow brilliancy into her brown eyes as she looked down. It was an undreamed-of delight, this choice confidence, and she might be sure of hearing all to which she would listen; he had forgotten the doubtful past and his fears for the future in the rich flavor of the exquisite present.

"Ye see, Marcella, Jube air one o' them boys ez tell all they know, an' ain't got no sort'n jedgmint; though he's good-hearted, Jube is, an' him an' me useter play roun' the wood-pile in the chips tergether 'fore we-uns could walk. An' so we be toler'ble friendly. An' though Jube tells on me ter the pa'son, he kems back an' tells on the pa'son ter me."

His eyes twinkled, for he thought that, having little to lose, he might endure Jube's frankness better than the parson, who must be flawless. Then his face grew grave with a certain reflective intentness; a prescient excitement was kindling in his eye.

"Waal, Jube say that night whilst him an' the pa'son roosted like two demented tur-rkey gawblers up thar on them big bluffs right above my forge, they seen no devils, but about midnight two men kem along the road, — powerful dark night it war; they kem gingerly along, an' Jube say they stopped right thar in front o' the door o' the shop. Jube say he knows, kase he hearn one o' 'em rattlin'

the latch I put on them big doors ter keep 'em from blowin' open in the wind. An' then Jube, stiddier waitin' fur 'em ter go in an' see what they'd do, jes' 'lowed he'd skeer 'em, an' he flapped his arms an' crowed — Ye ever hear Jube crow?" he demanded suddenly, breaking off.

She shook her head slowly from side to side, although she refrained from saying that she did not covet the privilege in future.

"Yes-sum. Waal, sir," continued Clem in pride, "he kin crow like a sure-enough, reg'lar rooster,—ye'd think 't war haffen a dozen poultry. Skeered the pa'son, sir, bein' so onexpected, mighty nigh ter death. Jube can't keep from laffin' now whenst he tells 'bout'n it, though he say he knows the devil will burn him well fur laffin' at his dad. An' them men, they hollered an' runned a leetle way. An' then they stopped an' hailed Jube. An' all of a suddenty the sheet-lightning flickered up, broad an' steady, an' he seen who 't war."

Marcella's cheek was burning; her excited bright eyes were still cast down, and how the sunlight at her feet flared up luminously into their limpid depths! She could hardly wait to hear, although she knew before she heard.

Clem lowered his voice to a husky mystery. "'T war Jake Baintree, one of 'em," he said. "An' the t'other Jube hed never seen afore, — dressed diffe'nt, some similar ter town folks, some o' the boys say, from what Jube tells: tall, with sandy whiskers, an' light, an' quick-step-pin'. Oh, Jube will know him agin, ef ever he gits a show at him!"

There was a sort of savage exultation in his voice, in his face as he nodded his head to one side in a burly gesture of triumphant forecast.

Marcella felt a sudden cold thrill. She turned her head, and her eyes met his. "How does Jube expect ter see him agin? What's he contrivin' ter do?"

Even Clem Sanders hesitated, con-

scious that in this lure of happiness he had been led too far. The secret he would not have deemed safe with any woman. Had she been the wife that he wished to make her, he might have contrived to shift, to evade, to postpone. She was not married to him, and he could deny her nothing.

"Yes-sum," he began, with polite preface; "but don't let them boys know ez I hev tole ye, Marcella, else they'd string me up ter a tree. Thar's a lot of 'em a-layin' fur Jake an' that strange man."

"What air they a-goin' ter do ter 'em?" Her voice had risen from its mellow contralto tones into a husky shrillness that was a note of fear, pre-saging horror.

Clem Sanders's sensibilities were not acute, and he did not recognize its meaning.

"That depends on what sort'n account they kin gin o' tharselves."

He was flattering himself that he had succeeded in so interesting her, and as he looked at her his long and narrow eyes smiled brightly, in the full faith of pleasing her.

"Gin an account o' tharselves?" she murmured ponderingly. She remembered how fragmentary and elusive had been their explanation of their intrusion at the forge and of the stranger's presence in the mountains. This, she was sure, would fail to satisfy aught but gratitude that in its fullness was content to abate even curiosity. How should it satisfy antagonistic, suspicious, even cruel men, who had set themselves to spy, to judge, to punish? The rough habits of the region, the lawless justice sometimes meted out by the arbitrary tribunals who claimed the preservation of local morals as within their exclusive jurisdiction, were only too familiar to her. She realized with a quick throb of the heart that these men were in danger. They had involved themselves in mystery; their midnight intrusions at the

forge could not be easily explained and innocently accounted for, or they would not have been secret. She was aware, too, of that insurmountable inequality which character creates in equal conditions. Had it been Bassett and Jube Donnard who, for secret purposes of their own, had invaded the smith's forge and cloaked their comings and goings in mystery, it would have been hard to rouse Broomsedge Cove to any sense of wrong that the owner might have sustained, or any threatened insecurity of the public peace and honor. Far less leniently regarded would be the same deeds wrought in the same way by Jake Baintree, who according to public opinion had escaped the gallows by a technicality, and this stranger, a physician, a learned man, lurking in his company, she made no doubt, to evade the vengeance of the law for some dark deed that she shuddered to more definitely imagine. Doubtless they were in danger.

She had strong nerves. There was nothing partisan in her manner as she said, "How do ye know they ever war in the forge a-workin' an' sech? Ez ter Jube, I don't set no store by Jube's seein'. He kin see ennything he air a mind ter, — or else say he hev seen it. Mought be Satan, sure enough."

"Yes-sum," acquiesced Clem. "It air somebody ez ain't used ter the black-smithin' business, fur no good smith would hev let that thar leetle bend in my leetle tongs git bruk off that-a-way, an' then botch it a-mendin' it. That hurt my feelin's wuss 'n all, — the way he done the work." He shook his head, grieved at the artificer's incapacity. "But sence Jube knowed ez 't war Jake Baintree at the latch, the boys don't b'lieve in the devil no mo', — leastwise not at the forge, 'thout it's him along o' Jake. Jake's ekal ter ennythin'. Ye know he killed Sam'l Keale."

"He never!" Marcella burst forth suddenly. "*Dad* say he never!"

"Yes-sum." Clem made haste to agree. "Ye know, though, that's what them fellers up an' down declar'."

Marcella was silent for a moment, regretting her display of feeling, but Clem, alarmed for the progress which he fancied he had made in her good graces, proceeded with the subject in which she so evidently felt an interest.

"They — whoever they air — hain't been ter the forge more 'n a few times, an' that's a fac', — the night whenst I saw it lighted up, an' the time when they tried ter git in, an' Jube skeered 'em off; arter that the boys began ter set up reg'lar fur 'em."

"Whar?" she exclaimed, aghast; then recollecting herself, she asked, "Wharbouts, Clem?"

"At my house. Night arter night 'bout ten of 'em hev kem thar with thar rifles, an' watched that thar forge fur a glinge o' light through the chinkin', an' listened fur the hammer an' sledge. But them two hev n't never lit up the forge but twict, — the time I seen it, an' Joe Bassett seen it wunst afore that. Though some say they b'lieve 't war lighted that night o' the big storm; the boys kem ter watch, but it 'peared so durned rainy they 'lowed 't warn't no use."

So the vigilantes had nodded while she made her perilous journey to the forge, that terrible night, and brought help thence. She trembled to think how slight a thing had saved the two intruders.

"They hain't done much harm, — jes' three times sence the first of August, an' this air deep in the fall o' the year," she commented.

"Yes-sum," assented Clem. "But nobody knows what harm they air doin', an' what mo' they air goin' ter do. Ef it's good, 't ain't apt ter be hid."

"I dunno who sets them Brumsaidge boys up ter jedge," she said angrily, abandoning argument for the more facile depreciation.

"Yes-sum," said Clem blandly. "But

they ain't the sort ter wait ter be set; they jes' set tharse'fs up, — with thar rifles ter prop 'em," he added, carrying out the figure.

There was a troubled restlessness in her anxious bright eyes, a pathetic droop in her red lips. She looked deeply thoughtful, careful, plotting, as she said:

"I wonder at ye, Clem Sanders, knowin' ez ye do ez sech ez that air agin the law, a-capturin' them men; an' ef thar 'count o' tharselves don't suit ye foolish Brumsaidge pates, a-shootin' them two fellers, or stringin' 'em up. An' ye a-letin' them spies an' lynch-ers ter meet at yer house ter watch an' lie in wait!"

"Yes-sum. Laws-a-massy, Marcellly," exclaimed Clem, enlightened and precipitate, "ef ye don't want 'em ter kem ter my house an' spy, I'll run 'em every one off from thar, — every mother's son of 'em, ef I hev ter shoot a hole through every man's head ter git him started. Say the word, Marcellly!" he cried, in the enthusiasm of his prospective obedience. "Say the word!"

Marcella was mechanically tearing the herbs into bits in her nervous, trembling hands, as she sat and thought, — significant thoughts, since the lives of two men, perchance, hung upon them.

"That would n't do no good," she remarked presently. "They'd jes' take tharselves ter watchin' somewhar else." After a moment she added bitterly, "Ye know how sech men be: gin 'em a notion arter blood, an' it's no mo' use ter call 'em off 'n 't is ter blow yer horn fur a hound ez hev got a hot scent. 'Thar's some hound an' some painter an' some fox in sech men," the soft-faced young cynic declared.

"Yes-sum," faltered Clem Sanders. He sat dumfounded for a moment, the fact of her objections, the significance of her troubled mien, gradually dawning on his slow perceptions. "Laws-a-massy, Marcellly," he cried, "ef ye want me ter, I'll jes' let them men work in my

forge ez a constancy, scot-free. I won't gredge 'em nuthin', though they bruk up every tool in my shop, an'" — his face clouded — "mended 'em arterward. I will say I never see sech work, — the man oughter be 'shamed! I dunno whar in Kingdom Come he could hev larnt his trade, — sech larnin' ez he hev got. But I'll take Jake Baintree an' that strange man, ef he war the devil, inter partnership, ef 't will please you-uns. That's all I live fur, Marcellly, — ter please you-uns. Ef ye will marry me," he continued, leaning nearer to her, — "ef ye 'll marry me" —

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, with a gesture of impatient repudiation, "ye air so tormentin' tiresome."

"Yes-sum," said Clem, drawing back, rebuffed, but not alienated.

"Would enny other mortal on the yearth 'low I'd marry a man so ez ter git his cornsent fur two other idle idjits ter hev the run of his forge?"

Clem thought that it would be better for all concerned if the "other idjits" were idle, but he only murmured, "Naw 'm," and listened with respectful and earnest attention as she went on.

"I ain't got no wish 'bout'n 'em, 'cep-tin' I don't want 'em kilt nor hurted no ways, — jes' fur thar sake, not mine; jes' kase they air folks, an' hev got a right ter live till thar Maker calls 'em. Takes a man ter expec' ter git suthin' fur hisself ter pay him fur every leetle favior he does fur other folks."

She was fast becoming pessimistic under the stress of her fears, and her perplexities, and her consequent anxious irritation.

"Yes-sum," said Clem in humble concession. Then plucking up, "I jes' mean ter say, Marcellly, ez I would do ennything ter please you-uns, an' ef ye want them men ter work in my forge, they kin do it an' welcome!"

She looked sharply at him, seeking to discern in his open, ingenuous countenance any indication that he divined her

personal interest in the intruders, that she had more definite knowledge of them than he had been able to secure, that she was ready to scheme for their safety, that she tolerated and continued the conversation in their behoof, in the hope of further light for their sake. But it was evident that Clem Sanders, in the fullness of his loyalty, neither questioned her motives nor even speculated concerning them; he accepted all that she said and did as he accepted the sunshine,—as the most righteous and beneficent expression of the generosity of nature. Some gratitude stirred in her heart with the recognition of the depth and sincerity of the sentiment with which he regarded her, and it was more gently that she said:—

"Ye could n't do nuthin' nohow, Clem. Wunst them boys hev got the idee, nuthin' kin stop 'em, an' ef they did n't watch at yer house they 'd watch somewhar."

"Yes-sum," said Clem.

"An'," she went on thoughtfully, "ef, when they tuk arter them men, ye tried ter stop 'em, they mought slash ye up, or shoot ye 'mongst 'em, an' I don't want that ter happen."

His face was irradiated by this evidence of her care for him.

"Yes-sum!" he cried jubilantly.

Marcella rose abruptly from the log. "I mus' be goin' in," she remarked. "Granny won't know what hev kem o' me."

She put on her tunnel-like sunbonnet, and with the eclipse of her face within its depths the day seemed to him to have darkened suddenly. She stood irresolute for a moment, looking vaguely about her, her lithe figure not alert, as was its wont; her attitude denoted despondency; she drew a long breath that had a suggestion of a sigh, and then she picked up her basket of eggs.

"Kin I tote yer basket fur ye, Marcella?"

"Ye could, bein' toler'ble survigrous,

— ef I 'd let ye," she responded ungraciously, still keeping hold of the handle of the basket. She moved slowly along, her tread noiseless upon the thick carpet of pine needles; only now and then her skirts stirred the fallen leaves, that gave a sibilant rustle. Clem walked humbly beside her, looking down at the baffling sunbonnet that hid her face, and keeping silence in deference to her mood. All the world was still; the sunshine made no progress from limb to limb of the dark bare trees where it lay so yellow. And time was surely drowsing somewhere. The sky was cloudless, changeless. Winds!—they seemed a mere tradition; the day had suggestions that were eternal in its rich, enduring light, its serene impassivity. The shadows, too, were motionless, save for those of the young mountaineers as they passed under the leafless boughs.

Marcella paused when they reached the fence that was the boundary of Eli Strobe's land, and Clem began to see that she intended to take leave of him here. There was a gap in the fence; rails lay half fallen, one end upon the ground and one remaining supported by the zigzag structure. She rested her basket here, and looked up at him from the shadow of her sunbonnet. Her eyes seemed dark and melancholy, and her look was afar off, somehow, and he had a sense of distance between them which led him abruptly to exclaim, "I ain't said nuthin' ter make ye mad at me, hev I, Marcella?"

She laughed a little. "Nuthin' but foolishness. Thar's so much o' that in this world thar's no use in gittin' mad; don't make folks no mo' reasonable ez I knows on."

"Yes-sum. But ye ain't mad at me?" he pleaded.

"Naw, I ain't,—I ain't! Good-by," she added, encouragingly.

"Yes-sum. Good-by," the poor fellow echoed dolorously; and so he turned and took his way down the long lane,

leaving her still standing at the fence. His heart was heavy within him; how eager she had been to be rid of him! His hope had sunk; the wound his rival had dealt had begun to ache. He felt a repulsion for all the familiar world, for all the aspects of the future as they shaped themselves before his glance, unwontedly prescient. Life hardly seemed worth the living, and he had scant courage to see it through. His mental and moral atmosphere was all uncharacteristic, and although he had not command of even the simplest capacity to feign, and made no effort to disguise the downcast spirit in which he had returned from his open and obvious mission, the gossips at the forge forbore, rather from an intuition of prudence and policy than a merciful desire to spare him, to rally him upon his defeat. He was stern and gruff, and the presence of his cronies grated upon his mood. He went to his work silently, some of his superfluous emotion expending itself in an energy of industry, and the mellow clanking of the hammers roused the echoes to their wonted iteration; under his strength the metal grew soft or hard as he willed, and for a time there was no outward indication that aught was amiss with the master of the forge, save his dull, intent, and frowning face. This tense mood could not continue, and presently, under the strain, his nerves began to give way. He had already felt some slight inconvenience from the inexperience of Jube Donnard, who was striking for him to-day, his own assistant having gone hunting. Once so absorbed was he that, as he tapped the iron where Jube should strike, he did not swiftly remove the hammer, as was his habit, and the great sledge, hoisted by the parson's son with both arms, came crashing down upon the hand-hammer, sending it flying out of the smith's practiced hand, and jarring his arm to the shoulder-blade. In a sudden passion he flung the bar of hot metal at his dodging vol-

unteer striker, and then with a growling oath he turned away to the door.

"Time ter quit, ennyhow," said the facile Jube.

For the great red sunset was flaring in at the widely opened barn-like doors, and for all the vermilion disk still lingered above the dusky purple mountains, the hunter's moon, a luminous sphere, pearly and splendid, swung high in the east, with all its sentiments of solitude and alien influences, with all its brooding nocturnal fancies, as if it were alone in the sky save for its familiar the vaguely scintillating star at the zenith.

"A clear night," said Clem to himself, with a sigh, as he sat down on the log by the door.

It was not the weather signs alone that gave his voice its significant intonation; it was the congruous circumstance furnished to the nocturnal enterprise. He noted presently a dark figure with a rifle on its shoulder, crossing the little foot-bridge above the narrows of the river, thrown into bold relief between the crimson sky and its red lustrous reflection in the water. The sun still gave the current a glint of gold; a rising vapor borrowed mysteries from the moon, and the figure seemed taller than normal height as it disappeared in the woods. It was not long before Clem saw another armed man approaching from down the road. The vigilantes were gathering. He rose, with a long-drawn sigh, and closed the shop, as was his wont, for the night,—for all his cronies were gone,—and then betook himself home to his supper.

He had had no very definite sentiment concerning the organization that had charged itself with the enterprise of solving the mystery of the intrusions at the forge, and administering punishment should it be deemed required. It had seemed natural and right enough that these enigmatical proceedings should, in the interests of public justice, be subjected to scrutiny, especially since it had been discovered that Jake Baintree,



almost universally considered to have cheated the gallows, was concerned in it. Since, however, Marcella had set her face against the self-constituted judges, and had spoken of them in reprobation, his interest, his sense of injury, even his curiosity, had dwindled. He was conscious of wishing them all far enough from his premises when, after leaving his mother unsuspectingly washing the supper dishes, thinking he had gone to his cronies at the forge, he took his way out through the tall sere grass and leafless bushes across the door-yard to the barn, where his hidden coadjutors lurked, awaiting him.

The building was of the description most usual in the region, constructed of logs, unhewn and unchinked, with a loft and a wide open space beneath, where a wagon, two or three ploughs, and a sorghum-mill stood. The brilliant moonlight fell through each crevice, its silver sheen alternating with the black shadow of the logs; the whole place was pervaded by this tempered splendor, and through the broad open passway he could see the white frost gleam responsive upon the expanse of the fields, on the rails of the fence, on the boughs of the great pallid, denuded trees, with their stark and wintry shadows, on the clumps of broad-leaved mulleins beside the door. The horned heads of the three cows were distinct in the placid divergent rays, filtering through the crannies as the animals still stood at their manger; and on the opposite side the two sorrel mares were half dozing, and did not so much as turn their heads as he entered the shadowy place, so accustomed had they become to this in-coming and outgoing of nocturnal visitants. A slim-legged filly, however, hardly larger than the calf who stood on the opposite side, came frisking out to see whom the sound of the step heralded, and seemed to consider a great up-kicking and a series of bounding gambols on its wiry, angular legs an appropriate greeting; then final-

ly disappeared into the shadows of its dam's stall. The calf suddenly backed its ears, and sought to imitate the filly's deft demivolt in a stiff bovine caper; then stood still once more, earnestly watching Clem as he made his way to the ladder, the rungs of which were very far apart, and up into the loft.

Here the shadows were less assertive, for a rude, square window had been cut in one of the gables, and the moonlight came through, and lay in a refulgent rhomboidal figure upon the floor. An occasional flicker across it told that the wind was beginning to stir the cobwebs that hung in thickly woven folds from the rafters, and were stretched in gossamer filaments across the aperture itself; sometimes, as these caught the light, they gave out a silvery silken glimmer, as if some precious metal had served in the weaving. There was a great pile of corn in the ear in one corner, and the swelling masses of hay bulged far over the open passway beneath, and almost hid it from view. Amongst its billows, close in to the wall, a setting hen, with outspread wings, was upon her nest; now and then she opened her small bright eyes, but for the most part she kept them calmly shut, for, timorous though she was, she had become inured to the strange and unwonted conditions of the place, feeling assured that whatever might result from the councils held here, she and hers were not under consideration. For altogether incongruous and at variance with the simple, rural significance of the spot were the figures of armed men, booted and spurred, that lay idly and at ease upon the hay, or strode restlessly to and fro upon the quaking flooring, or paused before the square moon-flooded window to look out upon the strip of cultivated land, the expanse of darkling forest on every hand, the violet vaporous spaces — empty air — above the unseen valley, and the towering, purple, moonlit ranges looming to the sky; but most of all, and

often indeed, they looked down the white winding road to where the little forge stood under the crag, between the mountains and the dark and lustrous river.

"Hy're, Clem," the owner of the premises was greeted, when his head appeared above the floor as he slowly mounted the rungs.

"Hy're," he responded in a gruff growl.

The tone and manner were so uncharacteristic that one or two of the martial figures striding about the floor turned and looked around at him in surprise. Bassett, lying on the hay, lifted himself upon his elbow, and demanded, "What ails you-uns ter be so powerful high an' mighty? Ye think ye air Teck Jepson, don't ye?"

Clem Sanders did not reply for a moment. Still, with his unwonted air of grave dissatisfaction, he lumbered into the moonlit place, one hand in his pocket, his shoulders slouched forward as he peered about from under his broad hat-brim at the men's faces, as if he were seeking to individualize them, and mentally calling the roll.

"Whar's Teck, ennyhows?" he asked. "He ain't hyar."

"Not yit," sneered Bassett. "He'll be kemin' along arter a leetle, a-ridin' of his mare, though he knows the rest o' we-uns 'low ez 't ain't safe ter hev hoss critters an' sech hitched round hyar. Ef all o' we-uns done that, thar'd be enough hosses ter make ez much racket, an' whinnyin', an' sech, ez a comp'ny o' cavalry, an' them men would git a warnin', an' we-uns would never ketch 'em. Ye mark my words, Teck'll be 'long d'rec'ly, a-ridin' like some great captain."

As he spoke, a sudden, distant, undistinguished sound smote the air.

"What's that?" cried Bassett, half springing up, and resting upon one knee on the pile of hay.

"Hush!" said one of the vigilantes near the moonlit window. He bent toward it, his eyes scanning the empty road, the silent woods, and lonely mountains with the melancholy splendor upon them.

The others stood motionless, listening.

The man at the window abruptly turned toward them his moonlit face, the sheen full in his dilated, excited eyes; he held up one significant finger, bespeaking silent attention.

For the sound had come once more.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

## BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

### I.

THE PRE-COPLEYITES, COPLEY, TRUMBULL, AND STUART.

NOTHING that books can tell us throws half so much light upon the artists who are dead and gone as their own works; and if we wish to know what manner of men were the Boston painters of the past, we have but to look at the pictures they have left behind them. The history of art is written in chromatic char-

acters on pages of canvas, and consists of a series of autobiographies or confessions, in which, by the nature of the case, there can be no reservations. In spite of a prevalent lack of faith in our art, some admirable painters have lived and flourished here: men of force, of feeling, and of deep perceptions, whose achievements from the earliest times down to the present day I have studied with ever-growing interest, respect, and admiration.

The art of painting is of greater an-

tiquity in Boston than has been commonly supposed. It has been assumed until a recent date that Peter Pelham and John Smybert were the earliest New England artists, but, thanks to the investigations made by members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, it is now held to be clearly proved that there were "limners" in Boston more than a century before the Revolution. The few forbidden specimens of the art of these pioneer portrait-painters remaining on the walls of college halls, in the rooms of antiquarian associations, and in private houses, where they are treasured for their age, and now and then because of family pride and loyalty to "grandmother's mother," rather than for their beauty, show that we need not regret too keenly our meagre knowledge concerning our own old masters. Indeed, what Dr. Holmes says of the portrait of Dorothy Q. applies to the entire category of anonymous paintings belonging to the colonial period : —

"Who the painter was none may tell, —  
One whose best was not over-well;  
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed."

The quaint portrait of one Dr. John Clark, which belongs to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and which represents that remote personage contemplating a skull, is believed to have been painted in Boston prior to 1680. The same age is attributed to a portrait of Increase Mather; and the portraits of "the Gibbs children" are dated 1670. (*Vide* Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings, September, 1867, page 47.) Nobody knows who painted the paltry portrait of John Winthrop (1587–1649), belonging to Harvard College; but granting that it was drawn from life, in Boston, it is the oldest work of native art in this part of the world. There is record of an artist named Joseph Allen, who sailed from England for Boston in 1684; and that still other painters made Boston their home long

before Pelham and Smybert came to this country is shown by the following extract from Judge Sewall's Diary, volume ii. page 170 : —

"November 10, 1706. This morning, Tom Child, the painter, died.

"Tom Child had often painted Death,  
But never to the Life before :  
Doing it now, he 's out of Breath,  
He paints it once, and paints no more."

This lugubrious epigram is the only existing memorial of an artist whose abbreviated name suggests that he may have been a well-known character in the snug little town at that time, and that he may have been also something of a Bohemian. It is at least interesting to know that a city which has given birth to and adopted so many eminent painters may trace the beginnings of her art almost as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century.

Pelham and Smybert did not come over from the old country until Tom Child had been under the sod near twenty years. The former was a portrait-painter, a mezzotint-engraver, a mathematician, and a land surveyor all in one, but his chief title to fame probably consisted in his relationship of step-father to a certain young man named Copley, whose earliest efforts in the study of painting were guided by this versatile exponent of the arts and sciences. Pelham painted a portrait of the eminent divine, Cotton Mather, whose identification with the witchcraft prosecutions is a melancholy page in our early history; and he was the author of a likeness of the Rev. Mather Byles, justly celebrated as the first New England clergyman who ever made a joke, and who was cleverly introduced by Hawthorne as one of the characters in his sketch of Howe's Masquerade. Pelham's list of sitters comprised Dr. Timothy Cutler, the president of Yale College, and two or three other well-known preachers; he made engravings of them as well as paintings. Smybert, who

came from Scotland, in the hopeful company of good Dean Berkeley, three years later than Pelham, by way of doing his part in the planting of the arts in America, free from the "pedantry of courts and schools," painted in a dry and severely formal style the portraits of many of the foremost New Englanders of his time, — solemn judges and clergymen, in wigs and black robes, frosty and austere. There are said to be over thirty Smyberts in and about Boston, but not more than half of them are well authenticated. The portrait of Judge Edmund Quincy in the Museum of Fine Arts and that of John Lovell in the Harvard Memorial Hall may be mentioned as characteristic examples. Considered as art works, their value is small. They are primitive, stiff, and hard, but they are undoubtedly good literal likenesses, as portraits go. In these respects, Smybert's portraits are similar to almost all the pre-Copleyite portraits which are to be seen in the Harvard Memorial Hall, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the hall of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Smybert's studio, on Court Street, between Cornhill and Brattle Street, was the first "painting-room" of which there is any record in Boston. It was occupied afterwards by Trumbull, and in later years still by Allston.

Jonathan B. Blackburn, who arrived in Boston in 1750, was an abler painter than Smybert, if we may judge by his portrait of Colonel Jonathan Warner, of Portsmouth, N. H., which hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts. Blackburn went away in 1765, leaving upwards of fifty portraits behind him. In the chapter on the fine arts, in the Memorial History of Boston, Mr. Arthur Dexter (on page 384) says that Blackburn's style "was much like Smybert's, generally rather harder and dryer." This remark is not borne out by the portrait of Colonel Warner, which resembles a Copley rather than a Smybert, and is much more delicate in color, besides being better

modeled and having a far more distinguished air than any example of Smybert that we have seen. It is very quiet in tone, and thinly painted, in neutral colors. The pose is proud and assured, the costume handsome, the expression almost supercilious. There are Copleys alongside of it, and they look as if they might have been painted by the same hand. Blackburn's portrait of John Lowell, in the Harvard Memorial Hall, is a less creditable specimen of his work. Little is known about this painter, but it is quite possible that young Copley may have got some useful hints from him.

Before Copley, however, there were so few artists worthy of the name that his development appears quite phenomenal. With him the actual record of Boston art may be said to begin. He was but a boy of fourteen when Smybert died in 1751, and it is probable that the youth was influenced to some extent by the examples of the old Scotchman's work which must have abounded at that day, as well as by the more direct instructions of Pelham; but more than all that could be derived from both of these worthy limners is needed to account for the young man's remarkable talent, already so mature and so prolific before his departure from this country. It is known that he never saw any pictures better than those of Smybert, Pelham, and Blackburn until he went to Italy, and this fact is enough to make him a prodigy. No previous nor subsequent period in all the story of Boston art could possess a livelier interest for the historian and critic than that extending from the opening of this young man's professional career up to the day that he left these shores, never to return. Here, in the old house facing the Common, surrounded by a princely estate of about eleven acres, — which he sold for so much less than its actual worth, after he quitted America, that it is said he never quite recovered from the chagrin caused by his want of shrewdness in

making the bargain, — he painted about three hundred portraits, most of which are in or near Boston to-day. People soon came to him from all parts of New England to have their portraits painted. In those days gentlemen dressed in colors; there were few black frock-coats except on the bench and in the pulpit. The artist appreciated his good fortune in being permitted to surround the faces and forms of his sitters with rich draperies and accessories which should make them decorative and splendid pictures, apart from their personal value as likenesses. He was a calm, deliberate, and methodical workman, who never hurried, and never neglected any part of his task. He required many sittings; and to illustrate how slow he was in painting a portrait, an anecdote was current, which alleged that he undertook to paint a family group, but that before the work was finished the wife died and the husband married again. The first wife was therefore represented as an angel, and her terrestrial place was given to the second wife; but the latter died also before the painting was completed, and had to be placed aloft, while her successor occupied the earthly centre of the family group. This story was merely an exaggeration of the actual circumstances. But if Copley was slow he was industrious, for three hundred portraits painted between 1754 (presuming him to have begun to work seriously at the age of seventeen) and 1774, the date of his departure from Boston, would give us an average of fifteen a year, or one and a fraction for each month; which, to be sure, cannot be compared with the rate of production maintained by certain more modern portrait-painters, whose rapidity has been made a subject of boasting, but which, for such a conscientious artist as Copley, is a considerable *œuvre*. His prices were extremely low in comparison with those of the successful portraitists of later times, as may be inferred from the fact that he

charged only eight guineas for the famous portrait of John Hancock. It is a matter for regret that so little is known about Copley's early life here. We are able to reconstruct him, after a palæontological fashion, from the scattered anecdotal bones preserved by the historians and biographers, who in general have failed to estimate him at his true worth as an artist; but it is the better way to go straight to his best works, and to study him through them.

That old Boston family is unfortunate which does not possess at least one portrait of a great-grandmother or great-grandfather, signed by Copley and distinguished by a somewhat angular elegance. As it is an enviable fortune to have a Copley in the house, so it was a happy thought to name the finest square in the city for him, since the Museum of Fine Arts, which faces it, always contains a representative group of his portraits.

The portraits of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, taken from Faneuil Hall, are permanent loans from the city. Hancock's slight figure is seen at almost full length, seated, and clothed in a well-looking costume of dark blue trimmed with gold cord, a gray wig, and gray hose. Holding an idle pen in his right hand, he rests the other on a large account-book which lies on the table before him. He is an exceedingly neat and punctilious person, and his air is somewhat self-conscious. As for Samuel Adams, he has been caught in the act of making a speech, and, with his dogmatic mouth, penetrating and assured glance, and convincing gesture (as he points at a roll of parchment on the desk), he is the embodiment of determination, energy, and grit. Adams's dark brick-red coat is far from unbecoming. The visitor to the Museum may find also, usually, numerous lent portraits by Copley, the property of individuals and families. His best portraits, however, are those of the Boylston family, in Harvard Memorial

Hall, Cambridge, and it is there that Copley must be seen to be appreciated as a portraitist. There are four of the Boylston portraits, namely, those of Thomas Boylston and his wife and two of Nicholas Boylston. It is sufficient to compare these works with any portraits painted before Copley's time to demonstrate his vast superiority over all his predecessors, and it is not too much to say that there are very few later American portraits which surpass them.

Copley's fame may rest secure upon the portrait of Mrs. Thomas Boylston, which recalls to mind the work of the great masters by its simplicity, repose, penetrating truth, and refinement. It is executed with the easy skill of a master-workman, and has no weak spots. The figure is of three-quarters length. Mrs. Boylston is seated in a handsome arm-chair, which is covered with faded yellow brocade fastened by brass-headed nails. Her gown is of a light olive-brown silk, and she wears a white cap, a broad white muslin collar, or cape, covered by black lace, wide white ruffled wristbands, and black silk mitts. There is a curtain in the background. The face, which is of a very intelligent and interesting cast, is described with perfect taste and, it may be presumed, perfect accuracy; and the lady's hands, which lie crossed upon her lap, are characterized with equal force. In its pretty old-fashioned frame, this portrait, so quiet, so well bred, so complete, utterly refutes the superficial judgment that Copley could paint nothing so well as his sitters' clothes. The Boylstones were evidently compact, wiry little people, keen, hard-headed, bold, with a sense of humor and an eye to business, — typical Yankees, well worth painting; and we have in this series of effigies a complete exposition of their character, which no mere painter of draperies could have given. Nicholas Boylston, at full length, is not likely to be forgotten by any student who has sat at his slippered feet three times daily

during a college year. The bullet head is superbly modeled and brimful of vitality. Seated by a table, with his left arm resting on some large books, and one slim leg crossed over the other, the man eyes you, an actual presence, with a half-mocking smile playing about his thin lips. His costume consists of an ample blue-figured brocade morning-robe over an "old gold" waistcoat, a red silk cap set jauntily on his bald head, and a pair of huge red slippers on his feet. The artist has been able to tell us on this canvas that Nicholas Boylston was an active, shrewd, nervous man, and something of a quiz: the character of a sitter was never more intimately revealed. The second portrait of Nicholas Boylston is a variation of the first; it is only three-quarters length, so that the lean ankles and immense red slippers are not in it. The robe here is green instead of blue, but has the same pattern, and is probably painted from the same garment. More agreeable than the other likeness, this is somewhat less piquant. There are ships in the distance, seen through an open window; these are the glorious symbols of the old Boston merchant's calling. Thomas Boylston bears a strong family resemblance to his brother, being, like him, small, bald, clean-shaven, and very wide awake. He too wears a cap, which is of pink silk. His long waistcoat is of white satin with gold trimmings, over which is a dark brown coat, thrown well open. He holds a pen in his hand, and there are writing materials on a table. His pose is easy and picturesque, like that of a successful man of affairs who has just stopped writing in order to turn and speak to a friend who has come in. His expression is as good-natured as Nicholas Boylston's, perhaps less sardonic. The flesh is firm without being too hard, and the draperies are crisply and brilliantly treated. Each of these portraits has a distinct personal sentiment, which, though unlike that of any



other painter's work, gives it a kinship with many of the masterpieces of European museums, and constitutes its final charm. The Nicholas Boylston is a gorgeous piece of decoration, which makes the black frock-coat portraits of to-day seem doubly stupid and colorless.

From Copley as a portrait-painter to Copley as an historical painter involves a journey from the Harvard Memorial Hall to the Boston Public Library, where, in the unfavorable light of the so-called Fine Arts room, hangs his King Charles I. Demanding in the House of Commons the Five Impeached Members, a fine example of his elegant and accomplished later style, executed in England, and brought to Boston in 1859, when it was given to the Public Library by the Hon. Josiah Quincy and eleven other citizens. It was first exhibited in a dealer's gallery, and a pamphlet printed at the time described the composition in the artist's own language. It may be remembered that Charles I. had demanded in vain the persons of the five Commoners whom he had accused of high treason, — Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Haslerig, and Strode, — and on January 2, 1641, he went to the House in quest of them. Mounting to the Speaker's chair, he asked if the accused members were present. The Speaker politely refused to answer: and this is the situation of affairs Copley chose for his picture, wherein the king has just finished speaking, and the kneeling Speaker replies with an air of meekness and words of defiance. There are about sixty figures in the composition. All the heads are portraits, derived from paintings by Vandyck, Lely, and other contemporaneous artists, or from busts. The size of the canvas is ninety by one hundred and twenty-one inches. The king, whose likeness was obtained from a portrait by Vandyck and a bust by Bernini, stands in the left of the composition, on the steps of the Speaker's dais. His rich costume includes a fine

blue velvet cloak with lace collar, worn over a white satin doublet, with scarlet silk breeches, blue hose, and a black hat with a white plume. Add to this array of brilliant colors and fine fabrics the sword, the coquettish red rosettes worn on the shoes, a decoration and a blue ribbon upon the royal breast, and we have a figure which any painter might well delight to represent, although the weak, good-natured face and the long, flowing brown hair combined to produce an appearance of effeminacy which ill comports with the haughty attitude of the unfortunate king, who holds his right hand on his hip, while with the left he points to the Speaker kneeling before him. William Lenthall, thus bending the knee in simulation of that reverence no longer felt for the representative of "divine right," is attired all in black with yellow ornaments, and holds his hat in one hand, while with the other he makes an appealing gesture. The members are grouped all about the hall in various attitudes, expressive of astonishment or approval, indignation or resolution. There is enough animation without violence of action. The artist has not made the king the most prominent figure. The most interesting group is at the right, nearer the foreground, and consists of six Royalist members. One of them, Sir Bevil Greenville, of Cornwall, who, as we are told by the pamphlet alluded to, led the Cornish Royalists afterwards at the battle of Stratton, and was killed in the fight at Lansdowne while leading a charge against the Roundheads, is a particularly fine fellow, and wears a yellow costume, with a cloak of gray velvet trimmed with gold and elegantly disposed. His attitude is full of grace and dignity, and altogether he is a good representative of the old nobility. The animated young man in the scarlet breeches who steps forward so earnestly is Philip Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. His figure is drawn rather clumsily, an un-

usual fault in Copley. The noble gentleman just in front of him, in a becoming suit of black, with one hand resting upon the table, is Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, an eminent and able supporter of the royal cause. The remaining three men in the group are Sir Philip Warwick, Geoffrey Palmer, and Sir Edward Nicholas. Behind them all is Lord Viscount Falkland, who was killed at the battle of Newbury. The man engaged in writing, at the extreme right, is the clerk of the House and historian, Rushworth. The group at the left of the picture, near the Speaker's chair, is also composed of distinguished Royalists, — the gallant Prince Rupert, who stands with one foot on the step of the dais, and behind him Endimion Porter, Sir Ralph Hopton (a Vandyck head), Giles Strangways, and at the extreme left Sir Edmund Verney (from a Vandyck, a fine head), the king's standard-bearer, who lost his life at Edgehill. Sir William Waller, commander of the parliamentary forces, leans forward from behind the Speaker's chair, and a little farther back may be seen John Selden, the representative of Oxford University. On the king's left hand the seats are occupied by members of both parties. Very near the kneeling Speaker is the younger Harry Vane. Just at the end of the table sits Cromwell, as yet unknown to fame, and beyond him are Whitlocke, the historian, and Sir Henry Slingsby. On the same side of the House is a smaller group of six, — Edmund Waller the poet, Sydney Godolphin, the elder Harry Vane, John Hotham, Sir Dudley North, Sir William Widdington. The room is a Gothic hall, decorated in red and gold. The picture impresses by its complete elegance. The conception is picturesque, decorative, scenic, but without great insight; it adds no new light to the history of the period, and the reading of character is not remarkable. Charles I. interested the artist but little, Cromwell still less; and

there is some want of historical proportion in the design. The workmanship, however, is in general that of a painter of no mean ability. A pleasant glow of warm color pervades the canvas. It is the work of an accomplished artist, and it would be surprising that it should not have been kept in England as a part of the group of historical scenes by Copley in the National Gallery, did we not know that there, as elsewhere, such matters are regulated by the fashion of the hour.

Copley was essentially a portrait-painter, as we have seen, and his best days were those in which he painted the Boylston family. He had not much imagination, and could not make history live again in his canvases. The work we have just reviewed is not much more than a collection of portraits. He was a superior workman, and painted a head as lovingly as Gerard Dow painted a broom-handle, with the same pride and satisfaction in his own dexterity and competency. The peculiar merits of his portraits are their external accuracy and their distinction of style, — qualities strongly marked in his best paintings. His portraits may be stiff sometimes, but they are never commonplace. Their occasional hardness is seldom an offensive fault, for we feel that this precise manner mirrors forth fitly the somewhat artificial elegance of the time. Besides, of the two extremes in painting, hardness is always to be preferred to softness. It is only the very greatest masters who find the golden mean. Copley, by his direct and vivid naturalism, impresses us with the truth of his likenesses, and makes the men and women of the colonial period live before our eyes. His paintings give a better idea of Boston before the Revolution than can be gained from all the books in the Public Library.

Between 1774, when Copley went away, and 1806, when Stuart appeared upon the scene, there was a long period of almost entire vacuity in the history of

Boston art. There was no time to produce pictures when it was a question of founding and preserving a nation. Colonel John Trumbull's is the only name of note which appears in this interval. The Revolutionary struggle was still in progress when he retired from the army, and resumed the practice of his art in the room which had been built for Smybert. Here he painted portraits of John Hancock and of other local heroes of the Revolution. His picture of the Declaration of Independence, now in the rotunda of the national Capitol, which John Randolph called "the shin piece," and which was engraved by Durand, was first exhibited in Faneuil Hall, in 1818, and the venerable John Adams was prevailed upon to visit it. "He approved the picture," says Miss Quincy in her Memoir, "and, pointing to the door next the chair of Hancock, said, 'There! that is the door out of which Washington rushed when I first alluded to him as the man best qualified for commander-in-chief of the American army.'" Although Trumbull did not remain long in Boston, and his most important works are in Washington and New Haven, he is well represented in the collections of the Museum of Fine Arts by one of his best known historical paintings, *The Sortie from Gibraltar*; by one of his classic compositions, *Priam and the Dead Body of Hector*; and by two of his portraits. The latter, the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Minot, are respectable performances, but not great. *The Sortie from Gibraltar* is a large and lurid canvas, with an abundance of scarlet in it; the group of well-fed British officers in their red coats, at the right, forming the most conspicuous feature of the composition. The suggestion of carnage, excitement, action, and danger at the left is strong, but one gets only a confused idea of what is going on there. A much better painting in every respect is *Priam and the Dead Body of Hector*, which is smaller, and

on about the same scale as the *Battle of Bunker's Hill* in the Yale art gallery. It was painted in West's studio in London, and was one of Trumbull's earliest compositions. In the porch of Priam's stately palace a group of mourning women, which includes Andromache and Helen, surrounds Hecuba, who, robed in red, raises her arms in an ecstasy of grief, as she advances to view with overflowing eyes the body of the slain Trojan hero, which is borne tenderly up the steps by a soldier and an old servant, — the latter a very touching figure of melancholy and solicitude. The venerable king comes up the steps just beyond the funeral group, and earnestly addresses his frantic queen. At the left a group of soldiers and civilians witness the sad meeting, and "Troy sends forth one universal groan." The corpse of Hector is swathed in white, and the head drops towards the left shoulder. The fatal wound inflicted by Achilles is visible "twixt the neck and throat." The surroundings are lost in deep shadows, as if night were falling. Trumbull touched a chord here which was vastly deeper and more genuine than any that he struck in his huge historical canvases, and reached a higher level of expression.

In the great portrait gallery of Harvard College there are several of his most valued portraits, comprising his Washington, his John Adams, and his Christopher Gore, the last named being a replica of the portrait in New Haven. The Washington lacks substance, and does justice neither to sitter nor artist; the Christopher Gore is an indifferent performance; and the Adams, the best of the three canvases, is mainly interesting because it reveals to posterity a florid and handsome young man in a becoming coat, and gives us an original notion of the first and greatest of that remarkable line of statesmen. Trumbull was an earnest student of art, and made himself familiar with what had been done by the masters. It is related of

him that, being in Paris during the troubled period when the guillotine was kept busy lopping off aristocrats' heads, he became suspected by the Directory, and was arrested; whereupon the painter David saved his life and obtained his release by showing a print of his *Battle of Bunker's Hill* to the judges, and asking if the man who painted that picture were not a good enough republican. He had been less fortunate in England, where he suffered an imprisonment of eight months soon after the execution of André. His eyesight must have been uncommonly good, for the catalogue of the Yale gallery, referring to the *Battle of Bunker's Hill*, says, "On the day on which this battle was fought, the artist was adjutant of the first regiment of Connecticut troops, stationed at Roxbury, and saw the action from that point."

There is no name among those of the early artists of Boston that is held in greater esteem than Gilbert Stuart's. A native of Rhode Island, which has given birth to several eminent artists, when he came to Boston to live, in 1806, he was already fifty years old, and had been a citizen in turn of London, Dublin, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. He spent the last twenty-two years of his life in Boston, without further wandering, and, dying in 1828, was buried in the little cemetery on the Common. All trace of his grave has been lost, and all that is known is that his bones lie somewhere in that ground. There are scores of his beautiful portraits in the homes of the people who daily pass the picturesque little burial-ground in the heart of the busy city, but who thinks of honoring the memory of Stuart? Go to the Museum, and you shall see the famous "Athenæum portraits" of Washington and his wife, the Washington at *Dorchester Heights*, and a group of portraits which are of a charming simplicity and freshness, among which I need mention only that of the

bold, good-natured, and rubicund General Henry Knox and that of the Honorable Josiah Quincy. It may be said that Stuart has no need of a monument; and in one sense that is true, but Boston certainly needs to show that it appreciates his worth and the renown he reflected upon the town.

Frank and hearty, like himself, his portraits are full of robust character. For the purity of their color and the freshness and transparency of their flesh tints, his heads will be always remarkable. He never spoiled them by over-elaboration, for he knew when to leave them. "Let nature tell in every part of your painting" was one of his counsels to young artists; "be ever jealous about truth in painting." He forbade his pupils to blend their colors, and the admirable condition of his own works to-day proves that he practiced what he preached in this regard. He was in some respects more modern than his time, and undoubtedly partook of the tendencies and aims which distinguish the intelligent realists of the present period. He had the happy faculty of suggesting much by a slight touch, and did only what he could do well. He cared more for nature than for art, was a keen reader of character, and understood how to charm and draw out his sitters in conversation. He did not pay much attention to what had gone before him in art, but he had the great advantage of living in England during the golden age of painting in that country, and of associating with such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, West, Sir Henry Raeburn, and the others who were the glory of British art. There is, therefore, nothing so phenomenal about Stuart's success as there is about Copley's. His paintings look easy when compared with others, and they were, in fact, executed rapidly. His small unfinished sketch of himself, in the Museum of Fine Arts, appears to have been the

work of twenty minutes, and has no resemblance to the engraved portraits; at all events, its vagueness gives a good deal of scope for the imagination.

In the celebrated Washington at Dorchester Heights, the only large painting by Stuart that I know of, the figure of the Father of his Country is well planted on its feet, and full of dignity and reserve power, but the accessories — mainly consisting of smoke and a wild white horse — are flagrant examples of what would be called *chic* work nowadays. Regnault's horses, in the same gallery, though not scientifically drawn, are very equine, but Stuart's steed is far from probable. Washington's uniform — a dark blue coat, ornamented by brass buttons, light facings, and epaulettes; buff waistcoat and breeches; black stockings; a white "choker" about the neck; and the three-cornered black hat held in one hand — is a rich, sober, paintable costume. Stuart has made good use of the uniform of the Revolutionary time in the portrait of General Knox also, which is a sterling example of his most vigorous, truthful, and simple style. Knox rests one hand on a cannon, and the other is held against his side in a strikingly plausible position. His highly colored countenance, framed by a thick and bristling crop of short gray hair, is delightful for its amiability, ease, and underlying decision. The man is completely in your presence. The painter felt sure of himself when he did this, and it was done joyously, with the unconscious power of a great workman. A quaint and memorable work is the portrait of Mrs. Bet-

sey Hartigan, with its attractive combination of fresh and rosy flesh and silvery-gray silk draperies. (Stuart's female sitters had the most marvelous pink and white complexions in the world.) The movement of Mrs. Hartigan's hands in sewing is one of the most masterly strokes of his art. So, also, the slow and rather supercilious upraising of the dame's eyes from her work is described with rare felicity. The unfinished heads of two sisters, the daughters of Dr. Jackson, of Philadelphia, are on one panel, and present an epitome of youthful grace, high spirits, and old-fashioned loveliness, as delicate and beautiful as a nosegay of wild-flowers. Stuart was not above liking to paint pretty things, and these sisters were certainly extremely pretty. We have his biographer's word for it that he painted the portraits of these ladies more than once, but always felt that he had not done them justice.

The number of heads by Stuart, in and near Boston, is very considerable. Soon after his death, in 1828, an exhibition of his works was held in Pearl Street, near the old Athenæum, which comprised no less than two hundred and fourteen portraits. Mason's *Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart* contains a list of his paintings, with many entertaining anecdotes about the bluff and irascible old painter. "He lived and had his painting-room," says Drake, in his *Old Landmarks of Boston*, "in Washington Place, Fort Hill, and later on Essex Street, near Edinboro Street," but during the War of 1812 he was living in Roxbury.

*William Howe Downes.*

## A BROWNING COURTSHIP.

MAY 25. I am twenty years old to-day! I used to think that the first fresh bloom of one's youth was over at twenty; but I have reached that advanced period without even beginning to have any fun. I don't see what use there is in my being young and pretty, when there is nobody any more exciting than Miss Niles to tell me that I am so. I wish I knew some young men! I am fully aware how heterodox this sentiment is considered, but I repeat it boldly, and even underline it,—*I should like to know some interesting men!*

Just at this point mamma called to me from below, "May, dear, don't you want to cut the asparagus for me?" In order to live up to the standard of truth that my mother advocates, I should have replied promptly, "No, dear, I don't;" but I have all my life disguised my real sentiments beneath a veil of apparent cheerfulness and amiability; so I took the basket and knife, and descended to the garden. Mamma little knows how rebellious I am at heart, and how I hate this dull, quiet life. I should like to know whether the society in all small New England towns consists chiefly of maiden ladies, of all varieties and ages. The Northbridge maiden ladies are very nice, but they all have a more or less resigned expression. I wonder at what period they definitely gave up the hope of knowing any interesting men.

Miss Niles was in her garden cutting asparagus, too. She bobbed her long pale face forward, so that she could see me through the hole in the hedge. She looks queerer than ever since she has taken to wearing that green sun-bonnet; but she is so good that I ought not to make fun of her.

"Good-morning, May," she said in her slow, sentimental way. "How fresh and beautiful you look, and like the

sweet month for which you are named! Do you remember those lines of Browning?" and she began a quotation, brandishing the asparagus knife in the air.

I never by any chance remember any poetry, and Browning is my especial aversion, but I smiled and said, "How lovely!" in the proper places.

"I am glad you care so intensely for Browning, dearest May," Miss Niles said; "you are a great satisfaction to my soul. You too feel the charm and depth of meaning in his lightest words. I recollect how deeply you enjoyed Childe Roland and Paracelsus, and I am going to read you *The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*."

I contrived to hide the feelings caused by this announcement, and said politely, "You are very kind, and I shall be glad to hear anything that you choose to read, only—I don't think I wholly understand Browning yet."

"No one comprehends him at first, dear; the knowledge comes later, after much hard work and perseverance, like—like—the love of olives."

Miss Niles never knows how she is going to end a sentence when she begins it, and the result is sometimes startling.

There was a pause, during which we both cut asparagus assiduously, and then she began again:—

"You have such a true appreciation of the spirit of Browning's poetry that we have voted you into our club, although you are so much younger than the other members. Think what an honor!"

Just then I could not but admit that there was something to be said on the side of those persons who advocate perfect truth in all the relations of life, but it was too late to retreat. Had n't I sat for the whole of a long spring after-



noon in apparent rapt contemplation, as she read me page after page, each more incomprehensible than the last; while my thoughts refused to conform to any effort of my will, but flew vaguely from one inappropriate theme to another? And all because I could not bear to hurt her feelings.

"I suppose you have heard of our wonderful good fortune," said Miss Niles, leaning forward, and once more peeping at me through the hedge. "Paul Brown, the distinguished P. K. Brown, who is such a great Browning scholar, is coming to spend the summer here, and we hope to persuade him to conduct our study class."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "How delightful!" and my unworthy mind immediately busied itself in conjectures as to the age of Mr. P. K. Brown.

"He is a young man of great talent," Miss Niles continued. "They say the amount of knowledge that he has on the subject is really wonderful, considering that he is n't more than four or five and twenty. There comes the butter-man; how provoking! But we will talk this matter over another time."

Miss Niles kissed her hand to me and departed, trailing her black wrapper along the gravel path, and making the transition from Browning to butter with preternatural dignity.

I was left to my own reflections, which were of a mixed nature.

When the gods grant the requests of mortals, do they always hamper the fulfillment with some condition that sends leanness into their souls? I asked myself. Only ten minutes before I had been wishing that I knew some young men, and now this P. K. Brown, of four or five and twenty, was about to descend among us, but, as if by the irony of fate, devoted to his odious Browning, and consequently talking and thinking in a jargon with which I have not the smallest sympathy.

May 30. I have seen him go by

the house, and he has one of the most charming faces imaginable: not handsome, precisely, but intellectual, with dark eyes full of expression, and an adorable brown mustache. I have decided to join the Browning Class.

June 3. Heaven forgive me for my sins! I have told Mr. P. K. Brown that I am an enthusiast over Browning! It would be possible to extenuate my conduct by saying that I was driven into it, but I scorn to take refuge in such subterfuges. I will at least be wholly sincere with myself. This is how it happened:—

Miss Niles had an evening reception for Piquet (I can't resist calling him so, and making one word of it), and all the aristocracy of Northbridge was present, numbering fifty ladies and six gentlemen. Miss Niles was so busy that she forgot to introduce Mr. Brown to me, and he was immediately seized upon by Mrs. Jansen. I could catch a glimpse of his poetical face over her broad shoulders, and I wondered whether she would keep him to herself all the evening.

I don't like receptions. The wrong people always stick to you like burs, and the right ones have only time to say a word in passing. For instance, I really love Annie Fairchild, but she would hardly speak to me, for she was bent upon a missionary tour, as usual, and so departed to make herself agreeable to some forlorn person. By the way, why is n't it just as untruthful to pretend to enjoy stupid people as it is to appear to care for poetry that you dislike? I told Annie that I thought her very insincere, but she only laughed and went her mistaken way, not minding in the least that she left me to the tender mercies of Colonel Parminter, who is without exception the greatest bore I know. There is a limit to endurance, and this limit was reached when the colonel began to tell me for the fiftieth time his tale about the narrow escape he had at the battle of Bull Run.

"I am afraid I have perhaps told you this story before, my dear young friend," he observed, "but you are so sympathetic."

"A good story is always worth hearing a second time," I said, blandly; "but if you will pardon me, I suppose I ought to go and help Miss Niles pass the cake and lemonade."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear young friend," said the colonel, nodding his silvery head with antiquated courtesies.

I went the rounds of the room. Most of the people selected their cake with as much deliberation as if it were a solemn duty. Annie took some caraway-seed cookies, for fear there would not be enough cake to go around. Colonel Parminster, on the contrary, picked out some cocoanut cakes and macaroons, with consequential gravity. I prefer his plan to Annie's, for I do not believe that you will benefit the world any more than yourself by being self-sacrificing. For it is quite probable that after fasting virtuously on caraway-seed cookies, you will discover that your neighbor has been secretly longing to feast on them, whereas, owing to your unnecessary self-immolation, there are none left. As with caraway-seed cookies, so with life.

Annie might avoid Mr. P. K. Brown as much as she liked, but I was not made in that mould. I proceeded to pass him the cake. He was very animated, and apparently much interested in talking with Miss Anderson. He put out his hand to make some explanatory motion, and hit the cake-basket, sending three cookies flying in different directions. Then he looked up. Our eyes met. I shall never forget how his face changed when he saw me. He glanced at me first with glad surprise, probably because I was the youngest person in the room, but afterwards he gave me a curious, satisfied look, as if he had been expecting me always, and found me at last. I flushed under his keen scrutiny. The mutual embarrassment

lasted only a moment, for he almost instantly stooped to pick up the cookies.

"What shall I do with them?" he asked helplessly.

"We will eat them," I replied audaciously. "Miss Niles's floor is always as clean as a plate. Won't you have one, Miss Anderson?" I added wickedly.

"No, thank you," she said, seeming greatly shocked. "To return to the Old Pictures in Florence, Mr. Brown. I shall be pleased to have you come and inspect my collection, and select those that are necessary for the illustration and elucidation of our first study lesson."

Miss Anderson always talks like a dictionary. I really cannot do her justice.

She surveyed me critically. I was sure she noticed that my bang did not curl as well as usual, and that my pink cashmere gown was my old white one dyed. I smiled back at her in my sweetest manner, yet in my heart I thought how gladly she would give her maroon satin in exchange for my dyed cashmere, if only she could throw her extra fifteen years in to balance the account. I don't like Harriet Anderson. Just then Miss Niles came up. "Talking about the Florentine pictures? How delightful!" she said. "Mr. Brown, have you been presented to my dear young friend, Miss Cheney? She is one of the most hopeful and promising of our Browning enthusiasts." At this point Miss Anderson raised her eyebrows. She looked at me coldly and most disagreeably. Her glance decided me.

"Yes," I said, "I am very fond of Browning's poetry, only I do not pretend to know much about him."

"No?" said Miss Anderson. "I am glad you make no pretenses."

This insulting speech roused me to fresh untruths. "I know very little about him," I reiterated, "but I care so much for some few of his things that I

am anxious to read as much of him as possible."

I felt so virtuous while I was saying this, so truthful and innocent, and as if I really were the appreciative young person that I knew Mr. Brown thought me, my words were so modest and my tones so truly convincing, that even Miss Anderson looked baffled.

"Do you belong to the Browning Class, Miss Cheney?" asked the hero.

What a pleasant voice he has! I thought. He will be sure to read well. Perhaps I shall really get to like Browning.

"Yes," I replied with enthusiasm, for Miss Anderson's eye was still upon me, "I am happy to say that I have just had the good fortune to be chosen a member."

Now I have told the whole disgraceful truth, and I have no doubt that Mr. Brown will begin the study lessons cheered by the thought that there is one congenial spirit in the class, who is as wildly devoted to Browning as he is himself. Well, it's too late for regrets. I am in for it now.

June 7. The Browning Club met for the first time last night. Subject, Old Pictures in Florence, but we only got through the first verse.

Mr. Brown began:—

"The morn when first it thunders in March,  
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say"—

but at this point he was interrupted by Colonel Parminter, who wanted to know the reason why. He was very serious about it, and to look at him you would have said that the fate of nations depended upon the correct solution of the problem.

"That is n't what I call poetry," said little Miss Perkins in her high-pitched voice. "The lines are very unmusical, and then who cares to know whether the eel leaps in the pond or not?" But she was instantly frowned down.

"My dear madam, it is a matter of the utmost importance that we understand each line perfectly before we proceed to the next," observed the colonel.

"Yes," assented Miss Niles. "Do you consider that passage allegorical, Mr. Brown? Does the leaping of the eel in the pond symbolize the struggles of Italy for liberty?"

"I will get the encyclopædia and look up eels," said Mrs. Ellis. "I should like to know whether all eels leap in all ponds when it first thunders, or whether this habit is peculiar to Italy."

"Don't you think it is just a local superstition," suggested Annie mildly, "and had n't we better go on to the more important part of the poem?"

"It is all equally important," said Colonel Parminter gravely. "Each word that Browning ever wrote is of equal importance with every other word."

Just then Mrs. Ellis came back with the encyclopædia, opened at Ichthyology.

"My dear friends," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "I had no idea that fishes were so interesting! Come and look at this picture of a trigger fish, and at this queer creature with a fluted collar. See, Grace, its eyes are stilted out from its head on a cartilaginous stem! How convenient it would be to have that arrangement of eyes when we are driving with your father, and he wants us to look at all the things that are just behind us!" and Mrs. Ellis laughed gayly.

We all joined in; it was a relief to find something that we were expected to laugh at.

Then Grace asked, "Had n't you better skip the cuttle fishes and their relations, mother, and proceed to eels? It is very interesting, but we did n't form the class to study fishes."

Mrs. Ellis followed her suggestion obediently.

"See here, girls," she said, looking abstractedly at Colonel Parminter: "the

town of Ely, in England, is said to be so named from the rents having been formerly paid in eels, and Elmore" —

"Does it say anything about the eel leaping in the pond, Mrs. Ellis?" asked the colonel. He spoke with that severe air of superiority which even the least wise of the opposite sex feels it incumbent upon him to assume over ours, if we chance to wander from the subject when he would like the floor himself.

"Electrical eels!" began Mrs. Ellis. "They are so interesting. Listen to this: 'These eels are captured by driving horses and mules into the water, the electric powers of the fish being first exhausted and' " —

"I have it!" cried Miss Niles suddenly. "The explanation of the eel leaping in the thunder-storm has come to me in an electric flash. They are *electric* eels, and so when there is electricity in the air they rise to meet it, as the magnet seeks the iron. Is n't this conformable with the laws of electricity, Mr. Brown?"

Piquet kept a straight face. "It is a very ingenious explanation," he said politely, "but, unfortunately, I believe the electric eels are found only in South America."

"Supposing we proceed to the next line," suggested Colonel Parminter (even his patience was giving way, it seemed), "and appoint a committee to look up the subject of eels for our next meeting."

His motion was cheerfully carried, and Mr. Brown began again: —

"The morn when first it thunders in March,  
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say.  
As I leaned and looked over the aloed arch  
Of the villa gate this warm March day,  
No flash snapt, no dum thunder rolled" —

"What on earth is dumb thunder?" broke in Miss Perkins, who had n't seen the spelling of the word. "Of all outlandish expressions, that is the queerest. I should think even Browning would have more sense than that. Dumb thun-

der! Dumb lightning might be allowed, although peculiar; but dumb thunder!"

Mrs. Ellis flew to the dictionary, only to find that "d-u-m" was not in it, and Colonel Parminter began a vivid description of a battle, telling us how the roar of the artillery sounded like a severe thunder-storm. This reminded Miss Niles of a time in her youth when the house next to her own was struck by lightning. At this point Mrs. Jansen pounded on the table to call us to order, as Mr. Brown was too polite to interfere with us.

The last line of the first verse of our choice poem is: —

"Florence lay out on the mountain side;"

and so we were put through a series of tedious photographs, and made familiar with the map of Florence. I begin to wish that I had *not* joined the Browning Class.

June 15. Last night the club met again. After the lesson was over, Mr. Brown came up to me, while I was putting on my things, and asked if he might have the pleasure of walking home with me.

"You may," I replied, smiling. "It is the one object of my life to give pleasure."

"Then you certainly attain your ideal, which is more than most of us can say."

As he spoke he gave me a grave, flattering glance of approval.

The moon was shining brightly, and the scent of roses was in the air as we passed through Mrs. Jansen's porch. We could hear the sound of loud voices and laughter from the house behind us, where the club were putting on their wraps and overshoes; but in front of us was quite a different world, silver, and mysterious in its perfumed beauty. Even I was impressed by it.

"What a night!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, as if sure of my sympathy.

We had barely reached the gate when

we heard voices behind us, and presently Miss Niles's slow soprano. "Where is May Cheney?" she inquired. "I promised I would see her home, and I can't find her, and I am afraid to go alone."

"I had forgotten all about Miss Niles," I said, pausing, conscience-stricken. "I must go back for her."

I was full of apologies, and Mr. Brown offered his arm to her with the same quiet charm of manner that he had shown me.

"Exquisite moon!" exclaimed Miss Niles. "I am glad the rain is over. A truly poetic moon, is it not, Mr. Brown? I should n't have been so long, only I could n't find one of my rubbers."

Poor Miss Niles! In spite of my long acquaintance with her, I never cease to be surprised by her abrupt changes of subject.

July 5. We have Browning two evenings a week, now. The more frivolous members of the club have begged for some of the lighter selections; so there is the study class, which is still upon Old Pictures, every Tuesday night, and on Thursday evening Piquet gives us what he chooses. Annie enjoys everything he reads, intensely, and does not show it; and I don't enjoy everything, and don't show it. *Voilà* the difference. We are each deceitful after our own fashion. If Mr. Brown knew what was good for him, he would fall in love with her, even although she is twenty-seven, and he only twenty-four; but he has been indiscreet enough to—I am not sure of it, so I won't write it down, but it is pleasant. Not that I especially care about him, for he is too serious and conscientious to suit my taste, and then Browning will always be his absorbing passion.

July 25. Miss Niles is indefatigable. She proposes that we shall act *Colombe's Birthday*, I to be *Colombe*. I should die of it, there is so much to learn; and I never could commit poetry,

even when at school. Besides, there are seven men in the play, and we can muster only Mr. Brown, Colonel Parminter, and Mr. Seabury.

August 5. The hot wave has mercifully come, and we are all too limp to think of acting, but are to read *Colombe's Birthday*, instead.

September 1. It is very provoking. I am never at home when Mr. Brown calls; this is the third time I have missed him. On the contrary, I am invariably in when Miss Niles or the colonel appears. Such is the contrariness of fate!

To-night, after the class, Piquet complained that he never sees me now.

"You have that pleasure every Tuesday and Thursday evening. I should think that was enough for any reasonable being," I observed.

"Perhaps I am not a reasonable being," he said in a low tone.

"Well, I am," I returned lightly.

"Then, what satisfaction is there in seeing you among a crowd of people?" he asked.

But as might have been expected, just then two of the crowd interrupted us. They were full of *Sordello*, which Miss Anderson is determined we shall study next.

October 1. Mr. P. K. Brown is going into uncle John's office, so he will stay here indefinitely; certainly all winter, and longer if they like each other.

October 5. I have begun to make a Browning Calendar for a Christmas present for Mr. Brown. I think there could not be a greater proof of friendly regard than that, and he seems to want proofs. Of course I like him! If I did n't, would I write out three hundred and sixty-five deep quotations, each more stupid than the last? I wish he did not like Browning so well; but he shall have a portion of him for every day in the year.

December 25. Paul Kent Brown has given me a whole set of Browning bound in white vellum! What reckless extra-

vagance! And for the same amount of money he might have given me a gold bangle and a silver-headed umbrella, and ever so many other things I want!

January 8. It has come at last. I do not understand why men are such fools! Why could not Paul Brown have gone on quietly with our pleasant, peaceful friendship? For it was pleasant, a very, very pleasant—flirtation? Well, malevolent beings like Miss Anderson may say that I flirted, if they choose. I wonder just what a flirtation is. I should like to fly to Mrs. Ellis's encyclopædia and look it up. I do not see why they never put interesting articles in the encyclopædia. The dictionary says, "Playing at courtship," and I certainly never did "play at courtship,"—never, never! I defy Miss Anderson, and Mrs. Jansen, and all the rest of them to say that I did. If I made Paul Brown think I liked him better than I really did, as he says, why, one never expects to be taken so seriously. Of course I liked him, and do now, in spite of his having been such an idiot, only—But I will write out the whole scene, that I may see clearly how I have not been in the least to blame. If Miss Anderson had not told him that I was a flirt, it would not have happened; and her accusation was absurd, as I have never had any one to flirt with.

I was skating with Annie, and we were trying to teach Miss Niles, who used to skate a little when she was a girl, which was so long ago that she has forgotten how. Miss Niles looks more gaunt and grim on the ice than anywhere else, poor dear. Paul Brown soon joined us, and asked us if we did not want to go up the river a mile or two, and see the huge fire that the boys had made on the ice. Miss Niles could n't, and Annie, with her mistaken idea of self-sacrifice, stayed with her, although I was dying to have her come with me, and cast beseeching glances at her.

Paul and I skated on for some moments in silence. Paul skates delightfully, and his fine figure shows off to especial advantage on the ice. At last he said abruptly, "I cannot stand this sort of thing any longer."

"Can't you?" I asked, instantly turning and facing the other way. "Then we will go back to Miss Niles."

"May," he said, in a certain masculine fashion of his own that is not to be withstood, "I won't be played with any longer. You must know that I, at least, am in earnest."

My heart beat very fast, and I did not reply at first. Then I answered, "I don't know what more you want. I'm sure I like you very much, almost as well as I like Annie Fairchild; and I, at least, am in earnest," I added, imitating his tones and skating rapidly on.

He caught up with me in a moment. I should think he might have taken these hints, and been satisfied to let the matter pass off lightly; but he was n't, and there was not the slightest use in trying to stop him.

"I wish you would skate on as fast as you can," I said, "for I want to get to the fire. I am cold."

"You never spoke a truer word," he rejoined; "you *are* cold," and then he began to quote Browning.

I have verified the quotation in my white-vellumed edition, and although it is not especially flattering, I will put it in:—

"But for loving, why you would not, sweet,  
Though we prayed you,  
Paid you, brayed you in a mortar,  
For you could not, sweet."

He said this verse between his teeth, in rather a savage fashion; and then—oh, dear! I can't remember all that happened, and if I could I would not write it down; only he was not satisfied, even after I had turned serious and talked sensibly.

I don't see why men want to have things so definite! It is one thing to



have a man nice to you, and quite another thing to promise to marry him. Why, I don't want to be married for ten years, at least. I don't know that I ever want to be married. I merely wished to know some interesting men, and now — now — Of course we shall be just as good friends as ever.

January 15. Paul Brown never seems to see me at the Browning Class. When he reads, he looks over in the corner where Annie Fairchild and Grace Ellis are sitting, and when I bow to him and try to say something pleasant, he merely nods coldly. I don't see why a man need be rude to a girl, just because she does not want to be engaged to him! There are plenty of men in the world a great deal nicer than Mr. Paul Kent Brown, and some day I shall know them.

January 28. I do not pretend to understand men. I am sure, if I had been as foolishly in love as Paul Brown gave me to understand that he was, I should n't get all over it in three weeks, and really be so uncivil that the whole club notice it. Not that he does anything; he just does n't do anything. Only he used to look at me as *if* — and now he looks at me as *if* — that's all; but there is sometimes a vast difference in an "if." Well, I'm glad I don't care about him.

February 1. Paul Brown is just as nice to Annie as he can be, and lovely to Grace, perfectly devoted to her. To be sure, she is thirty-three, but one sometimes hears of such marriages. Oh, dear! not that I care; only I wish there were somebody that I could be devoted to, — I should like to see how he would enjoy that; but there is nobody except Colonel Parminter, and as he is sixty years old, he does n't count.

March 1. I wish Miss Anderson would not say such hateful things. She was talking to Mr. Brown at the post-office; the other day, when I went to get my mail, and as I passed she stopped me.

"Good-morning, May," she said. "How are you? I was sorry that you were unable to attend the Browning Class, the other night. You are looking wretchedly; you've lost all your roses."

This speech was meant for Paul Brown's ears, and he showed such sudden interest that it brought all my roses back. It vexes me that I have not got over my school-girl trick of blushing.

I turned and faced the two. "I am very well, thank you. I stayed away entirely out of consideration for the class, and not on my own account, for I had such a troublesome cough that I knew it would annoy you all."

Miss Anderson looked at me as if she believed that my cough was a fiction, but it was n't. I don't see why she is always suspecting me of being untruthful. I should think Paul Brown might have walked home with me, but he did n't. I do not like "interesting men."

March 9. I wonder, if my cough were to get very much worse, and I should go into consumption, whether Paul Brown would be a little sorry. I think the whole Browning Club would feel just a trifle sad. They would undoubtedly erect a beautiful marble monument over my grave, with the inscription: —

"Fretless and free, soul, clap thy pinion,  
Earth have dominion, body, o'er thee."

There is a little poem of Browning's that persistently haunts me. This verse keeps running in my head: —

"Was it something said,  
Something done,  
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,  
Turn of head?  
Strange! that very way  
Love begun.  
I as little understand love's decay."

March 25. I cannot stand this sort of thing any longer. I am going to aunt Ruth's to make a visit. Is it possible that Paul felt as I do, when he used

those same words, and I laughed at him?

I told them at the club that I should be absent from five meetings, and every one seemed to be very sorry except Mr. Brown. After the class was over, he said coldly that he regretted to hear that I was going away, for he should probably leave Northbridge before my return.

March 26. I did not know that the cocks crowed at such an unearthly hour. They begin at three o'clock, and keep it up steadily until daylight. There are only three hours in the night when there is absolute silence. I never stayed awake all night before.

I am glad that I was so frigid and icy to Mr. Brown yesterday, so that he will never suspect how much I care; for I do care, — there is no use in trying to disguise the fact from myself. What a fool I have been!

March 30. That very afternoon, as I was sitting by the window, who should drive up to the door but Paul Brown! He had a little colloquy with mamma, who was just going out of the house; and she came back and told me to put on my fur-lined circular, as it would be so cold in driving, — as if it were a matter of course that I should drive about the country with Paul, when I have never done such a thing in my life. I opened the window.

"I am very busy," I said, "and I don't see how I can go."

"What are you so busy about?" he asked.

I held up a doll's dress that I was making for little Ruth.

"It is of the utmost importance that I should finish this garment to take away with me," I said gravely.

"Won't you come?" he asked beseechingly. "I may not see you for such a very long time."

Of course I "came." I had in fact meant to come, all along. He said nothing at first, and then he began to quote

softly to himself from *The Last Ride Together*: —

"Take back the hope you gave — I claim  
Only a memory of the same,  
And this beside, if you will not blame,  
Your leave for one more last ride with me."

"Drive," I corrected, as flippantly as I could; but my heart was heavy with a foreboding that he considered everything at an end between us.

He did not quote any more, and for some time we talked on indifferent subjects. At last he said, "I wanted to see you this once, Miss Cheney, to tell you of my plans, and how I happen to be leaving Northbridge in this sudden fashion. I have had a good business opening offered me in Texas" —

"In Texas!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes. Under the circumstances, I prefer to make an entire change, and I expect to start in a week."

I had a choking sensation, and felt the tears coming to my eyes. I never was in such physical misery in my life. I was determined that my face should show nothing, and so I resolutely drove back the tears, all but a little one, which might have passed for a raindrop; for as if in sympathy with the general dreariness, it was beginning to rain. I said nothing. I could not speak. At last Paul broke the silence.

"I wanted to say good-by to you alone, and not in the presence of Miss Niles and her phalanx," he said, with the suggestion of a smile.

"Good-by is a very little word; it does not take long to say it," I observed, as carelessly as I could. "Do you mean that you are never coming back?"

I tried so hard not to show what I felt that I could hear my own words sounding strangely cold and formal, and as if it were a matter of entire indifference to me whether he came back or not.

"Yes, that is what I mean," he answered.

Then a sudden sense of desolation swept over me. I turned my face and looked at the big raindrops. The strain had been too much for me, and I began to shiver and tremble like an aspen leaf.

"Are you cold?" Paul asked. "You ought to have worn that fur-lined circular," and taking off his overcoat he enveloped me in it.

"Will he have no mercy?" I thought; for his kindness was harder to bear than his coldness had been.

"Yes, I am cold," I replied. "You yourself have told me so. Please take me home."

We had come to a dreary stretch through the leafless woods, and the desolate picture was completed by pools of dark water on either side of the road, and mounds of smirched and water-soaked snow.

"There is just one thing more that I want to say to you," Paul began. "I am going away; you know very well why. Well, there is nothing more to be said, only — only that I have loved you, and cannot help loving you." These words he uttered in quite a matter-of-fact tone. "I did not mean to tell you this when I brought you here," he continued abruptly, after a moment's pause. "I meant merely to bid you good-by. I have always vowed that I would never annoy a woman in this way but once, and — Why, May, dear May!"

I was crying. I could not help it. The tears that I had struggled against before came now, at the first suggestion of happiness, in an overwhelming, uncontrollable rush.

... I am very, very happy. Too happy to write, too happy to eat, too happy to sleep. As might have been expected, Miss Niles saw us driving back, and we looked so radiant that she spread the news of our engagement at once. So all Northbridge knows it, and they all say they are not surprised,

which is n't possible, and all are pleased except Miss Anderson. It is a pleasure to make so many people happy.

May 5. My bliss would be complete if it were not for one little black cloud. Paul himself is so sincere that he will never be able to understand how I could pretend to care for Browning when I did not. I ought to confess the whole thing, but I have not the moral courage. If I could deceive him on such a vital point, won't he naturally conclude that I may deceive him in everything? Still, I am not wholly insincere, for I do want to like what he likes.

When Paul and I are driving, or walking, or sitting together, suddenly this apparition of Browning will pop up in my mind like a Jack-in-the-box. How easy it ought to be to make a confession! It could be done in five words, — "I do not like Browning;" or even in three, — "I detest Browning." Then I try to say this sentence aloud, but when I picture the pained look on Paul's face I have not the strength to utter it. I stay awake at night constructing little scenes, in which he is angry and grieved at first, but always forgiving in the end. I must be in a very nervous condition, or I should not make a serious matter out of such a trifle. But is it a trifle? I have let Paul think that I share his greatest enthusiasm. He still believes a love of Browning to be the strongest bond of sympathy between us. Then, in addition, I am haunted by the thought that if I had not been such a hypocrite he might have cared for Annie, in spite of her twenty-seven years, for she really loves Browning. I am a wretch. The full enormity of my transgression never came to me until now.

"I detest Browning," — nothing easier to say in theory, nothing more difficult in practice.

May 20. I have spent such a wakeful night! Yesterday, at last, I screwed up my courage to speak of my secret. It was one of the first warm days, and

we were in the orchard. Paul had taken out my little sewing-chair for me, and we sat under the apple blossoms, which every gust of wind sent in a pink shower all over my hair and my pale blue gown. Paul was very happy, and unusually pleased with me.

"Yes, I will be brave and tell him," I resolved.

But just then he began to quote:—

"Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dew-drops at the bent spray's  
edge."

"I cannot tell him now," I thought. He had thrown himself on the grass by my side, and was lazily watching me with half-closed eyes, as I drew my needle swiftly in and out of my work.

I don't remember just how it began, but somehow or other he chose to talk of affectation, and how much he disliked it, and what a comfort it was that I was so absolutely genuine, so simple, and so unlike other women. I felt the color stealing into my cheeks at this undeserved praise.

"Paul," I began pleadingly, "supposing—supposing that you found that I was *not* as genuine as I seemed; supposing—supposing, in fact, that I were so *like* other women: would you still care for me, do you think?"

"I don't know," he answered, fixing his eyes on me with such an expression of love and confidence that I felt at once triumphant and humbled. "Why should we talk of what does not concern us? You are what you are, the sweetest, the truest"—

"But, Paul," I persisted, "I am really a different person from what you think, not as good, not as simple. There is a secret that I could tell you; and yet I am afraid, for *you* are so *absolutely* truthful, so thoroughly honest"—

"I!—good heavens!"

"Paul, what do you mean?" I cried, frightened by his tones.

"Nothing," he returned, vainly trying to reassure me; "only you cannot have the monopoly of secrets. I too have one."

But alas! at this critical moment Miss Niles, in her green sun-bonnet, indiscreetly came through the gap in the hedge, and, settling herself in the hammock, began to ask one question after another about Browning, and quoted him until she drove me into the house. For a thoroughly kind woman, Miss Niles is the most inconsiderate person that I know.

I have not seen Paul alone since, and I stayed awake half the night torturing myself with theories about his secret.

May 21. Paul and I took a long drive this afternoon,—it is the only way in which we are sure to be free from interruptions,—and I tried unsuccessfully to worm his secret out of him.

"Paul," I began, "I think I know what it is that you are concealing from me. I feel sure that you have been in love with some charming but insincere girl, and are afraid to confess it to me. But that will make no difference; it won't trouble me if you have loved twenty girls, if only you care last and most for me."

Paul laughed softly to himself.

"You can set your mind at ease upon that point," he said. "My secret is something quite different. It has nothing to do with any woman."

"Has it to do with a man?" I inquired.

"Yes, it has to do with a man."

"I suppose it is some money difficulty," I suggested. "Dearest, I beg you to tell me all about it."

"No," said Paul, "it is nothing of that sort; it is not anything that will affect your happiness, if you do not know it. It will only make life a little harder for me, which is a just retribution. Do not think of it again. I ought never to have mentioned it."

It is very mysterious. However, I

mean to put it out of my head, and go on as if nothing had happened; but if Paul will not tell me his secret, he certainly shall not learn mine; that is quite fair.

July 1. Uncle John, bless him, has decided to go abroad in the autumn for a year, and so Paul is to take all his practice, or clients, or whatever the proper term is. I shall have to study up legal phrases now, and there is a dear little house to be rented, just big enough for two people to begin house-keeping in. So we are to be married in November. I suppose we shall furnish our house chiefly with our wedding presents, for it is so many years since there has been a wedding among the *élite* of Northbridge that I am sure everybody will give us nice things.

August 15. Our presents have begun to flow in. There are two boxes waiting in the hall now, because I won't open them until Paul comes. One is from Mrs. Jansen, and I think it contains a silver tea-service, like the one she gave Anna Fuller, because years ago she jokingly promised me one.

Evening. We have unpacked Mrs. Jansen's box. I saw almost immediately that it was full of books, exquisitely bound in white vellum. "Probably a set of Shakespeare," I thought; "they will be a great ornament to the book-case." I took up one volume, and found to my horror that the title was *The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*.

"Paul," I gasped, "it is a set of Browning, almost exactly like the one you gave me. Don't you suppose we can exchange Mrs. Jansen's present for silver?"

Paul opened one of the books, and found my name inscribed on the fly-leaf; and alas! each volume had an appropriate quotation written in it, in Mrs. Jansen's exquisitely neat hand.

The other present was from Grace.

"This will be something worth having," I thought, as I eagerly opened it.

It contained Colombe's Birthday, illustrated with sketches that she made herself, the dear girl. It is lovely to have it, only — I wish I liked Browning better. Paul is very much pleased. He has a soul above spoons, and forks, and tea-pots.

September 5. It is very provoking. The whole Browning Class have run riot on the subject of their master, and each member has vied with the others in trying to find a delicate and original expression of her regard.

Miss Niles has had a picture painted on purpose for us, by a New York artist of sixth-rate ability. The subject is a scene from *In a Balcony*. Constance and Norbert, in purple and green costumes, stand haranguing each other, and exchanging most sentimental glances; while just behind them is the queen in funereal black, stiff, stern, and implacable. The motto is, "I love once, as I live but once."

Dear Miss Niles! her intentions were good, but it is such a hideous picture that we shall have to banish it to the spare-room.

Miss Anderson has given us two of her *Old Pictures* in Florence, handsomely framed. I am glad Paul likes them so much. I think them hideous. They are photographs taken from the original paintings, and show all the imperfections. I can't see any beauty in a Madonna with a crack directly across her eyes, as if she wore spectacles. However, I bear up for Paul's sake. I am careful not to let him suspect my disappointment.

September 23. Colonel Parminster is a trump! He has sent us a huge square box. It is too big to contain Browning's works, and besides, I have taken pains to show Mrs. Jansen's edition to every one. Dear old Colonel Parminster! I begin to feel very remorseful for ever having made fun of him.

September 24. When Paul came he opened the box for me, while I stood by,

indulging in speculations concerning the delightful contents.

"Do you know, Paul, I think it is one of those beautiful bronze lamps like Mrs. Ellis's!" I exclaimed eagerly, having caught a glimpse of something bronze.

"It is too heavy for a lamp," he returned. "I think it is — Why, it's a bust!" and pushing away the excelsior, he raised it on end, and the countenance gazed at me with a genial, kindly expression, and yet with a merry twinkle in the eye, as much as to say, "Well, my dear young lady, how do you feel now?"

It is needless to add that it was a life-sized bust of Robert Browning. I could have cried with vexation, if Paul had not been there.

I have gone back to my former opinion of Colonel Parminter.

October 15. It is the same old story repeated in different forms. Even the beautiful clock that Annie Fairchild has given us has a Browning motto engraved upon it: —

"Time's wheel runs back or stops,  
Potter and clay endure."

Time's wheel won't stop long enough for me to tell of all the ingenious devices the club have resorted to, to vary their gifts, and yet have them connected with R. B.

Little Miss Perkins is the only member who has given me a wholly commonplace present. She handed me some silver sugar-tongs, with a somewhat abject air. "My dear," she said, "you know how I dislike Browning. I felt it would be an affectation in me to give you a present associated with him, so I've brought these sugar-tongs, and I hope you won't mind very much." I embraced her on the spot. The tongs are lovely, and just what I wanted.

October 25. It seems that Mrs. Ellis is going to send us a china tea-set. So "there is some light on the dark river."

October 26. The tea-set has come, and each cup and saucer has a Browning quotation around the edge! The way of the transgressor is hard!

We have just received a huge box from Paul's brother in England. I am very much excited about it, for as his family, it is undoubtedly something dearer than Philip is the rich member of the lightful. . . .

My curiosity was so great that I could not possibly wait until Paul came, so Bridget and I together managed to open the box. I saw it was something marble, and fancied all sorts of things. In another moment I discovered that it was merely a bust. This was disappointing, as I have never been fond of busts; but I rather like the head of Clytie, and hoped it might be that.

Bridget, with great difficulty, raised it and set it on the floor.

"Shure and it looks enough like that other gentleman to be his twin brother," she said, "barring that one is as black as the ace of spades, and the other white as the driven snow."

I looked at it with a sickening feeling at my heart. It was (there was no mistake about it; by this time the master's features were well imprinted upon my mind), — it was — a bust of Robert Browning!

I had been trying on gowns all day and was tired out; so as soon as Bridget had left the room, I threw myself down on the floor, and, leaning against R. B. for support, I wept bitterly. I laid my head against his marble head, and my tears coursed down his face. They might have melted a heart of stone, but produced no impression upon the unsympathetic countenance of Robert Browning.

Presently I heard a distressed voice say, "Why, May, darling, what is the matter?"

I sprang up, and faced Paul. The hour had come, and I no longer faltered.

"That is the matter," I said, with



the gesture of a tragedy queen. "Look at your brother's present."

"But I do not understand," Paul said, bewildered. "I thought you could not have too much Browning."

"I have never liked Browning, never from the first moment that I saw you, never through all these long months."

I did not dare to look at Paul to see how he bore this announcement, but I heard him exclaim under his breath, "Is it possible!"

"Yes," I said, "it is, unfortunately, too true. I have been a hypocrite, and willfully deceived you. You know my secret now. Break our engagement, if you choose. Whatever happens, I can endure this life of deceit no longer. I shall die of too much Browning."

I was terribly excited, and flung myself, trembling, on the sofa.

In a moment Paul was at my side. "Dearest May" — he entreated.

I pushed his hand away.

"I am not worthy to touch you," I cried, — "you who care so much for Browning; you who" —

"May," said Paul contritely, "I once told you that I had concealed something from you. I also have had 'too much Browning:' that is my secret." . . .

October 27. This morning a note came from Paul's brother Philip for me. I will copy it here: —

MY DEAR NEW SISTER, — I am delighted to learn, through Paul, that you are as great an admirer of Browning as I am myself. I am glad, too, to hear that you have been a sufficiently powerful advocate to convert him. He used to be only a half-hearted admirer, in the old days, but he tells me that he has been thriving on my reputation, and con-

ducting a Browning Class for your sweet sake. I have been trying to think what I could give you for a wedding present that you will not have a score of already, and I have decided to send you a bust of Browning, to put as a genial household god above your hearthstone.

Your affectionate brother,

PHILIP KENT BROWN.

I looked at Paul, and he looked at me, and then we both laughed.

"I can't get over my surprise that *you* should carry on this long course of deceit," I observed.

"Really, I was not so much to blame as you think," he said, "for I told Miss Niles squarely, in the beginning, that it was my brother who was the distinguished P. K. Brown. I did not mean to join the class at first, but after I had seen you — well, it was all over with me then, for I fell in love with you at first sight. I felt it was my best chance of pleasing you," he added, with a smile; "and I liked Browning well enough to begin with, but Miss Niles and the colonel were too many for me."

"Paul," I said pensively, after a moment given to retrospection, "we can never tell our kind friends what hypocrites we have been; it would give them too much pain. We shall have to bear the consequences of our deceit for all time. Do you know that even our wedding is to be different from other people's? Miss Niles revealed to me, in a burst of confidence, that the organist is to play, what do you suppose, as we come out of church? A Toccata, by Galuppi! Miss Niles says she hopes that we shall march through life to Browning music."

"Heaven forbid!" said Paul.

Eliza Orne White.

## THE TELEPHONE CASES.

ON the 19th of March, 1888, the Supreme Court of the United States re-assembled in Washington, after the usual spring vacation. It was generally expected that the long-deferred decision in the telephone suits would then be made, and the court-room was filled with inventors, lawyers, and shareholders who had taken part in the protracted and bitter contest over Mr. Bell's patent, and whose fortune in some cases, whose fame in others, depended upon the result. The audience, on this occasion, were not disappointed, for the Chief Justice announced that the court was prepared to render its judgment in the six causes known as the Telephone Suits. "But," he added, "as the opinion is rather long, and my voice is weak and not under control, I have asked Judge Blatchford to read it." These were his last words in the Supreme Court, for he was then suffering from the disease which ended in his death, a few days afterward; and the opinion which he had prepared, and which was read for him in the deep and somewhat tense silence of the court-room, proved to be the final act of his public career. That opinion, as everybody knows, decided — and doubtless the decision will be accepted by history — that Mr. Alexander Graham Bell was the first inventor of the telephone, and that neither Reis, the German professor, nor anybody else succeeded in transmitting human speech by the aid of electricity until Mr. Bell had shown the world how it could be done. Three judges dissented from the opinion, holding that Daniel Drawbaugh, an intelligent mechanic of Eberly's Mills, Pennsylvania, had invented and used a complete telephone, much better than any that Bell ever devised, years before the latter made his discovery. The dissenting judges did

not deny that Mr. Bell also was an original inventor of the telephone, and that it was he who introduced it to public use. "We have nothing to say," Mr. Justice Bradley remarked, "depreciatory of Mr. Bell at all, for he has real merits; but we think that this obscure mechanic did do the thing, and that he is entitled to the merit of being the first inventor."

Whatever Daniel Drawbaugh had done or attempted in this line (and I shall glance at his history in a subsequent article), it is well known that about the year 1875 the transmission of speech by electricity was a problem with which many able inventors were struggling, and there was a general feeling that it would be solved before long. A word or two as to the manner in which speech is produced will show what the problem was, and enable the reader to understand how much or how little had already been accomplished.

When one speaks, what he does is to set in vibration the particles of air with which he is surrounded. Motion is communicated from one particle to another in the air, just as it is communicated from one particle to another in water, when the wind springs up and waves are formed. In each case, the particles move only in a restricted space, but the character of the motion is communicated to the adjoining particles, and the same character is preserved just so far as the movement extends. It would be erroneous, however, to conceive that the vibrations of the air take the shape of waves, like those of the sea; they are not curved, but move in a straight line, and they cover a very small space, — usually about one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. The particles of air, when words are spoken, are first crowded together, and then, when the pressure is removed, their elasticity comes into

play, and causes them to resume their former place. Waves require a surface, but the air is all about us; we are below it as well as above it. The movement of air particles during speech has been illustrated as follows:—

“If you are in a tightly packed and excited crowd, you are pressed on all sides; but as the people in the crowd sway a little, you are sometimes jammed more tightly, and again, presently, have a little more elbow-room. You and each of your neighbors touch each other all the time; but if the people in the part where you are move closer together, in their efforts to see something, you are pressed a little more; if some of them are attracted to turn and move a little away from you, you are pressed less. These movements of greater or less pressure are due to a slight to-and-fro movement of the different individuals composing the crowd.

“Such is the case with the air particles. Under the influence of the voice or some sounding body, those immediately near it are first, perhaps, pressed together; presently, by virtue of their elasticity, they spring apart a little more widely than they were before, and thus zones of condensation or rarefaction are produced. These zones of disturbance are propagated onward at the rate of about 1120 feet a second, very much as sea waves are propagated onward, without any traveling motion of the air or water itself, and are called ‘sound waves’ or ‘sonorous undulations.’ But as these zones are produced by and correspond to the slight vibratory motions of the air particles, it is found more convenient to study the motions of the particles themselves.”

This to-and-fro, or vibratory, motion of the air, being started by the speaker, and communicating itself gradually but speedily to all the air particles that lie between him and the listener, finally impinges upon the drum of the listener's ear. The drum is a diaphragm, which

is alternately pushed and pulled forward and backward as the vibrating particles strike against it or recede from it, according to their condensation or rarefaction. The motions of the drum are communicated to the interior parts of the ear, which in turn act upon the auditory nerves, conveying through them to the brain, in some unexplained manner, the impression of sound.

If each vibration occupied the same length of time, the matter would be a very simple one; but the duration of each condensation (which forms the first half of the vibration), as well as the duration of each rarefaction (which forms the second half), differs, or may differ, widely from that of the others. Moreover,—and here lies the chief difficulty,—the *character* of each vibration, which will be explained presently, continually varies. Shortly before Mr. Bell's invention of an electric telephone, the string or mechanical telephone was much in vogue, and was sold on the streets. It was thought by most people to be a new affair; but in reality it is a very old invention, dating back almost, if not quite, two hundred years. The “string telephone” is easily constructed by taking a small cylindrical tin box, knocking out the bottom, and affixing in its place a diaphragm of bladder or parchment. The diaphragms of two such devices are connected by a string, or, better yet, by a wire. When one of the boxes is spoken into, the diaphragm vibrates in accordance with the air particles thus set in motion; the vibrations are taken up by the string or wire, and thus communicated to the other diaphragm, which in turn sets the air particles in its vicinity vibrating, and thus the sound is repeated. By using a wire supported by poles, the mechanical telephone can be made to transmit speech about a quarter of a mile.

The problem, then, in 1875, was to substitute electricity for the string or wire in the mechanical telephone, and

to make an electric current the conveyer of those sound vibrations in which human speech consists. This problem, for reasons now to be explained (although they may be perfectly familiar to the reader), was much more difficult than it appeared to uninstructed persons; and in fact, the more a man knew about acoustics and electricity, the more likely he would be to despair of a successful solution. The air vibrations or sound waves have been described already in a general way; but the differences between them, which constitute the differences between one word and another, have not yet been indicated. There are three respects in which one sound varies from another, the most obvious of these being *loudness*. The next is that of *pitch*; sounds may differ in loudness while they are the same in pitch, and they may differ in pitch although they are the same in loudness. But a note of a certain pitch sounded with a certain loudness on a violin is distinguishable from a note of the same pitch sung with the same loudness by the human voice. These differences in the *character* of sound, which are neither loudness nor pitch, are known technically as differences of *timbre* or "quality." Quality, then, embraces all the differences which distinguish words from other sounds and from each other. In order to transmit words, therefore, it is necessary to reproduce the quality of the sound, a reproduction of the pitch, merely, being of no avail.

Such being the differences in sound, what are the mechanical differences in the air vibrations which correspond to them? The particles of air, when set in motion by the human organs of speech, vibrate, as has been said, or move to and fro over a very small space, usually rather less than that which would be measured by one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. The pitch of a sound is determined by the time which it takes the air particle to perform this

complete vibratory movement to and fro. Ordinarily, it moves over its path and back again in one one-hundredth of a second; it may do so in half that time, in which case the pitch will be an octave higher than it was in the former instance.

But the length of the path, although always very small, varies in accordance with the violence of the impetus given to the air particle; and this length, or "amplitude," as it is called, determines the loudness of the sound. If the air particle which has been supposed in the preceding paragraph vibrates through an increased range, but in the same time, by moving at a faster rate, then the pitch will remain the same, and the loudness will be greater. But we have not yet arrived at those differences in sound which distinguish one word from another, and are summed up by the terms "character," "timbre," or "quality." Given the length of the path over which the air particle vibrates (which is *loudness*), and given the time allowed for its vibration (which is *pitch*), it is obvious that it may perform this journey in countless different ways. It may pass at a uniform rate, and stop; it may go fast at first, then slower, then fast again, and so on; it may go part of the way at a certain speed, then return on itself at a different speed, then go forward again at still another rate, and yet reach its goal at the appointed time. It is these eccentricities of travel, so to say, irrespective of the length of the journey or of the time occupied in performing it, which determine the quality of sound and distinguish one word from another.

It is plain that in 1875 the apparent difficulty of transmitting sound vibrations by electricity must have been very great indeed. These vibrations, to repeat, measure in space less than one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch, and in time they measure one one-hundredth of a second at the most; yet the vibration itself may be reproduced accurately,

so far as its length and time are concerned, without reproducing speech: it is the peculiarities of the vibration, so minute that they take place within these excessively small limits of time and space, and so complex that they correspond to all possible words, which must be copied by the electric current. It is no wonder, then, that the persons who knew most about the subject were, as a rule, the least inclined to believe that a telephone was possible.

This knowledge, however, — that is, knowledge of the wonderfully minute and complex movements of the air particles by which the quality of spoken words is produced, — was not common, even among men of science, until the year 1862, when Helmholtz published his famous work upon the subject. Before that time, it was usually supposed (though Helmholtz, and others, perhaps, had gained a more correct notion) that “the endless variety of tones depends entirely upon the rapidity and amplitude of the sound waves.” The “rapidity and amplitude of the sound waves” do determine, as we have seen, the pitch and loudness of the sound; but they have nothing to do with the “endless variety of tones.” The quotation just made is taken from a magazine published at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1854. The writer was an ingenious Frenchman, named Bourseul, from whom Philipp Reis is supposed to have derived much inspiration; and in this article Bourseul predicted that speech would some day be transmitted by electricity, not knowing the difficulty of the achievement. He said: —

“Suppose that a man speaks near a movable disc, sufficiently flexible to lose none of the vibrations of the voice; that this disc alternately makes and breaks the currents from a battery. You may have at a distance another disc, which will simultaneously execute the same vibrations. . . . It is certain that in a more or less distant future speech will be

transmitted by electricity. I have made some experiments in this direction. They are delicate, and demand time and patience; but the approximations obtained promise a favorable result.”

It will be noticed that Bourseul speaks of his disc or diaphragm as alternately making and breaking the current; and this alternate make and break of the current, in obedience to the movements of the diaphragm spoken against, was an essential feature in the apparatus which Philipp Reis constructed a few years later. Reis used a wooden box, with a membrane of thin sausage-skin stretched across an opening on one side of the box. (So far he copied the mechanical or string telephone.) A light piece of metal or two pieces joined together, so that the whole was shaped like the two equal sides of a triangle, projected over the membrane, the two ends of the piece being provided with short legs, which were fastened to the framework about the membrane or diaphragm. The angle of this metal piece was thus held above the centre of the diaphragm. To this angle was attached a little foot of platinum, which, in turn, rested upon another small piece of platinum affixed to the centre of the diaphragm. Such electrical connections were made that a current passed into the metal piece at one of its open ends, and so through the platinum foot, through the platinum piece attached to the diaphragm, and off over a wire to the receiver. The receiver consisted simply of a coil of wire, inside of which was a knitting-needle, the whole being placed upon a sounding-board. The operation of this apparatus was as follows: When musical sounds were produced in the transmitter, the vibrating air particles thus set in motion beat against the membrane, and caused it to move upward, so that the platinum foot of the steel piece or hopper resting on the membrane was thrown up at each vibration, as a boy is tossed in a blanket. The effect of this was of

course to break the current, by momentary severing of the contact, and the current being broken at each vibration, the *pitch* (or time of vibration) was copied by the current passing over the wire. The needle in the middle of the coil at the end of the wire was alternately magnetized and demagnetized, as the current was made and broken, and this operation had the effect of changing its size correspondingly, though in the slightest degree. These slight and imperceptible changes in the needle were, however, sufficient to move the air particles in its vicinity, causing them to vibrate in exact accordance with the broken electric current; and the air vibrations thus caused being the same in duration as those originally started at the transmitter, the pitch of the sound there made was reproduced.

Pitch merely, not quality, was transmitted by this instrument, because it was a circuit-breaker. Pitch, as we have seen, corresponds to and varies with the time consumed by the vibration of the air particles. Pitch, in other words, is the measure, in time, of vibration; and inasmuch as in Reis's apparatus the circuit was made and broken at every vibration, it did reproduce pitch. It did not reproduce words, because many vibrations must take place in the creation of a single word, and the sound of the word depends on the form of these vibrations; but if the current breaks at each vibration, the word is chopped in pieces, and cannot, of course, be repeated. For the same reason, this contrivance did not, except very imperfectly, transmit the loudness of the sound, or, in other words, the amplitude of vibration, the break in the current being made in accordance with the time (pitch) occupied by the vibration, and not in accordance with the length or amplitude (loudness) of the vibration. The instruments of Reis were made in various forms early in the sixties, and although Helmholtz's full exposition of

quality or timbre was published in 1862, neither Reis nor anybody else profited by his discoveries until the time of Bell.

The apparatus of Reis, though not practically useful, was a great invention, and it attracted much notice from scientific men. It was sold extensively in Europe and in England as a curiosity, and Professor Henry procured a Reis telephone for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Perhaps, indeed, the conception that the electric current might be made to repeat and transmit sound vibrations, and the imperfect means to that end which Reis devised, constituted as great an advance, intellectually speaking, as the subsequent discovery made by Mr. Bell. However this may be, Reis was, as we have seen, on the wrong track; his theory, though right so far as the transmission of pitch goes, was essentially wrong so far as the transmission of quality is concerned. It is true, therefore, as Judge Lowell said, in the first suit upon Mr. Bell's patent, — and it would be difficult to overestimate the value to the Bell Company of his remark: "A century of Reis would never have produced a speaking telephone by mere improvement in construction."

But the peculiar and the striking fact about the Reis apparatus is that by the very slightest change it can be converted into a practical telephone. It is necessary only so to adjust the metal piece or armature that the platinum foot in which it ends shall always be in contact with the membrane, instead of parting from it at each vibration, and the thing is done. In that case, and provided that one speaks gently into the transmitter, the diaphragm is always in circuit with the hopping-piece, the contact is never broken, the vibrations of the diaphragm are copied exactly by variations or undulations in the electric current which is constantly flowing from the battery. These variations magnetize and demagnetize the knitting-needle in the coil which constitutes the receiver, and the air par-



ticle in the vicinity of the receiver being attracted and repelled accordingly, the sounds spoken into the transmitter are reproduced. In this way it is perhaps possible to transmit speech even with the Reis receiver, though very imperfectly; and if a Bell receiver is used with the Reis transmitter the apparatus is a practical one. If Reis had known the reason for this slight mechanical change, he could have effected it in the twinkling of an eye; but he did not know; on the contrary, he thought that the value of his apparatus consisted in the very feature which, as we have seen, was its radical defect, namely, the break of contact at each vibration. Reis and those who used his contrivance could not account satisfactorily for its failure to transmit speech, but they were convinced that the principle upon which it operated was correct.

Fifteen years later, in 1877, and thereafter, when Mr. Bell's patent had been granted, and people were looking about for something which would serve to invalidate it, they lighted, naturally, upon the invention of Reis. It would be a difficult and a painful task to calculate the time, labor, and money that were thrown away in the effort to convince the courts that Reis first invented the telephone. The error was an excusable one on the part of laymen. Most people vaguely think that patents are granted for things, not for ideas; and inasmuch as the thing which Reis made differs in construction only by a hair's-breadth from a real telephone, is it not monstrous to hold that the prior invention of the one thing shall have no effect upon the later invention of the other! The fact is, however, that patents are granted for ideas. The materials in which the invention is embodied amount to nothing; any mechanic can make your patented contrivance when you have told him how to do it. It is the intellectual conception, the image which the inventor sees in his mind's eye, before he has shown

it in a drawing, or described it on paper, or copied it in wood or iron,—it is this, the idea, for which a patent is granted, and which is protected by the courts. When, therefore, the infringers of the Bell patent pointed to the prior contrivance of Reis, the court said, Yes, but Reis had the wrong idea: his apparatus, though resembling a telephone in appearance, was constructed upon a principle essentially misleading.

It is not quite so easy to account for the confidence and the ardor with which lawyers of undoubted ability put forward the Reis defense. But perhaps it would be fair to say that they were ensnared by oversubtlety, and still more by ambition. The Bell patent stood out as a shining mark: great advocates were defending it, and great capitalists were backing it. Fame and fortune awaited the man who could destroy the monopoly; and it is no wonder that acute counselors deceived themselves. "The glory of it, Mr. —, the glory of beating the Bell patent!" was the characteristic remark made by a leading supporter of the Reis telephone. Moreover, there was slight evidence to the effect that Reis had transmitted words by means of his device; and there were experts in plenty who swore that it would transmit speech without any alteration whatever. A whole book was written and published in England to prove that Reis really made a telephone; that he asserted it to be such, used it as such, and that the invention was generally recognized at the time. But the evidence to justify these statements was of the flimsiest character. The broad facts remained that Reis was working upon a wrong theory, that his apparatus was known and used extensively for fifteen years, and yet nobody ever discovered that it was a telephone until Mr. Bell's patent had been issued and the infringement suits began.

The year 1874 found Mr. Bell settled in Boston as a teacher of deaf mutes.

He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, his father being a professor of vocal physiology there. The son followed in his father's steps, and before reaching the age of twenty-three years had made a profound study of articulate speech. He was familiar with the work of Helmholtz, and had some knowledge of electricity. In the fall of 1874, there were two things in his mind, — the harmonic telegraph, which he had already invented, and the telephone, which he hoped to invent. Some men of means, in whose families Mr. Bell had taught, agreed to advance the money for further experiments in the harmonic telegraph, and for taking out a patent upon it, but they had no faith in the telephone. Like most inventors, Mr. Bell was exceedingly poor; and it was a question with him whether he should for a time abandon his teaching (the only means of support he had), and borrow a little money, upon which he might live until he had either failed or succeeded with his great project of the telephone. He decided to take this bold step, gave up his pupils, and staked his fortune on the success of the invention. Before the summer of 1874 was out, Mr. Bell had conceived the apparatus which he patented two years later, although — and this is another singular fact in the history of the telephone — he believed it to be defective, and never imagined that the thing would work until two years later, when he accidentally discovered that the supposed defect did not exist. Without attempting to analyze the different steps of the intellectual process by which Mr. Bell finally arrived at his invention, it will be sufficient to describe the apparatus which he first designed. This was very simple. It consisted, to begin with, like the string telephone, of a box or funnel, as a transmitter, over an opening in which was stretched a membrane. To this membrane a soft-iron armature was attached. Directly in front of the armature, but not quite in contact with it, was the core of a magnetized

electro-magnet. It is well known that when a piece of iron or steel, like an armature, is moved toward and away from such a core, an electrical disturbance is produced in the coils surrounding the core. When the armature is moved toward the core, an electrical flow takes place through the coils in one direction; when the armature is withdrawn again, an electrical flow in the other direction occurs. There is no current in the coil so long as the armature is kept still, but whenever the armature moves the current is started, and it moves in the same direction and with the same degree of violence as the armature. When words are spoken in the transmitter above described, the vibrations of the air particles thus caused are repeated in the diaphragm, and the vibration of the diaphragm causes the armature attached to it to move forward and back in front of the electro-magnet. Of course the vibrations thus transmitted are the same in the armature as they were in the air, and consequently the electrical disturbances produced in the coils of the magnet by the movement of the armature also correspond to the air vibrations. The same operation, but in the inverse order, occurs at the receiving station. The electrical changes produced in the electro-magnet near the transmitter are conveyed along the wire to another electro-magnet, which attracts and repels an armature; this armature, in turn, communicates to the diaphragm attached to it the same vibrations; the air, again, at the receiving station takes on these vibrations from the diaphragm, and thus the sound is reproduced.

This contrivance Mr. Bell had devised by the fall of 1874, and he described it then to Dr. C. J. Blake, of Boston. But the apparatus had never been constructed, for Mr. Bell (and Dr. Blake agreed with him) felt sure that it would not operate, and that further improvements were necessary. He considered that the very slight current which would be de-

veloped would be too weak altogether to transmit the countless and complex variations which should correspond to the form of vibration assumed by the air particles. Other persons skilled in electrical science, with whom Mr. Bell consulted, were of the same opinion; and indeed, the more thoroughly anybody had mastered what was known at that date about the electric current, the more sure he would have been that Mr. Bell's invention was not yet complete. The seeming reasonableness of this view may be gathered from the fact that the current generated by the Bell telephone is about one thousand million times weaker than that commonly used in telegraphing.

The inventor was now in great straits, harassed for money, overworked, and anxious. At Christmas time he was at home in Canada for a few days, and his father's diary contains these significant items:—

"Sunday, Dec. 27, 1874. Long talk on multiple telegraph and speech trans. Al. [his son] sanguine.

"Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1874. Talking half the night, motor and telephone."

A month or two later, Mr. Bell was in Washington on business connected with his invention of the harmonic telegraph, and he had an interview with Professor Henry, which he described as follows in a letter to his father and mother:—

"I felt so much encouraged by his interest that I determined to ask his advice about the apparatus I have designed for the transmission of the human voice by telegraph. I explained the idea, and said, 'What would you advise me to do—publish it and let others work it out, or attempt to solve the problem myself?' He said he thought it was the germ of a great invention, and advised me to work at it myself instead of publishing. I said that I recognized the fact that there were mechanical difficulties in the way that rendered the plan impracticable at the present time. I added that I felt that I had not the electrical knowledge

necessary to overcome the difficulties. His laconic answer, was 'GET IT.' I cannot tell you how much these two words have encouraged me. I live too much in an atmosphere of discouragement for scientific pursuits. Good—is, unfortunately, one of the *cui bono* people, and is too much in the habit of looking at the dark side of things. Such a chimerical idea as telegraphing *vocal sounds* would indeed to *most* minds seem scarcely feasible enough to spend time in working over."

Again, a month later, he wrote as follows:—

"I have just returned from my trip to New York, thoroughly worn out; found your letters of the 14th inst. awaiting me. I am now beginning to realize the cares and anxieties of being an inventor. In order to complete the apparatus [that of the harmonic multiple telegraph] as thoroughly as possible, I have decided to give up all professional work for some weeks. I have put off all pupils and classes until the 12th of April. Flesh and blood could not stand much longer such a strain as I have had upon me."

At this time, then, Mr. Bell had really invented the telephone, without knowing it; that is, he was not aware that the exceedingly minute and complex vibrations of the air particles would yet move the diaphragm and armature with sufficient force to generate a current of electricity which would reproduce and transmit the sound vibrations. He knew that the principle of his apparatus was correct, excepting for the lack of power; and an accident disclosed the fact that, contrary to his belief, the current generated by the armature vibrations in front of the electro-magnet was at least strong enough to reproduce the loudness of a sound. In the course of some experiments with the harmonic telegraph apparatus, Mr. Watson, Mr. Bell's assistant, accidentally knocked the transmitting instrument with his hand, and simultaneously a sound was heard at the

receiving instrument. A mere trembling of the armature of one instrument had, apparently, produced an audible sound at the other; and if this were so, then the strength of the armature vibrations had been very much underestimated. "The moment the discovery was made," says Mr. Bell, "the practicability of the speaking telephone devised by me in 1874 flashed upon me, and I instantly gave instructions to have the instrument made." But this instrument was imperfectly constructed, and the membrane broke at the first trial. Mr. Bell still supposed that some means must be devised to increase the strength of the electric current, before quality as well as loudness could be transmitted by his apparatus. On the same day, he wrote as follows:—

"I have accidentally made a discovery of the very greatest importance in regard to the transmitting instruments. . . . I have succeeded to-day in transmitting signals *without any battery whatever*. The musical note produced at the receiving end was sensibly the equivalent of that at the transmitting end in *loudness* as well as pitch."

And a month later, in a letter to the same person, he said:—

"I feel sure that a study of Ladd's or Wilde's magneto-electric machine will reveal a means of *increasing the intensity* of the induced currents. I am told that Professor Lovering has one of Wilde's instruments in his possession, so I shall call upon him to-morrow for information concerning it."

This was in June, 1875. Mr. Bell was laboring under great difficulties. A legal controversy in regard to the harmonic telegraph was pending between him and Mr. Gray; he was obliged to live on money which he borrowed upon the strength of the tuition fees that he expected to earn during the succeeding winter. It was very difficult for him to prosecute his experiments, for he was not a skilled workman, and he could ill

afford to buy tools or to hire assistance. Shortly before, he had written to his father: "My inexperience in these matters is a great drawback. However, Morse conquered his electrical difficulties, though he was only a painter, and I don't intend to give in, either, till all is completed." And yet he had reached the goal, though he did not know it: he had but to stretch out his hand, and pluck the fruit which he had been seeking.

After some further and more successful experiments, in the fall of 1875 he drew his application for a patent. It was taken to Washington early in December by one of Mr. Bell's partners in the harmonic telegraph, but this cautious person came back just before Christmas, having done nothing with it. Finally, after many delays and disappointments, the application was filed in February, 1876; and even up to that time Mr. Bell had never succeeded in transmitting speech through the telephone. This highly interesting and significant fact was brought out in the subsequent litigation, and on it were based many ineffectual arguments against the validity of the patent. It is undoubtedly true that if Mr. Bell had died in 1875, nothing that he had done would have been held to anticipate a subsequent inventor. But this only serves to show the mathematical accuracy of his reasoning, and the firmness of his intellectual grasp. He had not himself made a telephonic apparatus which was a practical device, but he described it in his specification, so that skilled workmen, following his directions, were able to construct operative instruments. The patent was barely sufficient for this, but still it was sufficient, and thus the invention was saved to the inventor.

The telephone first came into public notice at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. It had been arranged that on Sunday, June 25, 1876, a private entertainment should be given to a few

distinguished persons by Mr. Elisha Gray, a well-known electrician and inventor. Mr. Gray desired to show his harmonic multiple telegraph for sending numerous messages at one time over a single wire, by means of musical notes. Sunday was chosen, because on that day the main hall, where the instruments were, would be comparatively quiet. Mr. Bell asked that he too might display an invention on this occasion, not mentioning what it was, and he was told, in substance, that if any odds and ends of time were left over, after Mr. Gray's apparatus had been shown, he might occupy them. Among the company were Sir William Thomson and the Emperor of Brazil. The day was intensely hot. Mr. Gray's explanation and exhibition of his invention had already detained the audience beyond the luncheon hour, and they were extremely anxious to get away. However, they curbed their impatience, and Mr. Bell was allowed to proceed. Presently, he sent his assistant to the further end of the line, and, putting the receiver to his ear, he repeated what he heard. This aroused the tired audience. Sir William Thomson rose from his seat, saying, "I will go and speak, myself;" and Professor Barker took the receiver. "I heard," he relates, "the well-known accents of Sir William Thomson's voice, and said, 'Sir William is now speaking.' A moment later I heard him say, 'Ay, there's the rub,' and repeated the words to the company. I then passed the receiver to the Emperor. He placed it to his ear with an expression of doubt upon his countenance; but immediately this expression changed, and he repeated slowly the words, 'To be, or not to be.'" The Emperor hastily put down the receiver, and started away to the transmitting end. Mr. Gray then took the receiver. "I listened intently," he says, "for some moments, hearing a very faint, ghostly, ringing sort of sound, and finally I thought I caught the words, 'Ay, there's

the rub;' I turned to the audience, repeating these words, and they cheered."

On his return to England, at a meeting of the British Association, Sir William Thomson gave the following account of what he saw and heard at Philadelphia on this hot Sunday:—

"In the Canadian Department I heard, 'To be, or not to be,' 'Ay, there's the rub,' through an electric telegraph wire; but, scorning monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave me passages taken at random from the New York newspapers; 'S. S. Cox has arrived' (I failed to make out the 'S. S. Cox.');" 'The city of New York;' 'Senator Morton;' 'The Senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies;' 'The Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming Fourth of July.' All this my own ears heard, spoken to me with unmistakable distinctness by the thin, circular disc armature of just such another little electro-magnet as the one which I now hold in my hand. . . . This, the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph, is due to a young countryman of our own, Mr. Graham Bell, of Edinburgh and Montreal and Boston, now becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States. Who can but admire the hardihood of invention which devised such very slight means to realize the mathematical conception that if electricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of its current must vary continuously, and as nearly as may be in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sounds?"

Mr. Bell's work was now done, and his fame assured. Other inventors took up the telephone and made the improvements to which it owes a large part of its commercial value. A great corporation was formed to manage and develop the business founded upon the patent. Lawyers were employed to defend it,

and others were engaged to pick a flaw in it, if any such might be found. State Street took an interest in the invention, and the possibility of great wealth began to dawn upon the owners of the patent, and upon others who thought they saw how it might be evaded. Litigation soon began, and learned experts were called in, college professors and the like, who swore with much ability to conflicting theories. Meanwhile, the telephone became more and more common in all parts of the country. An army of mechanics, clerks, and laborers were occupied in

constructing, maintaining, and operating it, and a vastly greater army of practical persons were employing it every day in their business. What was the source of all this activity, physical and intellectual? It was a scientific and mathematical problem, worked out in a garret by a penniless teacher of deaf mutes. Man is a thieving, rapacious creature; if he were not, there would be no patents and no courts; but it is impossible to contemplate such inventions as the telephone without considering that he is also a wonderfully clever animal.

H. C. Merwin.

#### DR. HOLMES'S NEW VOLUME.

THE small volume<sup>1</sup> into which Dr. Holmes has gathered the verses of his later years is in the main a book of memory. He has filled it with the sentiment of the past to which he is so strongly attached, and he has expressed this poetic affection for persons and places and traditions in a variety of forms. He has been a great part of what he sings, at Cambridge, at the old Saturday Club, and at King's Chapel. The subject delights him, and perhaps this is why his occasional verses are uniformly so successful. To him the occasion is all that inspiration is to the less ready and versatile poet,—a true gift of the Muse. Some fancy floats into his mind, and he subdues it to his uses with an ease and firmness that come from a command of style. It is a study to take a series of his Harvard poems, all upon very similar topics, and observe how he varies the image, what new terms he gives to the old thought, and yet how single is the feeling. At the beginning is a group of seven such

poems, written at intervals of a year between each two, for the gatherings of his college class; and all are not only much better than anniversary verses, but several of them are likely to haunt the memory, and none is without some touch or flash that betrays the poet. The story of the diminishing girdle of friendship is very prettily adapted to its new application, and the comparison of the aged survivors of his youth to the leaning stones in Salisbury plain is just one of those inimitable strokes which, once made, remains unforgotten and unrepeatable. In *The Angel Thief*, also, there are some attractive felicities of diction, like the "soft-shod vault explorers;" but in *The Broken Circle* there is a strength that is of nobler quality, and a pathos quite unapproached by the other members of this group:—

"Time, that unbuilds the quarried past,  
Leans on these wrecks that press the sod;  
They slant, they stoop, they fall at last,  
And strew the turf their priests have trod.

"So let our broken circle stand  
A wreck, a remnant, yet the same,  
While one last, loving, faithful hand  
Still lives to feed its altar flame!"

<sup>1</sup> *Before the Curfew and Other Poems, Chiefly Occasional*. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.



This ability to seize some striking figure and make it express the sentiment of the hour is just the characteristic which, in connection with the poet's capacity for strong and direct expression, raises Dr. Holmes's faculty for a kind of verse which seldom lives beyond the moment to a point at which it is not distinguishable from that for ordinary meditative and elegiac poetry. These stanzas add a new association to "old Sarum's plain."

These few Harvard pieces, with which the collection begins, give the tone to the volume. It is most deeply touched with reminiscence; the light upon it is not that "which never was," but that which has been, and will never be again. One sees it in the various tributes to the poet's old friends, Clarke, Peirce, Hedge, and in the admirable lines to Dr. Gould, in which there is a mingling of scientific and friendly inspiration that gives unusual glow to the sounding verses; but the best expression of this personal regret and fondness for the former times is found in the vision the poet summons up at the club in "the palace inn," with its "northern side" always "in grateful shadow," while the sunshine beats on the walls opposite. Here he sketches for us portraits of Longfellow, Agassiz, Emerson, and Hawthorne which may well be placed beside any that have been drawn of these favorites of New England's literary age. The lines are already familiar to our readers, but we will not forbear quoting a few of them, so vivid are they, so brief and clear, and conveying not only a true picture of the man, but the sense of his personality at the same time; —

"Modest he seems, not shy; content to wait  
Amid the noisy clamor of debate  
The looked-for moment, when a peaceful  
word  
Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues  
have stirred.  
In every tone I mark his tender grace,  
And all his poems hinted in his face."

The last line has the condensation of genius, at once the most beautiful, the

most expressive, and the most true, the trait that puts life in the sketch. Emerson's figure is without this final touch, but it has the same reality: —

"The spare, slight form, the sloping shoulders'  
droop,  
The calm, scholastic mien, the clerkly stoop,  
The lines of thought the sharpened features  
wear."

But this describes a type, "the Brahmin tribe," and one reads further to find the special features of the man. Dr. Holmes has singled out in his case, too, the most characteristic thing to mark Emerson's individuality, and he finds it in his method of speech, his hesitating slowness as he picks the chosen words for his diction. So all these portraits have the truth of intimate observation, but they are not less remarkable for the certainty of the expression, the sureness of a formed style excellently adapted to such uses as it is put to in this instance. The Harvard Commemoration Poem, which is the longest of the collection, introduces us to still a third form of the reminiscences of the author, and in this he takes the reader back to a much earlier time, when an elder generation held the stage, and he and his coevals were beginning their careers; but though there is much "honorable mention" in it, as befitted the occasion, there are no special characterizations that detain the mind, and none of those touches, such as we have called attention to, that endear the memory of the poet's friends.

There is here, however, something more than eulogy and elegy in their forms of pleasant remembrance. There has always been in Dr. Holmes's work a strong infusion of local feeling, of that attachment to places which is one of the most pronounced traits of the New Englander. The place here, of course, is Boston. That sketch of School Street which we have quoted is one that a realistic novelist could not better, and there are other bits of description quite as life-like. The verses entitled *The Flaneur*

are the best example of local color, and there is in them, besides, a lightness and spirit which go far to make them the most attractive of any lines in the collection. Many of our readers will readily recall the scene on the Common at the time of the transit of Venus, which was the occasion of Dr. Holmes's paying the "white exiguous coin" to him who "farms the firmament:" —

"Who takes his toll, and lifts the bar  
That shuts the road to sun and star."

This is a kind of subject which requires the nicest handling between grave and gay, and the perfection of the author's skill is unquestionable. Only quotation could do any justice to the poem, or show the temperament of the poet in his town delights. One goes back to some scenes in the London poets to meet with anything of the same sort, though every frequenter of the Mall will find pleasure in these decasyllables that confess the attraction of the common and trivial when they have become habitual and have been mingled with many associations.

"My ear a pleasing torture finds  
In tones the withered sibyl grinds."

It was in this way that Dr. Johnson loved Fleet Street. In this poem, too, one comes on the scientific element which is never far off in Dr. Holmes's books; and indeed the contrast between the spot on the sun's disk —

"A little spot that, black and round,  
Lies near the crimsoned fire-orb's rim" —

and the "blessed, beauteous evening star" was too excellent an opportunity for any poet with science in his thoughts to miss. The same scientific element is perhaps more nobly expressed in the lines to Dr. Gould, one stanza of which is really in the grand style of the pentameter stanza (which indeed does not admit of much grandeur): —

"He at whose word the orb that bore him  
shivered  
To find her central sovereignty disowned,

While the wan lips of priest and pontiff  
quivered,  
Their jargon stilled, their Baal disen-  
throned."

There is in it, perhaps, a touch of the *odium scientificum*, if there be such a thing, but it only serves to give heat to the lines. In one of the Harvard poems, also, one finds the same modern spirit, with a touch between satire and comedy in that instance; and in the Harvard Commemoration Poem there is a danger-signal or two to be observed.

Altogether, although there is an undertone of regret often noticeable, the collection is a many-sided expression of the author's personality, his tastes, his friendships, and the qualities of mind and heart that have given him so marked an individuality in the literary group with which he is indissolubly associated, and to which these new poems bind him with still more bonds. Their prevailing characteristic is sentiment rather than anything else, the feeling for the past, whether in historical or literary associations, in church, or college, or town; and, besides that, there is also a real poetic style in the workmanship, strong, able, and telling, and, whether light or serious, always true in its stroke. The poems are too well known to our readers to permit our making such extracts as would more fully illustrate these few words, many of them having appeared in our pages; but there is such a difference between the impression which poems make singly and that which they make when gathered together that the reader is often surprised at the variety, force, and evenness of the work as a whole, although he may know it very well part by part: and this is particularly true of this volume, which is a most agreeable addition to the long list of varied works which already bear the author's name on our shelves.

## LEA'S MEDLEVAL INQUISITION.

THE popular idea of the Inquisition includes hardly more than the memory of its cruelties. It is regarded as an incident of horror in history, like pestilence or massacre, with the addition that its deeds were done in the name of religion. A broad and detailed view of the institution, however, such as these volumes<sup>1</sup> contain, must deal with those interests that far transcend this almost physical phase. In its own time, the suffering it inflicted upon heretics was less revolting to the feelings of men; judgment upon it is heavier now, because the world has grown more humane; to contemporaries its penalties bore a less harsh character. On the other hand, no institution in history throws so many lights upon the character of human error among the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, the good and the bad; in the development of Western civilization it holds a place so peculiar as to afford some of the most valuable illustrations of the profound social changes of its era. The Church had been the guardian of civilization. In an age of violence, the ecclesiastical courts, the rights of sanctuary, the personal immunities of the servants of religion, were great defenses against brutal and capricious force, and in the monasteries was found the only intellectual life; as secular progress developed, the place of the Church became of less consequence as the conservator of social principles, and then was witnessed the singular spectacle of the new civilization gradually surpassing, and in the end displacing, that which had its home in the ecclesiastical organization. The system of thought and administration which belonged to the Church remained rigid and obstinate,

an impediment of vast resistance in the path of modern progress. The time of the conflict between the old and the new was coeval with the mediæval Inquisition, and this institution was an instrument in the hands of the ancient *régime*. Its history is of great importance for what it reveals of the temper of the combatants.

One cannot refrain from asking, Why was it that the Church, being the heir of the past and in possession of its accumulations of knowledge, and including in its ranks the best informed and ablest minds of successive centuries, did not itself develop our civilization? One way of answering the question is to observe what was the element in the Church which the new age found irreconcilable. This was sacerdotalism. The most widespread and vehement protest which it was the office of the Inquisition to eradicate was against those doctrines upon which priesthood was founded. The course of history does not often coincide with that of reason. It is abuse that comes first, and examination comes afterward. The corruption of the clergy had long been in the mouths of those puritans who arise in every religious community; the vices of the monastic life, the avarice of the Curia, the neglect of the bishops, the sacrifice of all things for advancement in secular power, from the Papacy down, were matters of common report; and in addition to these things, which offended the moral sense, there was the far-reaching doctrine that the Church owned "the treasure of salvation" exclusively, and the inevitable result, in such a time, that the guardians of this treasure, the priests, required in exchange for it, or as a condition preliminary to giving it in the sacraments, a money payment. In such a state of affairs, some men who are not of the

<sup>1</sup> *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*. By HENRY CHARLES LEA. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. 1888.

Church are sure to demand the grounds on which the sacerdotal claim was founded. The cry against clerical corruption in morals will be succeeded by skepticism in regard to the validity of institutions which are so administered; an area of discontent, uncertainty, and expectation of change will be formed, and the minds of men become ripe to receive new doctrines, however strange. This was what happened in those centuries when Protestantism was rising in ever larger groups and with greater force, until, when temporal circumstances were favorable, the Reformation was able to maintain itself. The truth or falsehood of the heresies which sprang up is a matter of little consequence. The object in view, whether known to the persons involved or not, was to destroy the mediæval priest, to discredit the grounds on which he claimed his functions, to abolish sacerdotalism. In this conflict, the Church, notwithstanding the reformers within it who desired to save the system by curing its abuses, remained wedded to the dogmas and the rites out of which, in conjunction, the evil perpetually was generated; and its leadership in civilization was lost.

The strife opened with a curious instance of the extraordinary vitality of thought. In that Albigensian province where civilization was most advanced, the belief that took root and spread was one of the oldest speculations of man. It was that doctrine of the double powers of good and evil in eternal conflict, of the essential corruption of matter, which, with added Pythagorean and Christian elements, was early an object of persecution as the Manichean heresy. It had continued to exist in Asia and had been transported to the Danubian lands, and thence it spread to challenge its old enemy, the Roman Church, in Southern France and the adjacent Latin countries. It was a religion of despair, as it had always been; but it satisfied the one demand of the time in being

anti-sacerdotal. The authority of the priest, with all that it rested upon,—sacraments, masses, relics, the suffrage of saints, tithes and offerings, and the entire body of saving observances,—was swept away; he became little more than the counselor and comforter of the faithful. The belief spread, as belief often does, rather by contagion than by conviction, and grew so threatening that it seemed not unlikely to drive out Catholicism. It allied itself with national sentiment; but when Albigensian crusades reduced the country to an appanage of France, it still required years of persecution by the Inquisition to stamp it out, both there and in Italy. The martyrdoms and lesser suffering which were undergone illustrate the commonplace truth that men will die as heroically for one opinion as for another. The popular character of this revolt, and especially that of the parallel Waldensian movement, also brings forward forcibly what the whole history of the time shows,—that social reform begins from below, among the poor and humble, and finds its enemies among those in power, place, and wealth. The success of the repressive measures was complete, and Manicheism was relegated to the limbo called the history of philosophy.

The other great world conceptions which contest the possession of men's minds with the Christian faith also arose in their turn. Pantheism, in one and another form, and sometimes with the most curious vagaries for its practical conclusions, sprang up in the North of Europe. The doctrines of Illuminism and the general mystical instinct of the Germanic mind were then declared, the fruitful seeds of mediæval heresy and of modern philosophies. Averroism made its way in another quarter, and it offered such new materials for examination, opened such new horizons for speculation, already wearied with the puzzles of the schoolmen, that in a time of mental expansion it necessarily became

an important element in the intellectual life of Europe. Christianity itself gave rise to many heresies, — the word being merely a general term for new ideas. The most interesting of these was the belief of the thinkers or dreamers who took refuge from the degeneracy of the established Church in the notion that the time had come when a new revelation was about to be made to the world, a new dispensation which should succeed the Catholic as that had followed the Jewish. Not far removed in spirit from these, whose delusion was the precursor of endless Adventist expectations since then, was the company of Franciscans, who strove to renew the Apostolic ideal by preaching the doctrine of Christ's poverty, with all its conclusions regarding the duty of Christians to renounce property. Besides such intellectual and pious innovations, one must count also the outbursts of emotional religion which were a marked feature of the time, such as that of the successive bands of Flagellants, who marched in procession, inflicting tortures upon themselves in penance, which was declared to be wrong only because not commanded by the priests. The briefest glance at the manifold forms which the discontent of Europe took shows what a mass of ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, on the one hand, and of metaphysical inquiry, pious aspiration, and spiritual reaction to the simple ideas of the Gospels on the other, was to be met by the Church which had undertaken to bind and loose the minds as well as the souls of men.

The instrument which was to be most effective in preserving for a while the ancient régime was the Inquisition; and, as so often happens in the growth of institutions, it was not planned, but was found, and its characteristics and methods were worked out by experiment. It was easy to preach a crusade, to destroy a province by giving to the invaders absolution, and the spoils besides; but the resource of the crusade could not be

used against the poor and scattered members of a sect who were zealous missionaries, and, moreover, the crusading time was already in decadence. The episcopal courts were tried, and the papal legatine court; but in inquiries so difficult as those which concern beliefs, and not acts, especially when methods of procedure were entirely undefined for such novel cases, it is no wonder that these old remedies were unsatisfactory. Then the Dominican order arose, with the special desire to extirpate heresy, and willing to devote itself to the work. The Papacy accepted the plan, and gradually there came to be a body of men familiar with the tenets and the subterfuges of heretics, skilled to question and confuse them, with long records of their communions, with a police of its own, an immunity from opposition or arrest by the secular arm, a fixed type of examination a code of sentences, and an obedient executioner in the State. To form this body was a work of time, but it needed only time to make itself effective. The organization of the inquisitorial court was one from which justice, as it is now understood, was absent; all the defenses which Roman jurisprudence had raised about the accused were overthrown; the arrested victim was helpless. If one searches for the reasons which made such a court tolerated, there are enough to show that it did not violate the morals of the time. The work in which it was engaged was one in which it had the sympathy of the community; its professed aim was to save men's souls, not to condemn them, and to extirpate from society the worst enemy of mankind, — that spirit of heresy which was no other than the devil seeking food for damnation. The great stay of the Inquisition, was clearly enough its right of confiscation; the property of the condemned was booty, and however it was divided, the State, which means the rulers, got a large share, and often the whole.

To princes as needy as those of that military and ambitious time, this was no inconsiderable inducement to let the court alone. It was only when confiscations began to disturb business, to render titles insecure, and to depress commerce that measures were taken to restrict the effect of the sentences; and that this was an important consideration, in the course of time, is easily enough understood when it is remembered that the confession of a heretic might implicate a man dead many years before, cause his condemnation, the consequent forfeiture of his property, already inherited by his children, and possibly transferred by them, as well as the canceling of all debts due from his estate to others. Princes profited by the Inquisition in other ways besides confiscations. They used it occasionally for political ends. By this means the Templars were destroyed, and the vast booty gathered up by the Crown of France. The institution was convenient for the English when they wished to execute Joan of Arc. To persons more humble than princes, too, it was of service for ends other than those of pure religion. In the interminable and rantorous rivalry of the great orders of the Dominicans and the Franciscans, it was often resorted to for the purpose of silencing or humiliating the leaders. Whether it was directed against poor and humble peasants of the Alpine valleys, or wandering Cathari of Italy, or independent vassals and wealthy burghers of the southern kingdom, or the minority of the Franciscans who insisted on poverty, or the learned teachers of the schools of France, or the resolute reformers of Germany, or the rich order of the Knights of the Temple, it served powerful worldly interests as often as that cause of simple sacerdotalism which it called pure religion. It was because it was thus allied with the ambitions of rulers, the rivalries of monastic orders, the designs of the Papacy, and was in

turn an instrument of gain or warfare, that it had its hold as an institution. It is perhaps worth observing, as a striking indication of how Spain has declined in its civic life, that in that country and Portugal it was hardly known.

But those who would follow the history of the Inquisition will read it at large in these volumes. Here it is admirably treated in all its phases, and with relation to the larger movements of history. The spirit of the work is humane and tolerant. Both virtue and sincerity are unhesitatingly allowed to many of the most famous inquisitors, and the excuse of religious and moral delusion is made for them. For the great examples of the fanatic type of mind, with its resoluteness, intensity, energy, and its capacity for heroic actions, the author has quite sufficient honor: the persecuting is only another form of the missionary spirit, in his eyes, when it is devout; and his condemnation is reserved rather for systems, opinions, and designs than for persons; his view of history is philosophical. His work stops with the mediæval branch of his subject. He does not follow it into the better known era of Protestantism, when the institution was revived with such terrible effect as a weapon of the Catholic reaction. Within his limits are many interesting vagaries of human belief, many points of origin from which modern thought began, and several great episodes of history which he treats in detail, such as the Albigensian crusade, the trial of Huss, the fall of the Templars, the career of Joan of Arc, the Calixtine Church of Bohemia, the first outbreak of witchcraft; and he has besides the advantage of an opportunity to draw the portraits of several men of great character and of lasting interest, such as Bernard D  licieux, Jerome of Prague, Joachim of Flora, William of Ockham, Raymond Sully, and Peter the Martyr. Attention is kept fixed upon the general state of Europe, the misery



of the population, and the inchoate stirring of the elements of modern civilization. Mr. Lea shows in this survey much reason for his belief that the condition of the people in these centuries was far worse than at any other period of recorded history. The moral degradation of the Church at that time has been made notorious in modern books; but the wretchedness of the peasantry, plain as it was, is largely a matter of inference. Their emancipation is still far from complete, but in comparison with what the face of Europe exhibited five centuries ago, its look to-day shows almost miraculous change.

It is, therefore, with optimistic reflections that Mr. Lea closes his work; and it is well that a scholar can end with such words after a close study of what is, perhaps, the most dismaying period of history to one whose interest is in mankind rather than in events. The Christian faith, which affords the highest ideal of life and the purest motives for noble endeavor, was bound in a sacerdotalism which was fruitful only of evil, and promised only its continuance; the people who were its care were miserable and oppressed, as if abandoned by hope of ever emerging from their fate, under priest and noble; and the Church was engaged in a tremendous effort to make the system that entailed this state of things perpetual. The Inquisition was a deadly instrument in the hands of fanatics, who were sure that they were doing God service. And if one looks at the other side of the picture, there is a confused mass of strange errors, in which the only leaven was the conscience of the poor who led humble lives, and the vitality of the mind which could not forget to think. The heresies of the time, which rose up against the Church, seem to us, for the most part, dreary delusions, insane ravings, impracticable ideals; the element of despair was strong in them, the hold of tradi-

tion was but little relaxed, the inheritance of theology from the priesthood was large. The slowness with which the human mind disengages itself from inveterate error is one of the constant lessons of the time. Yet the mistakes, the vagaries, the dreamis, are seen to be mental; the important element, the moral purpose, is true. Gradually one sees the chaos take on order, the forces gather and cohere, and, through all, the expansion of thought, the greater freedom of spirit, the slow enlightenment, go on; at the end the times are ripe for a successful Reformation. The minds of men have been prepared; and, other elements of civilization co-operating in the total progress, there is a place provided where the new ideas can grow and develop according to the force and truth there is in them to mould religious conceptions and civil institutions. This grand movement, involving so many elements, was hidden from the men of the day, as the large course of contemporary events is always concealed from the men who deal with them closely. We can now see how even in that seething and turmoil of war and religion, of thinking and persecuting, of killing and burning for false systems, for fantastic or trivial beliefs, the new age was working itself out, in all the tyranny, the sacrifice, and the wretchedness, as the Revolution was to do at a later day and the industrial democracy is now doing, to a more orderly, more prosperous, more rational constitution of society, in which justice is increasingly done in the world. If there ever were excuse for a hopeless pessimism, it was in those ages. The fact that out of them such a regeneration of the mind and morals of mankind did eventually come is one that may well encourage men, when they survey the worst that remains in the world, to believe that despair is impossible to the thinker.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.<sup>1</sup>

It is a pleasure to know that Kinglake's celebrated history has been brought to a conclusion. It is a literary work, and at the same time it fulfills amply the requirements of painstaking labor and thorough comprehensiveness of the field dealt with which are laid upon modern historical scholarship. Its distinction is that it is more than a narrative of events, more than a brilliant picture of battle and a stirring record of gallant action; it has, in addition to its substance, certain qualities, not only of style, but also of mind, which make it, if not a great history, at least a remarkable one. It bears the traits of the classical tradition in historical writing to a degree unrivaled by any contemporary work, and that of itself would suffice to render it eminent; but beyond this it has the stamp of intellect upon it, the sign-manual of an author whose interest in men exceeds his curiosity about things, whose view includes the special events of a campaign from that philosophical standpoint which frees them from technicality, and brings them into wider relations with the general course of human affairs. This history is as much a study of character as of war. These two aspects of the work interchange with each other, but it is the former that is kept to the front, and hence it is a distinguishing peculiarity of the story that in the movement of masses of soldiery individuality is never lost sight of, but is kept well forward in the reader's attention; nor is this personal element confined to the generals in command, but the subaltern officers and their men are often the heroes of the chapter.

One reason of this characteristic, which is the source of much of the vitality and

fine energy of the narrative, is no doubt Kinglake's desire to vindicate Lord Raglan. He wrote his volumes for this purpose. He was compelled, therefore, to a close examination of whatever illustrated the personality of the English commander, and to constant portraiture of the men by whom he was surrounded. The siege of Sebastopol is an admirable subject for a history of this kind. The field is narrow, the problem remains the same, the personages change. There was a fine conflict of wills in the central group of the allied commanders. Lord Raglan was in a peculiar position. He was a soldier of old experience, and as a man he possessed a certain impressiveness and noble manner; he was expected by his home government to control the conduct of the war, but he was in command of only a fraction of the forces, and his weight in council would naturally be somewhat proportioned to the size of his army and his consequent risk in operations of war; his ascendancy was, therefore, one which he could not base on right, but must acquire and maintain by virtue of the respect which he could win by his own personality; his work was as much diplomatic as military. It would require rare qualities to discharge this complex duty, laid upon him, with entire success; and it is not surprising that he should not have escaped criticism. Sometimes, one would have naturally prophesied, he would have to choose between following his military judgment as to what ought to be done at the moment, and yielding to his diplomatic sense as to what was possible when other elements than the necessities of war mingled with the situation; and then he would be blamed as

<sup>1</sup> *The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* Vols. V. and VI. By ALEX-

ANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1888.

a soldier and praised as an ambassador in the same breath. His post, however, was much more difficult than that of an ally in a divided command, with much the fewer troops and the duty of making his advice prevail over his associate. Possibly he might have persuaded Canrobert, who was a sound soldier and had a free and honorable nature. It was not Canrobert whom he had to overcome, but one whose part in the siege was, perhaps, not suspected by him, or only imperfectly guessed after the influence had been long exerted. This was the French Emperor himself. Louis Napoleon, as we now know, had a plan of his own for ending the war with French glory; he even indulged the ambition to be himself the captain of the victory. He had examined the field from Paris and charted the campaign, and, after he had given up the notion of putting it into execution himself, he still insisted on his general's following his orders and doing his will. In the earlier stages of this attempt to exhibit his own military genius, he sent Niel to the camp before Sebastopol, and laid upon him the mission to hold Canrobert idle until he himself should march to the front. In consequence of Niel's presence with such credentials, Canrobert was not only debarred from following Lord Raglan's advice, even if he wished to accept it, but he, on the contrary, was compelled to let the besiegers strengthen Sebastopol still further, and advance their defenses into the open ground between the two armies. Lord Raglan might look on, in ignorance of the influences swaying Canrobert, and counsel to his heart's content, but he was exerting his persuasiveness upon the wrong man. It was at Paris, not in the commander's quarters, that the conduct of the war was being determined. Even when the English general had once obtained French consent to an expedition to open the Sea of Azof, he was doomed to the great disappointment of having the force stopped midway by

a telegram from Paris; for Louis Napoleon meant not only that his plan should be carried out, but that nothing else should be done.

In time this plan was laid before the generals at Sebastopol, and was known by them to be impossible. Canrobert had long been uneasy at his position, and, finding it intolerable, retired from the command. Then a new personality came upon the scene, Pélissier. Kinglake's portrait of the new commander is one of the strongest, the most deeply cut, the most lifelike, of any which his history contains. Pélissier had seen the opportunities which Canrobert had been forced to neglect, and his impetuous nature chafed at the sight; but when he entered on his duties he was likewise met with the supreme orders from Paris. He, too, was to be a puppet, moved by the imperial hand over unknown mountain passes and into unforeseen perils; but he refused to commit himself to this chamber strategy, and designated the movements he was directed to undertake as "adventures." He met the Emperor in a rough but effective way; he ignored the orders, and went on his own path; he came to a cordial understanding with Lord Raglan, and in concert with him not only opened the Sea of Azof and attacked and took the entrenchments which the enemy had advanced during Canrobert's inactivity, but actually made a grand assault upon the town's great defenses. This course of action, however, was not without danger and anxiety; he apparently received some support from the French war minister in his conduct, but his action was such as could only be maintained by victory, and even then was met by the coldest recognition of the Emperor. At one time, indeed, the Emperor had removed him, and the dispatches to that effect were sent, but were fortunately stopped before they got out of France. The strain of the conflict, nevertheless, wore upon his mind, and at the critical point, the period of

the general assault, Kinglake thinks that he was so weakened as not to have full control of his faculties; his judgment, in other words, was impaired, and he made some grand errors, chief of which was the abrupt change of plan by which he decided to deliver the assault without the previous two hours' bombardment which had been agreed upon between him and Lord Raglan as a necessary preliminary. It was at this point that the inevitable choice of evils came to the latter. He had engaged to attack with the English forces. His military judgment told him that the movement was a hopeless error; on the other hand, if he should remain inactive, without making even the show of an effort, the French, who were sacrificing large bodies of men in this same assault, might charge him with holding back in a critical moment, and lay the defeat to his remissness; in any case, there was danger that the cordial understanding and coöperation with Pélissier might be broken. He chose to sacrifice his men. It is true that in making the movement he saw that all proper precautions were taken that the attack should be made at the least expense of life; but the fact remains that he put his own judgment and will in abeyance at the decisive moment of the siege, and wasted his forces in a desperate sally. This was a capital and definite action on which his military critics could lay the finger; and furthermore it must be admitted that he failed to make his counsels, which we now know were excellent, effective. It was the French plan that was carried out. Whether this was due to a lack of force in his character, which was not equal to the task of impressing itself resolutely on his associates, or was an inevitable consequence of his position, must be judged by the reader. Kinglake's defense consists only in exhibiting in full the hard conditions under which he was placed. In doing this, he incidentally shows the noble nature and personal attractiveness

of the old soldier of the Peninsula and of Waterloo, but all this eulogy and the touching account of his death do not affect the question as to the worth of his special services in the Crimea. In war more than in other things success is the touchstone of wisdom.

The defense of Lord Raglan and the general management of the siege, however, are only a part of what this history treats of. The warfare itself is the continuous story: the fortunes of the attack and the defense, the turns and eddies of the tide of battle, the charges, the *mêlées*, the struggles in the trenches by night, the bombardments and the assaults; and never have such incidents been at once so minutely and so vividly described. Kinglake's laborious search among the records enables him to make this account full of personal episodes. The artillery fight of Captain Oldershaw is the most remarkable of these single adventures, and it has the advantage in popular interest of having never been told before. It was a feat which will hereafter be remembered, among the incidents of the Crimea, with the charge of Scarlett and that more famous one of the Light Brigade. The presence in the trenches, too, of men who were afterwards to be distinguished, and were then having their apprenticeship in war, of Graham, Wolseley, and Gordon, adds much romantic interest to these details of the fighting. Naturally it is English valor only which is thus celebrated, because Kinglake's authority has been the English reports; but the allies have their fair share of praise for their fighting deeds, although one sees them in the mass, and not in the individual instance. The enemy, too, is well treated. For the great master of the defense, Todleben, Kinglake can find no encomiums too eulogistic, and in his final chapters he sums up the services of this remarkable engineer with telling force, and gives to him the credit which was then denied to him among his own people, because he was

only a colonel of engineers. The fight was, as he says, less a siege than a continuous battle between two entrenched armies, who fought with earthworks as much as with rifle and sabre. On the Russian side, Todleben was the real general in command.

In the narrative as a whole, one is especially struck by the part taken in it by what is known as the fortune of war. It favored the Russians very greatly. If the allies could have known the actual condition of things inside the town, or if they had guessed better the relative strength of the different parts of the fortifications, they could have taken the place many times over; but from the first moment of their appearance before Sebastopol, when they might have occupied it almost unopposed, and did not, — from the time when they deserted the MacKenzie heights, never again to regain the coveted position, — fortune was averse to them. On the other hand, there were times when the English lines were spread out so thinly, were so inadequately manned, that the Russians, could they have been aware of the true state of affairs, might have profited by it, much to the danger of the allies. It was in more senses than one "a battle by night." This aspect of war, its uncertainty, its confusions, its happy or un-

happy accidents, have lately been the subject of much writing, and Tolstoi in particular has emphasized them, and pushed his theory of the entire fortuitousness of military operations on a grand scale to the extreme; but in this very campaign of Sebastopol, in which this element is brought forward so strongly that one cannot neglect it, there is also the evidence of the tremendous force of energy and will and science properly applied as they were by Todleben, and of the power of penetrating to the real situation as it was shown by Lord Raglan, though by the perversity of his allies, and especially by the meddling of the French Emperor, his faculty was made of no avail. It seems to us a misfortune that Kinglake has chosen to leave the story unfinished, so that the reader cannot follow to the consummation this conflict of chance and skill, and see how the balance at last was struck between them. Lord Raglan's death is the period he set for himself, and he has limited himself accordingly. He has left a noble literary work in memory of his friend; and if it is not a complete history of the war, it is a history of battle, which has already taken its place among the masterly literary productions of our age, and a place that is unique.

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#### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Science  
of Names.

WRITERS spend much time and thought in selecting a name for a play or novel, for they know that success is largely dependent on it. Parents, however, are strangely careless and unscientific in giving names to children. In the Harvard and Yale catalogues of last year I find but two or three really good combinations. Usually, when a new-comer arrives, some old

family name is taken; or if the parents exercise an original choice, they are too much excited to be guided by any sound euphonic principles. They forget that not only from the social point of view it is very advantageous to have one's name remembered, but that from the business point of view notoriety is capital, and must be obtained by persistent and ingenious advertising. But if a certain

amount of notoriety could be obtained for John Smith by an expenditure of time, money, and ingenuity represented by  $x$ , and spread over a period of three years, it is safe to say that the same amount could be obtained for Hans Arrowsmith by  $\frac{x}{4}$  in eighteen months. Nor is the saving of time and money on the part of the knocker at the gate of notoriety the only thing to be considered, for, from the altruistic point of view, the lessening of the effort of recollection on the part of the world is far more important. The economy of the public stock of energy wasted in innumerable unconscious efforts to remember a name without any corners for the memory to grasp, but persistently thrust before it, would result in an increase of available mental force applicable to settling the question of future probation, or to raising the ethical standard, or to reforming the tariff, or to disposing of the surplus. The importance of the subject leads me to suggest one or two of the chief fundamental principles of the science of naming children. The system is simple, and any provident parent can easily master and apply it.

(1.) Avoid odd, or eccentric, or poetic combinations, and be guided by euphonic quality only. It is true that an odd name may be remembered, but the associations with it will not be pleasing. The idea of oddity or affectation may attach to the shadowy personality built up in the mind of the public. Under this rule, hyphenated names, especially hyphenated Christian names, like Floyd-Jones Robinson, are to be avoided. Writing the first given name with an initial and the second in full is also evidently opposed to correct scientific principles.

(2.) The best form of name is a dactyl and a spondee, like "Jeremy Taylor." Every one has heard of the "Shakespeare of divines," and has a dim idea of an agreeable personality attached to the name. Had his name been Charles Taylor, it is far within bounds to say that

his reputation would be about one third of what it is now.

(3.) If the surname is not one that can be treated according to the above rule, it should be fitted with a given name, such as to bring the combination as nearly as possible to the above length and cadence, as, Sidney Dobell, Ellery Vane, Henry Ward Beecher, Dante Rossetti, Theodore Watts, and the like; or, otherwise, to two long syllables, like Mark Twain or Bret Harte. The subdivisions of this branch of the subject are too numerous to be given, but all rest on principle No. 2. The phonic value of the surname is, under our custom, the controlling element in practically applying the science of names.

The great value of names beginning with Mac or O is evident, because they so readily combine with the ordinary Christian names. Any one would be favorably disposed to Arthur O'Connor, for instance. A boy pervades our quiet neighborhood simply because his name is Johnny MacWhorter. He is not in any respect a remarkable boy, but his name forces him into prominence by its phonic value. There are some ten or twelve boys who are comrades, but he and another dactyl-spondee boy, Emory Watson, are the only ones ever spoken of. No doubt there are others who do as much mischief and make more noise, but these two *reap all the fame*.

The nicknames given by children and base-ball players will be found to conform pretty closely to the true principles of the art.

I have formed names for my three boys in accordance with these rules, which will give the youngsters—if they ever appear—a start in life equivalent to a cash capital of at least fifteen thousand dollars. As their appellations will probably constitute their entire patrimony, I cannot be expected to mention them until they are securely attached to the inchoate personalities. I have indicated the outlines of the method, so



that any young parent can, with a little thought, construct as many names as he is likely to need.

What Pessimism is. — That pleasant little story which has been told so often, and never better than in the sixth chapter of *My Novel*, about the inexpediency of attacking those high in favor, received an unlooked-for illustration at my expense, when, awhile ago, I ventured to say in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* that I thought Mr. Browning's poetry was of the pessimistic order. I have learned since that if eternal vigilance be the price of freedom, eternal warfare is the portion of the heretic. Thrice have I been summoned to appear and make good my words before those mysterious tribunals called Browning Societies, whole roomfuls of hardened enthusiasts, more terrible to face, I should imagine, — for cowardice forbade the ordeal, — than the *Vehmgerichte* or the Holy Office. I have been guilelessly conversing with casual acquaintances upon the most trivial of topics, the weather or the insufficiency of the city railways, when suddenly my companion has turned upon me with an "intense" expression which Du Maurier might envy, and has asked in tones of chilling condemnation, "Will you please tell me *what* you meant by calling Browning a pessimist?" And at last, when I trusted that my offense was well-nigh forgotten, a very able contributor to the *Atlantic* comes forward with a whip of scorpions, and tells me, not only that I am wrong, which is always possible, but also — and here, alas! is the sting — that I have probably "missed the poet's plain meaning through too little attention to the verse itself, and too much to the superabundance of comment upon it."

Now I am far from disparaging the good old conservative practice of reviewing an author before you read him. One wiser and wittier than we has recorded his conviction that it is the best and surest way to avoid prejudice. Neither

do I censure those who follow the critics' judgment rather than their own, for it is just possible that they may arrive at more correct conclusions. But in this case, at least, I am innocent of the charge. I have read Browning, and I have not read his reviewers, with the one exception of Mr. Birrell, whose very charming and amusing essay can hardly be held responsible for any portion of my guilt. I have listened with Elvire to her husband's lengthy and pitiless self-analysis, and have wondered if her heart felt really lightened when at last the monologue was over. I have followed comfortless lovers to whom love is seldom sweet, and unmasked rogues and hypocrites who contemplate their own inwardness with a zest which is all the more inexplicable when we consider what it is they see. I have watched Martin Relph unpeeling his soul layer by layer, as if it were an onion, and would honestly rather see Count Guido Franceschini stretched quivering on the rack, pulled

"bone from bone,

To unhusk truth a-hiding in its hulls,"

than witness the more terrible self-inflicted torture.

And all for what? It is as easy to build up a theory out of selected quotations from a poet as to build up a religion out of selected quotations from the Scriptures. I should be loath to put forward such lines as these: —

"For I was true, at least — O true enough!  
And, dear, truth is not as good as it seems!  
Commend me to conscience! Idle stuff!  
Much help is mine, as I mope and pine,  
And skulk through day, and scowl in my  
dreams;"

or even these: —

"We mortals cross the ocean of this world,  
Each in his average cabin of a life.  
The best 's not big, the worst yields elbow-  
room;"

and then say, "The whole stuff of Browning's thought is indicated by such citations." But I think that he strikes

the key-note of his work when he confesses the

"Doubts at the very basis of my soul  
At the grand moments when she probes herself ; "

and the eternal probing for what is meant to lie beyond our touch can never yield us anything save perplexity and pain. Ruskin's *débonnaire* advice not to think enough about ourselves to be even sorry for our faults is more wholesome, after all, than this dispiriting and horrible self-scrutiny.

"T is an awkward thing to play with souls,"

says the author of *Sordello* and *The Ring and the Book*, while all the time his fingers fairly itch to handle these shrinking, suffering toys.

"Well, now, there's nothing in nor out of the world

Good, except truth! "

he cries in self-defense, and then acknowledges that if you fancy this coveted truth

"May look for vindication from the world,  
Much will you have misread the signs, I say."

Nevertheless, to be perpetually searching for it by the analytic process has become a recognized pastime and a religious duty. We grow sodden with speculation, while the great world rolls carelessly on its way, very little the better for our trouble. Browning, indeed, has unswervingly taught the existence of another and a higher life, and if the contributor be right in asserting that "religion and pessimism are incompatible," then there is nothing further to be said. But to claim that our earthly happiness hinges necessarily on our immortal hopes is to cut off entirely that body of thinkers who believe that in this world alone they must find the fulfillment of their being. On the other hand, while scientific pessimists, as they choose to call themselves, may affirm that blind forces control the universe, the question for the mass of mankind is, not of the hereafter, which lies in the hands of God, but sim-

ply of the present, of life as life itself. If, in our journey to the tomb, we find more to suffer than to enjoy, then, whatever may be the compensations of the future, our earthly pilgrimage is a burden to be endured rather than a privilege to be relished, and he is happiest who escapes soonest from the struggle. When Bossuet said that man goes to his grave, "*trainant la chaîne de ses espérances brisées*," he was as fully convinced of the immortality of his soul as ever Browning could be; but none the less he felt the drag of the fetters, and knew that his brightest hour would be the dawn of his release. If there are those to whom the world and our enforced existence in it are rendered cheerful by Browning's lancet point, I can only say that I am glad they have that consolation. For most of us the panacea lies in action rather than in thought, but we may not always judge of one another's remedies. The contributor points out triumphantly that even Cleon, the pagan poet, "could imagine a state of being above the present, in which joy-hunger should be satisfied, if Zeus the All-Wise were the All-Loving too." We hold our hopes on a somewhat surer ground than an imagined possibility, which does not sound particularly reassuring; but we listen rather sadly while this same Cleon confesses that he too agrees

"in sum,

O king, with thy profound discouragement,  
Who seest the wider but to sigh the more.  
Most progress is most failure! thou sayest well."

— Mr. Stevenson's literary work is in itself a subject of such lively interest that any intelligent comment upon it partakes in some degree of that interest. In Mr. James's discriminating eulogy lately published in the *Century Magazine*, I note a point or two on which to differ from, or at least to question, the critic's judgment, though for the most part I heartily agree with the opinions which Mr. James has so happily expressed.

Mr. Stevenson and Mr. James.

The first point on which I would like to contravene Mr. James is the alleged want of appreciation of so delightful a romancer by persons of my own sex. It is not women who most fall in love with him, says Mr. James. It may be true that Mr. Stevenson cannot count among his admirers as many women as men; but it may be asserted with confidence that no man can go beyond certain women in love for the author of *Prince Otto* and *Kidnapped*. I can speak for myself, who lost my heart to him at first sight, — reading, I mean, — on taking up the *New Arabian Nights*, and every fresh revelation of his gifts and graces has endeared him the more. I have a woman friend, already bound to me by many ties, between whom and myself a new bond has been forged by our common delight in Mr. Stevenson. We are agreed in differing from Mr. James, when he characterizes *Prince Otto* as “inhuman.” There is abundance of “glitter” in it, and glitter is apt to be “hard;” yet after all, what is this little story if not a love tale, — a tale in which hero and heroine are brought, through trial, to accept love as the sufficient compensation for a lost self-complacency, a lost ambition, and a throne? On a first reading, *Prince Otto* disappointed and puzzled me, but I have since discovered it to be a grown folks’ fairy-tale, as full of truth and poetry as of wit and cleverness. And if it had no definite meaning, I should still find each page fascinating for its own sake.

I cannot think with Mr. James that what Mr. Stevenson most cares for is youth, or that “the direct expression of the love of youth is the beginning and end of his message.” If we can say that he has one message, it does not seem to me to be this. A thought to which the author of *An Inland Voyage* and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* often recurs is that a man’s wisdom lies in following his nature and its in-

stinets, rather than the conventions of the world; that a free life, in which a man chooses his own friends, pursuits, and pleasures, is the healthy and happy life. Another idea he constantly presents is the supreme worth of love and friendship. No author has written fiction with less of the passion of love in it, but in the short essays above referred to the reader finds Mr. Stevenson making confession of faith in the infinite value of these sentiments, the love of woman and of friend. He “cares most,” I think, not precisely for youth, but for life, and for youth as the embodiment of the fullness of fresh, vigorous, and unconventionalized life. This partly accounts for his delight in adventure, heroism, and personal gallantry, which are manifestations of life raised to the highest pitch of activity and vivid interest. To an invalid it is not strange that the ideal of happiness should appear a life full of out-door freedom and exercise of individual capacities and powers of all sorts. A *Child’s Garden of Verse* is dedicated to the nurse who tended the author through the years of a delicate childhood; and one feels sure that the verses are all autobiographical, memory’s record of the fancies and feelings of an imaginative child much shut up to his own lonely thoughts. In the volume called *Underwoods* there is a little poem, written in the quaint style of George Herbert, which in a few lines contains a special philosophy of life. It is entitled *The Celestial Surgeon*, and begins thus: —

“If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness.”

That is what the pursuit of happiness becomes to some of us, — a task, to be persevered in with resolute courage; and not on every one is bestowed, in aid of that task, the gift of imagination, in virtue of which, though the body be bound to one spot, and that a sick-bed, one yet inhabits the universe and ranges it at will.

It seems to me that Mr. James is mistaken in calling the feeling which constitutes one half of our author's literary character merely or chiefly the "feeling of one's teens." It is true that we have to do with an artist accomplished even to sophistication, whose theme is very often the unsophisticated, yet not "constantly." Mr. Stevenson has a kindness for vagabonds and Bohemians, persons sophisticated enough generally, but tintured with the philosophy he approves, of living one's own life, going one's own way, and choosing one's own pleasures. The critic described Mr. Stevenson's writings, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Prince Otto, apart, as a rhapsody on boyhood. Do the two series of New Arabian Nights or The Merry Men come under this head? Apropos of the last mentioned volume, I have noticed that critics beside Mr. James have picked out Thrawn Janet for commendation. It is an admirably told tale, of course, but the subject was made to Mr. Stevenson's hand, so to speak, and has none of the surprise of originality that belongs to Will of the Mill, or Markheim, the pendant of Dr. Jekyll. The Treasure of Tranchard pleased me for the engaging lightness with which its moral is set forth.

The Average  
Man's Ver-  
dict.

—It may be rather late in the day to open once more the vexed question of the infallibility of editors' judgments, but I do so with serene confidence, because I am the one person who ought to be heard from. I am, in fact, the court of appeals who sits *in banc* to sustain or reverse the editors' rulings. Do not confound me with the "regular subscriber," who has all the volumes of the magazine bound and ranged on his shelves, nor with the "omnivorous reader," who buys all the magazines and throws them away, little the worse, as he is none the better, for the reading. Those people are of little consequence. I am the average man, and editors know that my tastes must be

consulted. Literature is written for me, not for the specialists nor for the illuminated.

Many years ago, when I was abroad, I found that an intelligent official had filled in the blanks in my passport with the one descriptive adjective *ordinaire*, which stood at the top of a long column of dittos. Thus, I was declared to be of "taille ordinaire, bouche ordinaire, nez ordinaire, menton ordinaire, yeux ordinaire, cheveux ordinaire," and so on, through a minute catalogue of my physical parts and qualities. I was young then, and, with my average knowledge of French, was deeply hurt to find that, to the official eye, there was nothing to distinguish me from my fellow-mortals; but I have since reflected that this very fact proves me to be "myself alone," and that my position as a typical man was a proud one, and now I glory in it. I am of average intelligence, average culture, average income, average prejudices. I hit the *juste milieu*. What prompts me to buy a magazine? I approach the question the more readily because, as the Congregationalist ministers say nowadays, when they approach the discussion of the use of a ritual, "my position on this point is, on the whole, a meliorating one." I buy on impulse.

No doubt the craving for good literature influences me in the long run, and no doubt I am influenced by persistent advertising in a particular purchase; but neither of these motives counts for much in swaying my average mind. I open the magazine on the counter of some book-store, or as it alights in my lap with a whirl from the deft hand of the train-boy. I take it up because I have some pleasant associations with the color of the cover, or with the name. If in the list of writers I see some name which awakens in me reminiscences of a pleasant quarter of an hour, I give my money. 'T is a little matter decides me.

Do not say that I buy for the sake of

amusement, and must be guaranteed beforehand. I enjoy the flavor of delicate viands, but I am shy of new cooks. Nor can anybody predict that a new dish will please me.

Therefore, angry writer, blame no longer the patient editor who rejects your story, which you are sure I would like and buy. I am inscrutable. One can judge of extremes, but not of the average man. Consider well that if any one could predict my likings, such an one would not long remain an editor, nor even a publisher. He who could read a novel in manuscript and say, "The average man will buy this. Print thirty thousand;" he who could accurately cast the horoscope of a book, would be possessed of the "potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." He would be daily more valuable than all writers, for he could fore-

cast the literary future. Such a man is not possible, for he would be able to predict my action, which is more than I can do myself. Perhaps his coming would disturb the intellectual economy of the world. He will not come.

The other day you told me wrathfully that an editor told you that he would readily give Browning five dollars a line for a copy of verses which he would not print if he were forced to withhold the poet's name at the bottom, and were certain that the secret of the authorship would not leak out. Blame the editor no longer as "purblind, and sordid, and commercial," but recognize that he frankly admits his human fallibility, and say, "Brother, I too am fallible;" for I myself, the arbiter of literary reputation, I the average man, say boldly that I should not read the verses unless the name were appended.

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#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*History and Biography.* Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina: a Chapter of Reconstruction in the Southern States. By Walter Allen. (Putnams.) Mr. Allen had a most interesting task before him. No one has yet really discussed, in a historical method, the question of reconstruction, — a question which we venture to think will furnish subjects in abundance for historical students of another generation. Chamberlain made a gallant fight, and the history of his career in South Carolina is full of incident and dramatic action. But Mr. Allen makes a fatal mistake in his method of treatment. Under the conviction that he will strengthen his position by the citation of contemporary documents, he loads the book down not only with Governor Chamberlain's addresses, inaugurals, and letters, but with long reports of interviews, long editorials, and an astonishing number of newspaper "notices." All this entails great labor on the reader, who is compelled to pick out the story from a mass of material; it leads to repetition and to the incorporation of a deal of unnecessary comment by ignorant and un-

important writers, so that the real narrative is buried out of sight. Mr. Allen's book is as wordy as one of Chamberlain's long-winded harangues. He might have done a real service to the governor. If he had worked over all this raw material and made a compact story, and then bundled up all his detailed documentary evidence and deposited it in a public library for any one who desired to verify particulars, he would have found readers. As it is, instead of setting the governor on a pedestal, he buries him under a monument. — J. R. Green's *A Short History of the English People* has been reissued in a new edition, thoroughly revised by his widow. (Harpers.) Mrs. Green supplies also an interesting introduction, in which she allows herself to give a free sketch of Mr. Green's training as a historian. We trust we are to have by and by a full biography of so interesting a man. One is tempted to draw comparisons between him and Buckle. Certainly Green struck a deeper chord of life in his brief historical work. Both men were in a degree pioneers, but Buckle was applying an intellectual formula

to history. Green made history a graphic picture of life, taken not superficially, but profoundly. — *History of the Civil War in America*, by the Comte de Paris. Vol. IV. (Porter & Coates.) The four books of this volume are *Eastern Tennessee*, *Siege of Chattanooga*, *The Third Winter*, and *The War in the Southwest*. The count is above all a military historian, and sees his subject in the light of military science. He is evidently eager to get upon that period of the war when the American people had at last learned their lesson, and put the business of the war into the hands of men trained to conduct it, leaving them untrammelled by civil considerations. It is to be hoped that nothing will prevent the completion of this important work. — *Life of Walter Harriman*, with selections from his speeches and writings, by Amos Hadley. (Houghton.) Mr. Harriman was a New Hampshire man, a war Democrat, who entered the army, where he commanded a regiment of volunteers. He did not follow his party in the second election, but spoke vigorously for Lincoln, and after that was identified with the Republicans. He was twice governor of New Hampshire, and naval officer under Grant. The last years of his life were spent in honorable retirement and in travel. The narrative is a detailed one, and interest in it will largely be confined to his friends and neighbors. — *Four Oxford Lectures*, by E. A. Freeman (Macmillan), is divided by the two subjects, *Fifty Years of European History*, and *Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain*. The former is a rapid summary; the latter, an outlook upon a field which Mr. Freeman hopes to occupy some day with more full and comprehensive treatment. The minute, critical, not to say captious, method of this historian appears more in the second portion than in the first. — *The Causes of the French Revolution*, by Richard Heath Dabney. (Holt.) Mr. Dabney makes a rapid and lively survey of society and politics in France in the years preceding 1789, and seeks to trace in a great mass of detailed incident the movements which finally issued in the Revolution. He writes as one who has accumulated his material with industry and made acute reflections upon it, and his arrangement of topics is orderly. At the same time we hesitate to say that he has himself clearly formulated in his own mind a full and satisfactory philosophy of French history. — *William of Germany, a Succinct Biography of William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia*, by Archibald Forbes. (Cassell.) The book is not quite so hasty a performance as at first appears. Mr. Forbes wrote most of the book while the Emperor was living; the final chapters, which are of slight consequence,

except as bringing the narrative to its natural conclusion, were supplied, after the death of William, by another hand. Mr. Forbes is a bright writer, but he has the journalistic stamp upon him, as when he says, "The millennium, whether for Prussia or as a general thing, was rather at a discount in Bohemia in the summer of 1866." The book is a convenient summary. — *Gouverneur Morris*, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Houghton.) A volume in the American Statesmen series. We liked Mr. Roosevelt's book on Benton, and should take up this with predisposition to like it, but the preface arouses antipathy. What if Mr. Sparks, a pioneer in work of the sort which Mr. Morse is doing so well, failed to come up to Mr. Roosevelt's notion of a biographer and editor? Why should this later writer be so bumptious? There is such a thing as good manners in literature, and Mr. Roosevelt offends against it. — *Martin Luther and Other Essays*, by F. H. Hedge. (Roberts.) The first of these essays is fresh in the minds of readers of *The Atlantic*, and another of the collection, *Classic and Romantic*, also appeared in these pages. Dr. Hedge has the ruggedness in his thought which results from a long, uncompromising course of study of great themes in a spirit of individual independence. Whether the reader agrees with him or not, he cannot fail to respect the integrity of mind which he confronts. The subjects of the essays are partly historical, especially in connection with the religious phase of history, and partly philosophical. — In the series *English History, by Contemporary Writers* (Putnam), W. H. Hutton edits a volume, *Simon de Montfort and his Cause*. The passages are taken largely from Matthew Paris. In the same series, F. P. Barnard takes up *Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland*. These little books are capital aids to teachers and students. They give the cream of books which such readers would take down from the shelves if they were working at a particular period. Of course it is better to take down the books, but if one has not a large library, nor access to one, he need not be above resorting to this handy aid. — *France and the Confederate Navy, 1862-1868, an International Episode*, by John Bigelow. (Harpers.) Mr. Bigelow, as is well known, was consul at Paris during the war, and held a responsible position. He now undertakes to relate from his own experience the adventures of the Confederates when they sought to make a bargain with France by which a navy should be put at the disposal of the Confederacy. He draws upon documents, written and printed, and though he does not follow, as we think he should have done, a strictly chronological order of events, he manages to disclose very dis-



tinently the animus of the Imperial government. — *The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay*, by George E. Ellis. (Houghton.) Dr. Ellis writes out of a full mind upon a subject which has engaged him, in its different phases, throughout a long and studious life. He writes leisurely and without much attempt at compactness of statement. His temper is judicial, and he seeks to look impartially at the facts of history. In some instances, doubtless, his earlier conclusions have been modified, but on the whole the book may be taken as an excellent representation of a school of thought in New England history which is likely to give way before habits of study less ministerial, so to speak. — *A Few Incidents in the Life of Professor James P. Espy*, by his niece, Mrs. L. M. Morehead. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A modest little volume concerning an eminent meteorologist, called out by some erroneous statements which had appeared in print. The narrative is really too brief for a satisfactory account of a man of strong character and large attainments, but it is long enough to set at rest the fables respecting his early illiteracy. — *History of the People of Israel till the Time of King David*, by Ernest Renan. (Roberts.) The interest which one takes in Renan's books is in part due to the peculiar position which Renan holds. No one of distinction represents so well the attitude of residuary legatee to Christianity, and the cheerfulness of the heir when administering the estate is tempered by a graceful sentiment of esteem which does not interfere with an entirely calm judgment upon the character of the deceased, and the value of the property accumulated by him. With this clearly in mind, one can enjoy the imaginative reading of history, and receive rich and abundant suggestion to freshen his conception of Israelitish development. — In the series of *Famous Women* (Roberts) two interesting volumes have appeared, *Hannah More*, by Charlotte Yonge, and *Adelaide Ristori*, by herself. Miss Yonge really rehabilitates Hannah More, and has done good service in destroying the fiction which had been getting possession of readers. The evangelical blue-stocking was a far more human and lovable creature than has been supposed, and full of rare common sense. Ristori's autobiography is admirable for its elucidation of a character of genius. — *A Biography of Henry Ward Beecher*, by William C. Beecher and Rev. Samuel Scoville, assisted by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.) In its plan and treatment this book addresses itself to those who are followers of Beecher. It is big, eulogistic, splashy. It does not really show the man, and yet he was a most notable

figure, and will one day, when the clouds disperse, be sculptured in vigorous prose by some one. Mr. Beecher is a legacy to future times from this century, and we wish the future joy of him, — the future, we mean, of writers. — *Cardinal Wolsey*, by Mandell Creighton (Macmillan), is an interesting study of Henry the Eighth's great minister, and is one of the first of a series of twelve volumes dealing with English statesmanship. — *In The Makers of Venice* (Macmillan) Mrs. Oliphant has told her story in episodes rather than in a consecutive narrative. Venice was richer in doges and soldiers than in painters and poets, and, consequently, Mrs. Oliphant's work lacks the kind of interest which attached itself to her *Makers of Florence*.

*Economics and Politics. Big Wages and How to Earn Them*, by a Foreman. (Harpers.) A sensible little book by a man who occupies a position outside of labor unions, not necessarily antagonistic to them, but critical of them and of their temporary use. It is quite possible that the writer is a foreman only on paper, but his position in logic is a sound one. — *The Art of Investing*, by a New York Broker. (Appleton.) A little volume of sound advice and prudent judgment. It is written by a man who clearly does not pin his faith upon any one class of securities, and who understands well the shifting character of the money market as well as the fundamental principles which underlie the growth of wealth. — *The Study of Politics*. By William P. Atkinson. (Roberts.) This is a little book and should not take long to read, but we have been spending most of our spare time over the note prefacing it. Mr. Atkinson is professor of English; it is a pity he does not always practice it. But the book is interesting, candid, manly, somewhat general in its treatment of an important subject, but refreshing in its stout assertion of the permanent in the study of politics. — *A History of Political Economy*, by John Kells Ingram, with preface by E. J. James. (Macmillan.) A science which so constantly calls upon its opponents to reexamine fundamental principles may well call for historical treatment, and the advantage of this book is that Dr. Ingram represents the latest school, that which seems most in accord with the prevalent methods in all scientific study, and thus makes his survey from the latest point of observation. — *International Law*, with materials for a code of International Law, by Leone Levi, is the sixtieth volume in the International Scientific series (Appleton), a series which takes a wide sweep in its plan. The main part of the book is a direct contribution to a code. Under the head of the Political Condition of States there is also in compact form a considerable body of

information which makes the volume useful as a book of reference. — *Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States*, by Simon Sterne. (Putnams.) This is a new edition of a well known book, the addition taking into view legislative growth since 1882. — *Taxation, its Principles and Methods*; translated from the *Scienza delle Finanze* of Dr. Luigi Cossa, with an introduction and note by Horace White. (Putnams.) The Italians are making important contributions to economic science, and this book, apart from its intrinsic value, is interesting as illustrative of the trend of political thought in a nationality which one at first sight might imagine to be the last to cut loose so completely from its historic past. The appendix contains the existing systems for the assessment and collection of state taxes in New York and Pennsylvania, and the rates of taxation therein. — *The Present Condition of Economic Science and the demand for a radical change in its methods and aims*, by Edward Clark Lunt. (Putnams.) A vigorous rather than lucid critique of the so-called Historical school. It may be taken with Dr. Ingram's book, but will hardly give as much satisfaction to the ordinary reader.

*Books of Reference.* The first volume of a new edition of Chambers's *Encyclopædia* (Lippincott) carries the work through the title Beaufort. This American edition contains a number of articles upon American topics mainly, which are copyrighted. The old edition is now twenty years old, and opportunity has been taken to revise the work and bring it down to date. The articles are for the most part brief and well condensed. It is a pity that the authorship of the longer articles is not given. — We have to record the publication of the first three volumes of the *Library of American Literature* (C. L. Webster & Co.) which has long been under course of preparation by E. C. Stedman and Miss E. M. Hutchinson. Ten volumes are promised, and these three cover the ground down to the United States period, that is, from 1607 to 1787. "We term all literature American," says the preface, "that was produced by the heroic pioneers, whose thought, learning, and resolution shaped the colonial mind." This refers to the early colonial literature, and accordingly Captain John Smith and William Strachey appear in the Virginia portion, but not Sandys. The editors are more discriminating and we think more just in this respect than Mr. Tyler was in his history, to which these volumes furnish an admirable commentary. Any one who is conversant with the early writers is likely to have his favorite passages, and to look for them. We regret, for instance, the omission from John Win-

throp's History of the strong account of a boatwreck in Massachusetts Bay, but Anthony Thacher's narrative is given, and the selection is admirable throughout, since the editors have apparently not been so desirous of giving specimens of all writers as of giving passages of intrinsic interest and value. The result is that the general effect is stronger than that produced by Mr. Tyler's rather florid account of the same period, which leaves one with the feeling that he must adopt the philosophy of the Marchioness and make believe very hard. The editorial work of brief head-notes is done with excellent judgment, and the work bids fair to be a most admirable encyclopædia to accompany a biographical dictionary. It differs in this respect from Duyckinck's, which undertook to combine the two functions. — *Old Plate, Ecclesiastical, Decorative, and Domestic, Its Makers and Marks*, by J. H. Buck. (The Gorham Manufacturing Co.) Owners and collectors of old silver will find a great deal of valuable information and many useful hints in this volume, which is evidently the result of much careful and sympathetic research. The book is illustrated with numerous woodcuts and process plates.

*Books for Young People.* *The Story of the City of New York*, by Charles Burr Todd. (Putnams.) Written evidently for young readers, this book is rather a running narrative of the growth of the city than a study of municipal development. It has bits of antiquarianism and sketches of events which have taken place within the limits of the city, but one cannot read such a book without being struck by the absence of any strong civic independence or self-consciousness. The city seems to have had little really individual existence. — *Derrick Sterling*, a story of the mines, by Kirk Munroe. (Harpers.) A story of adventure, heroism, poetic justice, and transformation from miner to student. — *A new Robinson Crusoe*, by W. L. Alden. (Harpers.) The story purports to be the narrative of a young Irish seaman who was shipwrecked in the Pacific with a man who professed to be a grandson of Crusoe, but was really an escaped lunatic, and insists throughout the adventure upon enacting the part of Crusoe, while his young companion, who is totally ignorant of the real Robinson, is obliged to pose as Friday. The idea of the book is funny, and as brevity is a relative matter, we may say the book is short. Nevertheless it is a piece of fooling which we should think might have wearied the writer even before it does the reader, and he gets tired of it before the book is done. — In his series of *The Lives of the Presidents* (Friedrick A. Stokes & Brother, New York), W. O. Stoddard has reached Harrison, Tyler, and

Polk, all included in a single volume. The lives are plain, unadorned sketches, with little attempt at any characterization of the subjects or clear explanation of the political questions with which their names were connected.

*Poetry and Fiction.* Wallenstein, by Friedrich Schiller, done into English verse by J. A. W. Hunter. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The notable thing in Mr. Hunter's version of Schiller's masterpiece is the fact that the translator has given us the prelude whose "lilting metre" frightened away Coleridge. Mr. Hunter has been very successful in catching the lively humor of this scene, which, however, has no connection with the main tragedy, and is valuable only as a study of camp life and character in the olden time. — Monsieur

Motte, by Grace King (Armstrong & Son), is a collection of four stories illustrative of Louisiana life and character. Miss King's Creole studies have a quality of fineness which is frequently lacking in Mr. Cable's work in this sort. The "Marriage of Marie Modeste" strikes us as the most charming of these stories, though in this, as in the other tales, Miss King falls into an error that destroys the illusion. She makes her characters speak a mixture of French and English. Their dialogue should be wholly in French or wholly in a correct English translation. — Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, with Mulready's illustrations, are the two latest additions to Putnam's series of tastefully selected and daintily printed little volumes called Knickerbocker Nuggets.

